







# THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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## FREE THOUGHT IN ENGLAND.

THREE causes postpone in England the triumph of wild ideas over such as are traditional and decorous. The first is the long habit of Constitutionalism, which gives free play to individual opinions, and so dissipates their energy and extravagance. The second is the "respectable" Established Church, which being interwoven by clerical marriages with the middle classes, keeps up the sentiment of Christianity throughout the country. And the third is a certain staidness of natural character which objects to being disturbed by mere chimeras. It is undeniable that in England there is just as much free thought as there is in Germany, in Russia, or anywhere else; but there is no distemper of revolt, no rudeness of irreligion, still less any combination to upset. Tranquillity of indifference is the prevailing phase. "There may be, or there may not be, infallible truth, but it is too difficult an inquiry to be gone into," is the popular English phase of free thought. In conversation there is immense energy of dispute, but the energy is dissipated by conversation. What Tcherniscerski said of the Russian modern temperament is perhaps equally true of the modern English: "The rising generation shows a great tendency for idleness, and a great liking for conversation and discussions. It has two defects: it is too easily excited, and never thoroughly investigates a subject." But the excitement in the English temperament seldom goes beyond words; it does not take form in blows or in conspiracies. This is, perhaps, as much due both to political and religious accidents—that is, to the institutions of the country—as it is due to the normally British dislike for being disturbed



without practical gain. Nor does any fact in English history shake this estimate. Thus, we must not look upon the Reformation as being English in tone, for it was purely political and compulsory. Nor must we regard the Cromwell outbreak as being English in tone, for it was evanescent in spirit and circumstance. Besides, both these wild epochs were quasi-Christian. It must be remembered, to the great credit of the English people, that their revolutions have been professedly religious. Professed skepticism has never once made a revolt. There has been always the affectation of religious conviction at the bottom of the most disorderly absurdities. No section of English people has ever put forth such a programme as that which Herzen presumed to promulgate in 1848: "Liberty will have no peace till all that is religious and political has become simply human, and submissive to criticism and negation. . . . Our work is to demolish all faith, to remove existing hope in what is old, and to destroy all prejudices without concessions or mercy." The truth is that it would be impossible for such a programme to find approvers unless Socialism and Nihilism had joined hands. Political Nihilism could not possibly prevail unless Socialism had first prepared the way. It is invariably the Nihilism of the moral order which develops the Nihilism of the political order. Victor Hugo has called French Socialism Nihilism, and no doubt he is to a certain extent right. The death of the moral order is the death of every other order. But in England there has never been the death of the moral order. There have been frantic outbursts of anti-Catholicism and Puritanism; there have been hideous politico-religious persecutions; but there has never been revolutionary Socialism. This is a grand gain to English credit. It is also a grand promise for the English future. Modern thought, as it pompously styles itself, may loosen the links of the religious life; but the past shows that, though the English may become crazy, they are not likely to renounce Christianity.

It would be a mistake to suppose that the growth of free thought in England is due to greater study, greater learning. It is due, to tell the truth, to simple laziness. Free thought is not intellectual, it is slothful. It is the cutting the intellect loose from nine-tenths of those restraints which even the natural laws of creation prove divine. This disposition necessarily involves pride and vanity, and therefore a diseased moral state. The two great restraints which the Catholic Church has always supplied against the wayward conceits of free thought are ecclesiastical authority and "supernaturalism," the latter being indeed the *raison d'être* of the former, and the two being divinely inseparable. But though free thought has not dared to do away with authority,—in certain



abstract or theoretical forms,—it has stripped authority of that one only sovereign grace which rendered it at once dignified and beautiful. If we recognize authority as conferred by the Creator, we feel honored in submitting ourselves to it; but if we recognize authority as conferred only by ourselves, we look down on it with paternal complacency. This is what the Socialists do; what all freethinkers do, more or less; what every class of Protestant Christian must always do, though in a very different sense to the freethinker. Protestantism is only free thought in regard to interpretation, for it admits the infallibility of Revelation; it accepts the authority of the lawgiver, but insists on interpreting His law; and though logically such free thought leads to skepticism, happily few Protestants are logicians. Those Protestants who have the misfortune to be logicians, develop necessarily more or less into skeptics. This development has now ripened in the higher classes, that is, in the classes which are educated; and since few men have the energy to become Catholics, they fall back on the indolence of freethinking. At Oxford there is quite as much free thought as there is at Berlin, or St. Petersburg; but the refinements of education, and the interests of social life, keep it scholarly, tranquil, well-bred. This is equally true of the teachers and the taught. What Dr. Jowett, the Master of Baliol, meant by that sentence (which he preached to the undergraduates at St. Mary's): "The time is coming when we must be Christians indeed, if we are to be at all; for conventional Christianity is beginning to pass away," was simply this,—that all ecclesiastical authority might be rejected by every member of his Church. He affirmed this, when he added: "I think therefore we had better put aside this vexed question of miracles, as not belonging to our time, and also as tending to raise an irreconcilable quarrel between revelation and science;" and he further affirmed it by speaking of God, less as a person than as an abstraction; resting content with the exquisite beauty of the divine idea; precisely in the same way as the Buddhist or the Parsee might speak of the beauty of holiness. This is the rankest degree of free thought which is even possible for a "Master," who professes to be also an Anglican clergyman. Yet it is as common among the clergy as among the laity. It is rampant among the Oxford undergraduates. Huber, who tells us that our English Universities were "a bequest from Catholic to Protestant England," and who adds that "later times cannot produce a concentration of men, eminent in all the learning and science of the age, such as Oxford and Cambridge poured forth in the ninth century, mightily influencing the intellectual development of all Western Christendom," would probably have thought that modern masters of Baliol were hardly worthy of their Catholic

predecessors. But the "conventional Christianity," which Dr. Jowett disesteemed, but which was the only Christianity he understood, has not only passed away from Oxford life, but has been replaced by a cold, heartless skepticism. The Oxford Commissioners told us several years ago that the tendency of Oxford philosophy was skepticism; and that happy was he who, after three years of residence, could still believe in the divinity of Christ. This is indeed inevitable, when the Oxford heads of houses may preach that "the question of miracles should be put aside," that God is a beautiful idea, and that the only way to make sure of being a Christian is to judge all Christian doctrines for oneself.

It is not easy to find anything to admire in the intellectual or moral aspects of free thought. Perhaps its least inviting phase is its love of ignorance. When Goethe said, "I know not myself, and God forbid I should," he probably meant that he did not wish to know the littleness of even the highest intellectual achievements. But the formula in which most freethinkers would express their sentiments would be: "I know little of myself; and as to God, I am content to know less." Free thought is not the product of the passionate longing to know God, but the desire to remain in tranquil ignorance of Him. It is a combination of indifference and pride. If a man is a Catholic he must conform to certain duties; he must obey both with his mind and with his body; he must submit his mental and moral being to a certain discipline of habit, which habit is just a little above nature. But if he is a freethinker he may sit in his armchair, never go to early Mass, or to confession, never bridle his interior thought or interior yearning, but may live like a gentlemanly heathen. And it is obviously affectation to affirm that such free thought is either aspiring or sincere. As was said just above, free thought is simply laziness; it is not intellectual, it is slothful. For even when it takes the Rationalist form, such form is the gratification of vanity; it is not the hard work of the subjection of the will, the hard work of the contemplative or the ascetic; nor is it the hard work of the true Christian philosopher, who aims at synthesis of every branch of true knowledge; it is the indulgence of the caprices of the intellect, without the faintest moral object, nor any charitable one. No good was ever done by the writings of a freethinker, no heart was ever rendered less unhappy, no sorrow was ever solaced, no character uplifted, no immortal aspiration implanted. Grovelling, burrowing, undermining, and wrecking are the unlovely aspirations of the freethinker. He has no care if, in the presence of young persons, he says things which may shatter Christian hope, and sow the seeds of a life's loosening or misgiving. He has no care if, to show off his superior knowledge,—about some fragment



of material lore,—he writes a book which half-educated young men will adopt as their apology for heathenism. He is brutally unthinking, inhumanly selfish, without instinct of love or compassion. Slothfulness in the moral nature, and vanity in the intellectual, with cruelty towards the whole world save his own sect, are the unlovable characteristics of his vocation. Individually there are amiable freethinkers; but collectively they are the enemies of mankind.

They are also the enemies of their own happiness. It is totally impossible for any man to be happy whose mind is disjointed or out of harmony. And it must be said that want of harmony is the most conspicuous of the defects of every man who professes to be a freethinker. Such men see only bits of creation, *dissecta membra* of the unities of the universe, isolated purposes and judgments; they do not consider the whole, nor even a half. It is perfectly true that the Catholic Christian alone can enjoy the appreciation of perfect harmony; because he alone knows the fitness of the supernatural to the wants of the natural life. Catholicism is the sublimity of reparation for all the injuries wrought by sin on the natural order. Yet freethinkers are to blame for not studying the Catholic philosophy so as to master its intellectual harmony. They will persist in judging the things that are of God by their own meagre standard of human evidence. Take one example—that of recent magazine articles, written to cast doubt on the Resurrection. The writers speak of the evidence as insufficient; wholly ignoring the perfect harmony of its spirit with the spirit of the whole Gospel teaching. They complain that the supernatural is not natural, and that Divine faith is not made easy as human credence. In short, they ignore the harmonies of the supernatural. In the same way the freethinkers write on what they call the Petrine claims; and muddle together the accidents of purely natural disorder with the divine unity of institution and story. This comes from want of appreciation of harmony, from a natural preference for fragments to unities; whereas, the Catholic, knowing the harmony of the Christian philosophy, can put the fragments of human disorder into their proper place. In private life it is not easy for a Catholic to make answer to the objections of the free talker, because the Catholic has to explain that there are three laws,—or rather three lines of different effects of different causes,—those of nature, of sin, and of grace; and that these three run concurrently yet transversely, and are to be harmonized solely by Catholic philosophy. It is the fragmentary state of mind of the freethinker which it is so difficult to argue with or to influence; not the philosophy which is built on the whole, but the philosophy which is built on little bits. Yet the freethinkers always argue as if they

alone knew all science; as if St. Augustine and St. Thomas, St. Ambrose and St. Bernard, and all the hosts of canonized intellects and wills had been infants and sucklings in reach of thought, and without knowledge of what the freethinkers can suggest to them. This is an assumption quite as baseless as it is vain. What is called modern thought has not supplied a single novelty to the well-worn armory of the revolt of the conscience; it has only acquired greater boldness by the license of a free press, and by being permitted to publish blasphemy—without the pillory.

The most recent of the examples of this boldness in England is the election of the atheist, Mr. Bradlaugh, to a seat in the British House of Commons. "The Free Thought Publication Company" has published a pamphlet by Mr. Bradlaugh, of which the title is *A Plea for the Atheist*; and yet this gentleman is invited to be a counsellor of the Queen, who reigns "by the Grace of God," who is "Defender of the Faith," and who took an oath at her coronation to maintain religion. The necessary sequence of this election, if the principle were worked out, would be that every member of both Houses, as well as the reigning Sovereign, might be now, and evermore, professed atheists. And since the extreme of unbelief would be pronounced to be "constitutional," so would be the extreme of any belief. There could not be invidious distinctions. So that we might look to see, in the House of Commons, an altar reared to Venus, or to Minerva, or to the genial Bacchus, as a substitute for the "afternoon prayers," which hitherto a Christian chaplain has read. This would be the proper development of free thought. But the English, it may be replied, are only "generous" in their free thought; they only permit the same liberty which they claim; they are not, as a people, inclined to wickedness, but only magnificently liberal or concessive. And this is undoubtedly true. Yet, a few weeks ago, the most dangerous of all the freethinkers who have ever been begotten of modern license, Monsieur Ernest Renan of French celebrity, was invited to give lectures in London, and gave them to "crowded and appreciative audiences." This writer and lecturer is perhaps the most offensive of all the modern assailants of Christianity, for the very reason that he applauds Christianity, and patronizes its spirit and good points. He is much given to such adjectives as "charmant," "delicieux," "ravissant," "exquis," "enivrant;" and speaks of our Blessed Lord with the kindest admiration, being quite sorry that His disciples misunderstood Him. His arguments against the Resurrection give a clue to his tone of mind (or to what is certainly his very conspicuously "free" thought); for he assumes what he wishes to believe, and dismisses what is unfavorable to his preconception. The Resurrection was not true, because M. Renan dislikes it, and, there-



fore, the disciples must have been deceived. "But love and enthusiasm," says M. Renan, "know no such thing as situations without an issue. They laugh at the impossible, and rather than abandon hope will do violence to reality." *Ergo*, there was no Resurrection. Q.E.D. The *Réforme Intellectuelle et Morale*, though intentionally political sketches, might certainly have included some suggestions for reform in M. Renan's and in his disciples' freedom of thought. Yet this kind of licentiousness is not unwelcome to many Englishmen, who like liberty provided it is decorous. And M. Renan is exquisitely decorous. He is, too, so imaginative and poetical. His cloudy Utopias, his elegant language, his emotional and sentimental religiosity are exactly what suit that very large class of Englishmen who are quite ready to feel but not to believe. M. Renan's lectures in London were much admired. "We cannot quite agree with him," was the normal newspaper criticism, "but there can be no doubt that he has a scholarly mind." So the impiety must be condoned by its pretty dressing. And, after all, M. Renan only goes just one step further than some of the most distinguished Anglican preachers. It would puzzle any one, for example, to draw the exact distinction between M. Renan and the Dean of Westminster. This last dignitary has recently published a work, of which the object is to show that the "variations of Catholicism" have at least equalled the variations of Protestantism; and that it is all the better that they should have done so, since, as the *Saturday Review* expresses it, in language of which the satire is well merited: "How great a blessing it is to the world that Christianity should be split up into some hundreds of conflicting sects, and that all of them—the Roman Communion included, if she could only recognize her true blessedness—are habitually inconsistent, not only with each other, but with themselves." The Dean of Westminster, notwithstanding what the *Saturday Review* calls his "ineradicable confusion of thought," is much admired, like M. Renan, for his "scholarliness;" yet between the two perhaps the most marked of all distinctions is that the one is a clergyman, the other is not.

It seems invidious to call any Protestant a freethinker, since Protestantism is essentially free thought—up to the point of rejection of Church authority. Take two very different types, the poetical Mr. Matthew Arnold, and the controversial High Churchman, Dr. Littledale. Between Mr. Arnold and M. Renan there is doubtless a wide gulf, though we would rather not have to measure its exact compass. Mr. Arnold's great objection to theology is that "there is not a creed which is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve." The only hope for the Christian is "poetry;" "for poetry the idea is everything; the

rest is a world of illusion, of divine illusion. Poetry attaches its emotion to the idea; the idea *is* the fact. The strongest part of our religion to-day is its unconscious poetry." This makes free thought very pretty; for we can think in stanzas about our possible salvation. Belief is emotion, and piety is sentiment, and sin is bad verses and false quantities. Dr. Littledale, on the other hand, is a stern, unflinching critic, who smashes authority to pieces—while believing (theoretically) that there is authority; and shows that there cannot possibly be dogma—though his Church (theoretically) teaches it. Both these gentlemen are heroes of free thought; quite as much as is M. Hyacinthe Loyson, Rector of the Gallican Church, Paris; or Dr. Riley, Old Catholic Bishop of Mexico; or Dr. Plunket, Bishop of the Irish Episcopal Church; which three gentlemen have just been conducting an Old Catholic Synod at Geneva, with the sole object of increasing schism and heresy. What is, or what is not, free thought, in this enlightened and very progressive age is a question which no non-Catholic could answer. It seems impossible to give any other reply than that it is disloyalty to the authority of the Church.

And this estimate seems to be justified by the "loyalty" of all freethinkers to *some* authority, *some* substitute for principle—provided that the divine Church be ignored. Socialism, Nihilism, Communism, Collectivism—from the hideous extremes of the Carbonari to the gentle (first) intentions of the International—were all founded on some theory of union, and all worked on some promise of allegiance. The young Russian who took an oath to kill the Czar was loyal to his sect and to its headquarters. So that the Catholicism of revolt (for, as Father Faber has expressed it, "The devil has his Catholic Church") has certain principles in common with divine Catholicism, though it uses those principles to oppose the Church. Freethinkers believe both in union and in authority, provided only that Christian dogma be left out. They believe even in what they call natural laws. Nay, they go so far even as to admit that such laws *may be* divine; while they assert of all the laws as to religion, that they are not and cannot be divine. Let us take an illustration of our meaning. Freethinkers may agree with Father Secchi, that the billows of the sea of flame which surround the sun, to a depth of at least five thousand miles, rise to many thousand miles in height; and that the waves in that sea of fire rush continuously with a swiftness of about a hundred and sixty miles per second; and they would even be disposed to allow that such natural phenomena *may be* controlled by a divine will; but they scoff at Father Secchi when he tells them that the spiritual laws, which are to regulate man's conduct on earth, are quite as exquisite, quite as terrible, as are any natural laws. In short, free-



thinkers will let God have His way in the natural order, but will not hear of His interfering with created reason. God may be possibly recognized in such an endowment as, say, natural foresight, which bids us not to run our head against a brick wall, but He must be ousted from every attempt at interference with our right to live as heathens, if we prefer it. And because this estimate of the creature's freedom is found convenient,—suited the “sloth,” to which we have attributed free thought,—therefore the freethinker assumes it for a postulate: “There is not a divine teacher on earth.” Just as Monsieur Renan argues against the Resurrection, on the ground that the pious disciples naturally wished it, so the freethinkers argue against divine authority, on the ground that they naturally do *not* wish it. Divine authority would interfere with free thought, therefore divine authority must be a myth. “I think it better,” said an English gentleman, a few days ago, to the present writer, “to let my children grow up without any religion, and then, when they are old enough to judge for themselves, they can adopt any religion they like best.” This paternal liberality takes it for granted, first, that there is not a divine religion; secondly, that, if there were one, it would be as easy to “adopt” it after twenty years of animal indifference as after twenty years of earnestness of life; thirdly, that a father owes no duty to his son in the way of directing his aspirations. It moreover reverses the dictum of St. Augustine, that “faith is a condition of knowledge,” and affirms that knowledge is the one condition of faith. It proposes to feed the intellect, the heart, the intuition, during the seedtime of impressionable youth, with what Charles Lamb called “the innutritive phantoms of unbelief,” and then, when long habits have bred paganism, to say, “*now* you are quite fit to find out God.” It ignores the whole moral side of the intelligence by which mainly the intelligence receives truth. “There seems to be no reason,” wrote Butler, in his *Analogy*, “why we may not be in a state of moral probation with regard to the exercise of our understanding upon the subject of religion, as we are with regard to our behavior in common affairs.” But freethinking ignores moral probation. It prefers to let the intelligence develop itself, “subject,” as Kant expressed it, “to inevitable delusion;” and then, when the intelligence has become defiled, to say to it, “Truth is now reflected in your pure mirror.”

Indeed, the most cruel part of freethinking is its slaughter of the innocents, its downright brutal disregard of youthful souls. Whereas the Catholic Church takes a child from its cradle and pursues it with winning love to its deathbed; freethinking cares nothing if the very earliest blossom be nipped by its unnatural philosophy. And when just at the age in which vanity or passion,

indolence or misdirected zeal, play most easily on the impressionable heart, freethinking bids the young to postpone all religion as being too "scientific" for mere tyros. It fills youthful heads with the idle babble about agnosticism, and with the big words of so-called modern science, and never tells them that, as Pascal said, "it is grace and not reason which enables the intellect to find truth." It dismisses the study of the synthesis of the divine laws,—of what Kepler called the *harmonia mundi*,—and chatters before young people about "osmosis" and "protoplasms," as if these were the foundations of eternal knowledge. Mistaking scientific "assumptions," as Owen and Faraday have pointed out, for the truths which immense experience can only demonstrate, it will not let children learn wisdom from the Catholic Church,—which, as all the greatest historians have borne witness, "saved letters and learning from the barbarian, founded universities in all lands, and made her cloisters the sanctuaries both of divine and human philosophy,"—but prefers to let them pick up garbage on the roadside of worldly life, from battling sects, from injurious books, from secular newspapers. In England the publication of skeptical literature has reached a point which could with difficulty be surpassed; and it would be far better if immoral literature were permitted to be disseminated, than the literature which "poisons the wells." Destroy faith, destroy reverence for holy things, destroy the sentiment of religion in any young heart, and you have cut away the roots from which, in after days, a fresh spring of saving religion might have sprung up. The horrible purpose of the freethinkers is to tear religion out by the roots, so that young persons cannot possibly recover themselves; but, having lost their first love, must be compelled to fall back on some purely Rationalistic invention. This is what we see now in England. Not only young men, but young women, chatter free thought; and, while knowing absolutely nothing of Christian philosophy, pretend to assail it with ripe wisdom.

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## OUR GREAT GODDESS AND HER COMING IDOL.

*De Dea Libertate, Ejusque Cultu apud Romanos et de Libertinorum Pileo, Dissertatio Rodolphini Venuti.* Romæ, MDCCLXII.

THE government of the United States has assigned one of the islands in the waters of New York Bay, over which it has exclusive jurisdiction, for the erection there of an idol of a heathen goddess. The idol is the work of a French sculptor, and ere long the idol of the goddess "Liberty enlightening the world" will be set up on Bedloe's Island, doubtless as was Nabuchodonosor's great statue of old, with sound of harp and sackbut and psaltery, and woe will betide the man who does not at the sound fall down and worship. The Masonic bodies will doubtless,—representing the craft which is to be the coming religion, and by reviving ancient paganism supersede Christianity,—be the chief pontiffs of the rite, as at Truro Cathedral and the inauguration of the New York obelisk.

Some antiquated person with mediæval ideas may choose to believe in One who proclaimed His doctrine eighteen centuries ago in Palestine, and look up to Him as "the true light that enlighteneth the world," and believe that men can be really free only "with the freedom wherewith He hath made us free," but as their voices are not likely to be heard amid the general joy, and the shouting, and the music, we may in advance enter our protest.

This is not the only mark of the honor which we as a nation pay to this goddess. She has been for more than a century the tutelary deity of the United States, and the honor paid her has been open and undisguised. Her emblems are familiar to all, and though a slight rod has become a pole that calls for one of the Titans of the forest, and we have replaced her ancient cap by that of a French convict of the last century, we have preserved enough of the original type to make the meaning beyond doubt.

When Christ, after bidding His enemies show him the coin of the tribute, asked: "Whose is this image and superscription?" the haughty Pharisees could answer without a blush of shame, "Cæsar's." The coin bore the head of the Roman emperor and his title. But though we profess to be a Christian people and boast of our enlightenment, the same question coming from those lips as to the coins of our country would embarrass us sadly. We should be compelled to hang our heads and remain silent, or to admit with shame and humiliation that our coins bore the head, or the image, and the name of an obscure goddess worshipped in pagan Rome at the very time the question as to the tribute was put to Him.

It is a very curious fact that we thus bear constantly the badges

of paganism, and keep alive one at least of the deities of old Rome. Nor is this confined to our coins. A hundred years ago the acknowledged symbols of the goddess Liberty, her rod or pole and cap, were set up throughout the land as a rallying-point for all who favored American freedom. They became identified with the rights we claimed, and were objects of hatred to the English forces and to all who sided with the mother country during the revolutionary struggle. Our flag floated out to the breeze of heaven beneath the cap that crowned these liberty poles in every city and town. These tributes to the goddess Liberty were maintained throughout the country for nearly a century, but have now gradually and insensibly vanished; few remain, the liberty pole and cap live only in recollection, and as they are preserved on some of our coins.

Even the revived patriotic feeling of the Centennial year did not show itself in erecting liberty poles though but in miniature; the demand of the telegraph company for gigantic poles and the growing scarcity have perhaps contributed to the result.

But the goddess holds her place on our coins. When the government was finally organized under the Constitution of 1787, and the matter of a coinage was seriously taken up, the first proposition was to place on our money as issued by the mint the head of the President of the United States for the time being. This would have made our coins keep alive the history of the succeeding administrations, but it looked like an imitation of royal precedents, and at once excited alarm. Congress refused to place the head of the President on the coins of the republic. Then, without exciting any scruple, the heathen goddess Liberty received the honor and she has maintained it to this day, although we sometimes attempt to conceal her heathenism under a feathered coronet, that makes her resemble rather an ideal Indian queen than a classic deity.

At this time, when many good people are very earnest about putting God into the Constitution, the position of this goddess is worth examining, when we remember how the Scripture classes all the gods of the gentiles. Who and what was this goddess? Now, though most points of our history have been elucidated with pen and pencil by the diligence of antiquarians, and our flag has had its history written, no one tells anything of this goddess. Even numismatists, though they catalogue and describe our coins and thus come face to face with the deity, tell us nothing of the goddess Liberty, and leave us in the deepest ignorance as to her, and as to the meaning of her symbols with which we are so familiar.

Liberty was not one of the greater deities of ancient Rome. She plays so little and inconsiderable a part in Roman history that scholars can quote from the classics scarcely a line that does her reverence. It is, therefore, a strange revolution that a deity of little account on the Tiber should have been taken up far beyond



the western foaming ocean, and raised to a mythological rank far above your "Junos, Joves, Apollos."

She was essentially a Roman goddess, for though the Greeks recognized a goddess Eleutheria, she was even more shadowy and obscure than the Libertas honored in Italy. As the bestower of freedom Greece bent her knee in reverence to Zeus Eleutherios, whose stately portico at Athens is commemorated in the writings of Plato. This god and goddess of freedom had their solemnities called Eleutheria, celebrated with great pomp and rejoicing, not only in Greece, but in those lovely lands of Southern Italy and Sicily to which Greece imparted her language, her arts, and her institutions.

Rome worshipped the goddess Libertas, and in the genealogical history of their deities she enjoys the somewhat rare privilege of being recorded as the daughter of Jupiter and Juno, and she can, therefore, not be logically honored without recognizing the great deity of Olympus. Libertas had several temples, but they were not of the greatest and most elaborate. Her honor seems to have arisen or at least developed after the expulsion of the Tarquins. She was honored especially by the Junia family, to which Brutus belonged, and her head became the ensign of that house. Though no remarkable statue or bust of Libertas has been preserved among the relics of ancient art, the Junii must certainly have had them in their shrines as the goddess of their race. When they began to strike their coins her head graced them, while the reverse showed the guilty sons led to execution by the lictors, doomed to die by the sentence of a stern father, who preferred liberty and country to the ties of blood.

The worship of Liberty and the attributes which distinguish her from the host of other goddesses all have reference to this famous episode in Roman history. It may be fabulous, but it was certainly a story believed and admired in Rome, and interwoven in the history and ideas of the people.

When the house of Tarquin by acts of tyranny and oppression had exasperated the minds of the people to the highest point, Sextus Tarquin filled up the cup of his family's enormities by the outrage he committed on the pure and beautiful Lucretia. Death freed her from a life that had become a burden, and Rome rose in an instant. Not only was the unworthy king expelled with all his house, but royalty was abolished, and the government was committed to two consuls who were to be elected annually. Brutus was one of the consuls to whom Rome confided her destinies, having, with the wronged husband, been the great popular leader in the revolution.

But there were some who regretted the pomp and the license of the tyrannical court. Young nobles chafed under the stern virtues

and staid simplicity of the new rule. A conspiracy was formed to restore the family of Tarquin, and set up the royal throne once more in Rome. Even the sons of Brutus, allied by blood to the deposed royal family, entered the conspiracy aimed at their father's life and their country's good.

The plot was detected by Vindex or Vindicius, a slave of the Vitellii, and on his denouncing it to the Roman Senate that grave body granted him his freedom and all the rights of Roman citizenship. The conspirators were arrested, and the sons of Brutus were arraigned before their own father. The guilt was proved, and the inflexible patriot condemned to an ignominious death the erring sons who had been his hope and pride.

Such is the legend of early Rome that the Junius family commemorated, holding up as a model the judge who could be deaf to all ties of blood, though overwhelmed with sorrow he soon sought death on the battlefields of his country.

With the establishment of the republic the worship of the goddess Liberty began, and, in honor of the part played by Vindex, the manumission of slaves was the ceremony placed under her special care. The worship paid her was not one of the whole people on appointed days; no processions like the Greek Eleutheria seem to have moved through the streets of Rome; nor did the Forum echo to the eloquent tributes to civil liberty poured forth in the ceremonies in her honor. Her worship was obscure and limited.

Temples were indeed raised to the goddess Liberty. There once apparently stood a fane of this kind on the Palatine Hill; but so little regard was paid to the goddess we honor so grandly that in time it crumbled to ruin, and the site in later ages was occupied by the house for which Cicero pleaded with such convincing eloquence, and where Clodius, his bitter enemy, had obtained a decree that a new temple should be erected to that goddess; but it was, as Cicero declared, a temple rather of license than of liberty, and apparently a building of no merit. But the best-known temple of Liberty stood on another of Rome's seven hills. Upon the Aventine, where a double summit rose amid primeval groves of laurel,—a commanding position that looked majestically down on the almost deified Tiber, which washed its northern base, and on the valley of the Circus Maximus,—stood the most famous temple of our goddess. Nothing has survived to modern times to show its extent or its form. We know, however, that it was erected by Tiberius Sempronius, the father of Tiberius Gracchus, with money proceeding from fines. His celebrated son continued the work by having the finest artists of the day paint upon its walls a battle scene representing Hanno's Carthaginian army defeated at Beneventum. The temple must have been a noble one; and we know that it was adorned with columns and statues of bronze, and had a grand por-



tico and an atrium or court frequently mentioned by ancient writers. Some modern antiquarians suppose it to be marked by ruins not far from the well-known tomb of Caius Cestius, and others place the atrium of Libertas near the Forum. As it yielded to the influence of time and civil commotions, this temple was from time to time restored, most nobly of all by Ælius Pætus and Cornelius Cethegus, the censors. When Roman liberty was tottering the external honor to the goddess was maintained; and we find that after Cæsar defeated Pompey, the Senate declared Cæsar the liberator of his country, and ordered a temple to be erected to Liberty; but to all appearance this order was like those for erecting monuments to our revolutionary worthies,—an enactment that remained a dead letter.

Yet even after Augustus had made himself master of the Roman world, great respect was professedly paid to the goddess. At the suggestion of Augustus himself Asinius Pollio restored the temple on Mount Aventine, which had been destroyed by fire, and set up in or near it a free public library, adorning the hall with bronze busts and statues of famous writers. It was the first attempt of the kind to diffuse and popularize learning. But if books were preserved here, it is also recorded that soldiers were always on guard there. How the goddess Liberty was represented in this her greatest Roman shrine we do not know. Her statue has not survived, and does not seem to have been copied like many others that have come down perpetuated in marble and in metal. She is said to have been attired as a Roman matron, holding in one hand a broken sceptre, and in the other a pole surmounted with the pileus or cap. A cat, the symbol of watchfulness, crouched at her feet. But her representations on the coins that have reached us do not agree with this account. And the numerous types of Libertas on Roman coins must be taken as the best evidence. The goddess was honored not so much as the patroness and protector of civil liberty as she was under the aspect of the deliverer of the slave from bondage. All her attributes, the pole and cap, refer to the manumission of slaves. One form of emancipation took place at the office of the censors by the Temple of Liberty, and this shrine was under their especial care; but the more common form of emancipation was this: The master took his slave whom he designed to free before the consul, prætor, or proconsul, and while he held his bondman by the head or some part of his body, the lictor, or in earlier times the master himself, said: "I wish (or I declare) thee free after the manner of the Quirites" (Romans). Then the prætor laid on his head the rod called vindicta, in honor of Vindex, the slave who informed the Senate of the conspiracy of young Brutus and the other nobles to restore the Tarquins to the throne in Rome. Laying the vindicta on his head the prætor pronounced: "I say that he is free according to the custom of the Romans," and

handed the rod to the lictor, who struck the freedman on the head, face, and back with his open palm, making him turn around before him. The act was then recorded, and the freedman, after receiving a white robe from his late master, cut his hair and assumed the felt or woven cap of white wool, shaped like an old-fashioned beehive. The form of this pileus or cap is shown on coins and gems, and does not vary. It appears between two swords on a fine gem bearing the head of Brutus, and on the reverse of a coin bearing the head of Liberty, in some cases with the words *EID. MART.*, showing the allusion to be to the assassination of Julius Cæsar on the Ides of March, the swords being those of Brutus and Cassius. The liberty pole and cap were therefore the symbols of the liberation of a slave, not of civil liberty.

Under the republic, while Rome was free, the head of *Libertas* appeared on the coins of the Junia and Lollia families. The head on these family coins is beautiful in conception and execution, and has no symbol, the legend alone tells us who she is. *Libertas* had her worship, her priests, and her sacrifices on the Aventine, but the symbols were not made typical of Roman freedom. In Sylla's time, however, and in other civil wars and outbreaks, when any revolutionist wished to rally the slaves to his side he set up a pole with the pileus, and this was called summoning the slaves to the cap. This liberty pole was a promise of emancipation to all who joined the movement; and the first use of the liberty pole was thus against Roman liberty rather than for it.

Under the emperors *Libertas* frequently appears on coins, and it is somewhat strange that, as if in mockery, we find it on the money struck by those whose tyranny left the degenerate Romans scarce a shadow of the liberty their ancestors had so long enjoyed. Think of a Nero, an Elagabalus, a Vitellius, a Claudius, a Caracalla sending from their mint coins bearing their head on the obverse, and *Libertas* with all her symbols distinctively displayed on the reverse. It was indeed a reverse. During the whole imperial period the simple head of *Libertas* appears only once on a coin, and that was during the interregnum after the death of Nero, and before Galba grasped the reins of power. Then the Senate struck a piece with the head of Liberty, resembling the beautiful one used on the coins of the Junia family, and the words: "*Libertas restituta*,"—Liberty restored.

The manner of representing the goddess at full length varies. On one coin of Elagabalus, bearing his star, of which there is an engraving in Venuti, she is perfectly naked, holding a scarf in the right hand, which floats behind and crosses in front at the knees. The legend "*Libertas Augusti*," however, leaves no doubt as to the intention of the artist, who omits the usual attributes of the goddess altogether.



On most coins *Libertas* is robed as a Roman matron, and holds the hive-shaped cap either upright, as on the coin of *Claudius*, or dependent, as on another of that emperor, and on coins of *Geta*.

The form of the cap never varies, whether it appears alone or upheld.

The rod is sometimes short and held in the hand, but on coins of *Vitellius* and *Antoninus Pius* is long and rests on the ground.

On a coin of *Hadrian*, which bears the legend, "*Lib. Pub.*,"—Public Liberty,—the goddess meets our view as a noble Roman matron seated on a chair, holding an olive branch with three twigs in her right hand, her left grasping the usual symbol, the *vindicta*, which is here an upright rod, apparently forming a back to the chair. No cap appears, and but for the legend she might be taken for Peace. But while on this coin she is depicted without the cap, on another of *Elagabalus* she is without the rod. There the matron stands holding the cap in her right hand, but in the left a *cornucopia*, as if to intimate that abundance was one of the fruits of liberty. All our research among writers on Roman coins, and examination of pieces themselves, after years of collecting, have failed to detect a single coin on which the cap is placed on the rod, or on which the cat, said by some to be a symbol of the goddess, is introduced. From the time of *Constantine* the goddess *Libertas* disappeared from the coins of Rome. Her temple in the Eternal City crumbled to the dust, her altar was broken down, her priests vanished, and for ages she was forgotten with the other deities of pagan Rome.

The revival of her honor seems to be due to Holland, though a fine medal is said to have been struck in Florence after the assassination of the tyrannical *Alexander de Medici*, when the figure and emblems of Liberty were again used. The struggle of the United Provinces against Spain, and the fact of their assuming a republican form of government, led them to look for classic types, and Liberty appears on coins and medals.

France, under the reign of one of the last and weakest of the house of *Valois*, is said to have used the same types, and Liberty was honored on coins and medals when least respected in reality.

But the name had little charm in days when monarchs exalted arbitrary power and despised the rights of the people. *James II.* did indeed on the seals for New York use as a motto the line from a Latin poet:

"Nunquam *Libertas* gratior extat  
Quam sub rege pio,"

so that the first introduction of the goddess to America is due to that last king of the Stuart line; but the seal bears no figure of the goddess herself.

Our struggle with England brought the goddess Liberty and her emblems into prominence. As early as 1766, on the reception of the news of the repeal of the Stamp Act, a mast was erected in the Park opposite Warren Street, New York, inscribed: "To his most gracious majesty George the Third, Mr. Pitt, and Liberty." This emblem of the goddess was soon known as the Liberty Pole, and became odious to the British garrison in the city, who finally cut it down in August. A new liberty pole was reared, but met the same fate. The struggle began in the streets of New York around the symbols of the deity honored on Mount Aventine, and the people triumphed; the liberty pole was planted permanently, and remained till the British troops occupied the city in 1776.

In that year the Roman deity received new honor. Paul Revere, of Boston, fond of classic allusions, struck a coin, which, like the Roman *as*, bore on one side the head of Janus and on the other Liberty seated on the globe holding her rod in one hand, and it is said the scales in the other. A cat appears at her feet. Around are the words, "Goddess Liberty," and the date, 1776. This was not forgotten, and in 1783, and subsequent years, she appears on the Immunis (or Immune) Columbia, the Connecticut and New York pieces, generally seated, holding her rod and cap in one hand and in the other a branch or the scales of justice; though on the Talbot, Allum, and Lee piece she stands erect, holding the rod and cap, or liberty pole. She appears also standing on the New York arms on the Excelsior piece. On a Washington piece of 1783 she appears seated on a rock, holding the liberty pole and a branch, with simply the words: "United States."

A beautiful French medal, struck to commemorate the victory at Yorktown, had a bust to represent the Goddess Liberty, the hair streaming in the wind, the rod appearing behind the head, above and below, and surmounted by a small cap nearly of the ancient type, with the inscription "Libertas Americana." The head was imitated on a token in 1792, and on the first pattern pieces of our mint, after the adoption of the Constitution. The head with the flying hair was adopted on the cent of 1793 without emblems, and also with the rod and cap, the latter much larger than on the French medal, and departing still more from the ancient model, assuming the form since common on our liberty poles. After 1798 the cap and rod disappear, but from 1808 to 1814 the goddess wears the cap. The half cents show the liberty pole till 1797. On the silver coinage Liberty at first had no emblem, but for many years wore the cap. The gold coinage, began in 1795, had the head of the goddess wearing the conical cap, exchanged early in this century for the lower form, and finally giving place to a fillet with the word "Liberty." The more recent three-dollar piece has an Indian head with a feather crown.



In 1840 the whole type of the silver coins was changed. The head and bust gave place to the figure of the Goddess Liberty seated, holding the liberty pole (rod and cap) with averted face, the other hand and long bare arm resting on the shield inscribed "Liberty." Like our earlier State pieces, the figure seems an adaptation from the seated Britannia on English coins. But it lacks dignity, vigor or meaning. It has a languid, indolent air that is utterly inconsistent with the idea of liberty. The goddess should be erect, alert, vigilant, or, if seated, enthroned majestically. Our Spanish-American neighbors do better. Peru represents her erect; while Mexico shows the cap, and Buenos Ayres the liberty pole upheld by two hands.

The French at their revolution, though reviving enthusiastically the classic names, ideas, and types, made the *bonnet rouge* the emblem of liberty. This was not the old Roman pileus or cap, which Vindex received at his emancipation. It had a far less noble origin. It is the cap worn by French convicts in the last century.

In one of the outbreaks of the early movements of the French Revolution a number of the rioters were arrested, tried, and sent to prison. The tumult increased and the men became popular martyrs. Their release was demanded and was finally granted.

When these men were set at liberty, to appease the popular clamor they came out wearing the red prison cap, and in this guise were led in triumph through the streets. From this time that part of a convict's attire became the symbol of liberty in France. The goddess *Libertas* was not restored to worship there, nor the new symbol given to her. French coins have never borne the head of Liberty, but that of France. It was left to us to give this honor to a heathen goddess, and to place on her rod the cap of a French convict, no more appropriate than the striped clothing would be. On our earlier cents the rod or pole was so faint that it soon wore off, leaving the coin in a queer state, Liberty apparently allowing the cap to fall off her head as though in a state of intoxication. Then the French convict's cap was placed full on the head of the Roman goddess, making a strange combination of ideas, and associating us with the worship of a heathen deity and with the orgies of the French Revolution.

Then the cap was discarded, and, as we have said, after a time the goddess, growing weary, sat down, and holds the pole with the *bonnet rouge*, on which she is evidently ashamed to look. On some of our coins we have simply the head of the goddess; on the trade dollar we follow Hadrian and give her the olive branch, but seat her on a bale of goods. In some form we retain the goddess as the tutelary deity of the nation.

But why should we retain the heathen deity at all?

Our coins in representing the goddess *Libertas* are far removed

from the ancient type. The dainty figure, bare-armed and in no matron's dress, averting her face from the very symbols she holds, while one hand rests feebly on the lowered shield that bears her name, is but a mockery of what Liberty should be, pure, dignified, erect. Well does Bryant indignantly exclaim :

“ Oh, Freedom ! thou art not, as poets dream,  
 A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,  
 And wavy tresses gushing from the cap  
 With which the Roman master crowned his slave  
 When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,  
 Armed to the teeth art thou ; one mailed hand  
 Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword ; thy brow,  
 Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred  
 With tokens of old wars ; thy massive limbs  
 Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched  
 His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee ;  
 They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven.  
 . . . . . Oh ! not yet  
 Mayst thou embrace thy corselet, nor lay by  
 Thy sword ; nor yet, O Freedom, close thy lids  
 In slumber ; for thine enemy never sleeps.”

We might hope that some action would be taken to rid our national coinage of this official heathenism. If we are a Christian nation why should our coins bear so anti-Christian a character, and our sin has found imitators in the Spanish republics of our continent? Not indeed that they are servile imitators, for they arm Libertas like Minerva, and artistically make her as an emblem much nobler than the lackadaisical figure which our mint of late years has given us.

But the goddess apparently is entering on a new phase. Just when every old heathen idea is coming forth again, when paganism, under the form of ethical culture, agnosticism, etc., with its votaries reviving cremation and heathen rites, and going to India to seek in Hindoo paganism something to attract American craving for novelty, just at this time a French sculptor, Bartholdi, devotes himself to elaborate from the reflection of God's beauty in his soul a new and beauteous form of the old goddess, and to portray her as the source of human light and knowledge. She may not wear the convict's cap,—that would be a parody indeed, to make a course of crime the training from which we are to look for intelligence and light ; but when our government enters into the sculptor's project and assigns a portion of the national domain for the erection of the colossal statue on which Bartholdi has devoted his genius and his skill, it accepts the idea and rejects Christ. There seems no hope of a speedy deliverance from this state worship of Libertas. She is to remain on our coins, and the gigantic bronze figure will soon tower on



the little island in the beautiful bay of New York, massive and grand, beautiful in outline and in pose, holding her torch to proclaim that mankind receives true light, not from Christ and Christianity, but from heathenism and its gods.

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## HOW TO FIND THE TRUTH.

**I** WOULD like to find the truth." The truth referred to in this brief but pregnant sentence was divine or spiritual truth. We were anxious at the time of its utterance, by a few pointed questions, to sound its full meaning in the view of the speaker, and thus test it, in order to ascertain whether or not it was earnest or real, and if so, in what form and to what extent; but circumstances forbade. It may not be improper now, and in a general way, to try to do what we could not then; and this is the purpose and scope of the present article.

The remark is not limited to him who made it. Thousands are ready to say, if they are not actually uttering the words: "We would like to find the truth of God in such a way as to be certain that we have it—pure, simple, and inerrable—and thus put to rest our troubled minds;" but who, though they imagine they are in full earnest, are nevertheless, in the way of fact, really deceiving their own minds. Not all searching is a true searching, and therefore not all searching is rewarded. There are often—most generally indeed—many obstructing and diverting errors in the way. Some result from early training and false education; some lie in our immediate surroundings, and frequently in our own independent thinking. These, however they have come to exist, and whatever may be their nature, are hindrances to our success, and must be removed. To do this is exceedingly difficult, and often just as tedious. The work of eradicating error is always hard and slow. It is sometimes necessary to retrace the whole of one's past life, and undo all that has been done in the way of an inwrought education.

To such a degree, besides, has the subtle spirit of falsehood penetrated and vitiated our moral nature, and so steadily and strongly are we held by it in the direction of error, that it requires, in addition to divine grace, the most continuous and painful self-probing to give to our own minds even a glimpse of our actual condition in this view. The instinctive tendency is to hide the ugly fact from

our conscience, and first to feign, and then actually believe, that however severe the demand which it might make upon us, we yet have an earnest desire to find the truth. This is all frequently a pure deception. We really desire no such thing. The facts may, however, easily be brought to light, if we are truly sincere. Those who really desire to find the truth in its full, whole, round character,—the truth as God revealed it for the guidance and salvation of men,—will be cheerfully ready to put themselves in such condition as will make this ordinarily possible. This will certainly be so, unless there should be, in fact, though perhaps unconsciously to them, a still stronger motive to do something else, by which this would be prevented.

To search for the truth so that the searching may carry in it the promise of reward, there must, of course, be a proper and sufficient motive; otherwise, there would be nothing to stimulate the search or sustain the effort it requires. This motive must be found primarily in the truth itself. Its own intrinsic excellence must in some way be brought forcibly before us; its divine majesty must be made to rise to our view, and its dread tones of authority must be distinctly heard. The truth being from God, is the bearer of His own moral image, and therefore nothing can be more majestic. It is eternal, and, in its nature, like God, it is unchangeable. Being from God, it leads to God, as the highest end of created existence, without whom it were better that man had never been born. It is the source of all beauty, and is beauty itself in the highest perfection. Harmony, wherever found throughout the whole moral world, results immediately from its presence. It is lovely in itself, and makes all else lovely that is seen actually to be so, and must, in turn, be loved with a corresponding love for its own sake. When in its full and rich nature the truth opens itself to the mind, even through a glass, or dimly, it is difficult, if not impossible, to remain entirely indifferent to it. As the moral horizon widens, and grander and clearer disclosures are made, our feeling of interest in it deepens. No grander idea can fill the soul. Man was made for the truth, and he begins to realize that he can be happy only as by some means he is put consciously into it. With this disclosure of its nature and charms our moral nature is aroused and quickened. We really stop on our busy way and admire. A sacred awe steals into and fills our being. Sometimes we stand in mute wonder, literally overwhelmed by the sense of the grand, beautiful, and sublime. What can we compare with it? All else seems to dwindle and disappear, even as the stars go out when the effulgent sun arises. Verily, we exclaim, "The truth is the grandest thing in the universe,—greater than all worlds,—like God himself!"

In this high appreciation the proper search after the truth begins.



But this abstract view, however complete, is not of itself sufficient. To give to our motive the proper nerve, or to infuse into it a proper genius, so to say, we must see that the truth is practically connected with our good. It is difficult to be really earnest with a mere abstraction or speculation. Few men are so in fact. We may stop for a few moments before a beautiful ideal painting, and very warmly admire it, but, passing on, it is very soon forgotten. It is easy to conceive, but hard to express in the way of detail, how the truth is related to our interest. The subject is too extended. That it is so related, and at every point, and vitally, we must all instinctively feel. Nothing can be truly promotive of our well-being that comes from error, or that may itself be a falsehood, and all the real good that we experience must be mediated by the truth. The whole objective kingdom of grace,—what is it? The grand projection of the truth. How may we know, either in whole or in part? Only through the truth. And how may we understand the subjective graces necessary to introduce us into it? Again, only by the truth. Who is Christ? What is the Church? What the nature of the holy sacraments? How shall we know these correctly, either in themselves or in their offices? All by means of the truth. Is this so? Then what can be practically more important for us than the truth? Here the motive to search after it receives its necessary quickening spirit and moral energy. All this must not only be seen theoretically, but also realized practically, which is a much more earnest thing. We must feel that our highest good in this and also in the coming world, is absolutely dependent upon the truth and our relation to it; and that we, through this relation, may be apprehended by it. Not to cultivate this deep sense—the truth of which, theoretically, is so clear, even self-evident—is to fail to furnish the motive to search after the truth with its proper vitality and wisdom, and to that extent it must become unworthy of success.

But the truth, in itself considered, is a certainty,—a fixed, unchanging, and unchangeable certainty. Otherwise it would not be truth. It is not what each may honestly conceive, or otherwise desire it to be, or that which accommodates itself to the varying modes of human thinking, or to the changes produced by time. Can it be found and known in this, its own fixed nature? At this point are exposed some of the false notions which lie in the way of this search after the truth, and prevent its being found. If the truth, as truth, cannot be found or known, then where is the motive to search for it? It cannot exist. To believe that the truth is not findable, and yet to search for it, would be simply to attempt the impossible. No contradiction could be more complete. Just here our Protestant friends find great trouble, and many of them are

sorely perplexed. They profess not only to be specially attached to the truth, to make the greatest account of it, to hold it in the highest estimation—as being, indeed, the thing upon which all else hangs—but also to be first, in the way of zeal, in searching after it; and yet, in the same breath, they say it cannot be certainly known. That they are actuated by a zeal, and a very ardent one, there is indeed, no room to doubt. Further on in this article we shall take pains to point out the motive of this zeal. Whatever the object animating it may be, it certainly cannot be the truth, as such, or the certain finding or possession of it; since the same zeal leads them with equal fervor to declare that the truth cannot be found or certainly known. Is it to be wondered at then that our dissenting friends, if they are searching at all, are ever searching but never finding; ever learning but never coming to a *knowledge* of the truth! Even if they were really to find and possess it, retaining their erroneous idea that it cannot be found, they would not believe it; for they could not persuade themselves that they had accomplished that which, according to their belief, is impossible. They would hold it, if they would hold it at all, as an uncertainty, and consequently not as truth. In such case there can be, of course, no sufficient motive to search for the truth; and our protesting brethren must, in the nature of the case, be simply deceiving themselves when they speak of their ardent attachment to, and search for, the truth itself.

But the truth, though it can and may be found—that is, known or apprehended in its certainty, according to its own nature—can only thus be known through the divine aid of infallibility. To search for it and deny this is, clearly enough, to search in vain. Indeed the word search itself, in such case, could have no meaning, since its object, as our Protestant friends say, and here they are clearly right, would lie wholly beyond its reach. This false opinion, grown into a conviction, that truth cannot be found, must, if seeking is to be successful, give place to the true idea that it can; and the dogma of infallibility, as the condition of this, however numerous and strong the prejudices against it, must be humbly and thankfully accepted; for if this be not true, then the truth can never be truth for the mind; we can never actually find it, or consciously rest in it, but must ever be driven about without any hope of a better moral condition by “every wind of doctrine,” and subject absolutely to the “cunning craftiness” of the prince of error or “father of lies.” To say, in such case, that we desire to find the truth, or that we are earnestly seeking after it, is simply a practical, though rather a serious, joke, we are attempting to play off upon our own consciences. It is a delusion, full and complete.

But the principle once adopted that the truth cannot be certainly



found, theories must be devised by which its fatal consequences may be avoided, else these consequences would themselves refute and blast the error. The fallacy of these theories must be detected, if the way is to be fully opened for the search after the truth, otherwise the truth cannot appear in its own true value. If the truth itself cannot be known, how can anything in the kingdom of grace come to be known?

The first and general effect of this error has been to turn the mind away almost entirely from the objective in Christianity, and to confine its view to the same exclusive extent to the narrow department of individual experience. But even this is found to be shrouded in the same darkness and pervaded by the same uncertainty. For instance, since the truth cannot be known, how can it become an object of faith? What, in this case, becomes of faith itself? What are or what ought to be its contents? Is there not room here for fatal error if these things cannot be known? Has not this, in the way of fact, been one of the prime sources of the various forms of wild fanaticism? Here clearly is great confusion. Now, to save the grace of faith in this view, our Protestant friends have been driven to the theory that Christ, not the truth, a living, divine person, not a dogma, is the object of faith. By this shift they hope, at least as far as faith is concerned, to avoid the fatal consequences of their false position in relation to the truth. But do they really escape the difficulty by this means? Nay, it follows them like their shadow. Let us see. Who and what is Christ as he is made the exclusive or abstract object of faith? Is it the Christ as seen by the Ebionites, simply human, or by the Gnostics, divine only, or by the followers of Eutyches, a confused blending of humanity and divinity, or by the disciples of Nestorius, a dualistic Christ? Or is it the Christ as conditioned and modified by any of the various and variously erroneous notions of modern times? Who is to answer this question? Each has the same right, and each may have the strongest reason. Who can know? But it is claimed that Christ, being a living person, authenticates himself for this purpose, and thus renders correct knowledge on our part unnecessary. If this were true, then there would at least be a definite Christ, in regard to whose nature all would agree, and how in such case could we account for the differences and contradictions in equally pious minds in regard to this point? Besides, how can they be sure that Christ does thus authenticate himself? Since, according to Protestant thinking, the claim of infallibility is not sustained, and the truth, which determines everything else, is itself undetermined and undeterminable, how and by what means is the mysterious nature of Christ to be determined for the mind, so that He may be, in His absolutely correct character, the object of faith?

Clearly the question cannot be answered. In these circumstances each may have a different Christ as the object of his faith, and all may have a false Christ. Again, who can know? But this is only one of the interests entering into the experience of men which, by this false opinion, is thus confused and destroyed. Thousands of others are left by this theory in the same condition of absolute uncertainty. How prevent a complete chaos in the whole kingdom of grace if the assertion must be accepted that the truth cannot be certainly known? These errors, and all others of kindred character, as the candid mind must readily see, are fatal not only to all real search after the truth, but also to every substantive interest which it is the office of the truth to define. All theories which affect to render any feature of Christianity for us independent of the truth necessarily detract from its dignity and value, and to that extent not only vitiate and weaken the motive-nerve which urges to the successful pursuit after it, but also, and to the same extent, confuse and confound the object of the search itself. For, as we have already said, it is not enough, in order to fill out and render this motive proper and sufficient, simply to have a theoretical view of the truth, even though in its full harmony, beauty, and grandeur, as something afar off, or as a grand picture æsthetically even playing directly on our moral nature; but it is necessary besides all this that we realize it to be, in some way, essentially and vitally interwoven with our proper destiny. It must be felt that not to find the truth in the way now described, that is, in its own certain nature, is to sustain a loss and a damage in our moral being, the broad extent and dreadful character of which, it is perhaps impossible, in our present circumstances, properly to estimate or measure. Whereas, on the other hand, to find it, to be consciously in the centre of it and freely governed by it, is to be in harmony with ourselves and with God, and to feel certainly that we are connected with the only legitimate and highest end of human being.

Such, then, being the nature and dignity of the truth, and such its practical importance for us, to really find and obtain it, what effort should we shrink from making, what deprivations in other respects should we be unwilling to suffer, and what sacrifices should we deem too costly or painful to make? And just this is, in the way of fact, the earnest spirit which the successful search of the truth involves. It can be nothing less high and heroic. The motive, to be worthy, must be grand, like its object. He who is really seeking this great good, the good practically comprehensive of all other forms of good, and without which nothing can have this character, is willing, and must be, to give up freely all that he possesses, sever the tenderest earthly ties, enter in imitation of his



Master, who is the truth itself, the most humble and abject condition, submit to the keenest shafts of derision, and meekly bear the most cruel persecution. This is not merely a necessary inference arising out of the nature of the truth itself, as something whose value and dignity are incomparable, but no one carefully reading the gospels can fail to perceive that this is the uniform demand of Christ. Throughout, and at almost every point, we hear the words, "If any man would be my disciple, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me." Not to have this motive is plainly to be unworthy both of Him and of His truth.

Turning now from the motive essential to the successful seeking after the truth, we may fix our attention, in the next place, upon the proper attitude of the searcher and the method generally by which it must be conducted. And first of all, he who would find the truth, must, in addition to what has already been said, when speaking of the motive, be humble. Perhaps, at least so far as the intelligent searcher is concerned, this injunction may be deemed unnecessary. The contrast between the everywhere present and grand majesty of divine truth, and the littleness of man, with the feebleness of intellectual powers, these too, darkened by sin, might be sufficient to induce the proper sense of humility. It is said, when men stand and gaze at the mighty torrents of water rushing over the falls of Niagara, and hear the roar which is thus produced, causing the earth to tremble, they instinctively find themselves exclaiming, "What puny things are we!" But what is this compared with the full grandeur of the truth, the whole truth, beaming forth from God? All men, however, are disposed to vanity, and all therefore need the injunction, and need to have it frequently repeated, and especially when they are searching for the truth, "Be humble."

There is good ground for this. For it is not by any superior excellence of mental gifts, sharpness of wit, boldness of imagination, or clearness or strength of reason, that we are led into the truth, or enabled to take it into ourselves. The naturally great or highly endowed have, in this department, no advantage over the poor in spirit. There are no privileged classes in Christianity. Here, at least, even if nowhere else, all have the same chances. If the inclination of divine benevolence is in any direction, it is in favor of the weak and helpless. "Not many mighty are called." Whilst it is hidden often from the "wise and prudent," it is revealed unto "babes." Reason: "For even so, Father, it seemeth good in thy sight." The truth, in the sense in which we have been using the word all along, is, as to its origin and character, supernatural; therefore, it belongs not to the order of nature in any form, but it everywhere, though in and through nature, transcends

it. It is not for the natural mind, however great its powers or keen its perceptions, to reach and fathom the truth.

Nor can science be of any material aid in this regard. Grand as it has been in its own proper sphere, both in its nature and results, and greatly as it may properly be lauded for what it has accomplished, it has no power to move amid the far-reaching laws of the supernatural realm, and determine what is or ought to be the truth. The verities here, with which it sometimes essays to grapple, are entirely above its reach, and the effort thus to find the truth always results in terrible disaster. Those modern scientists, as well as those who may be called ancient, from whom the error has been borrowed, who have been determined to be guided strictly by science and by this alone, in their search through this department, have all been led, some against their will, into radical infidelity. This result could not be avoided. What has science to do with truth so infinitely transcending its scope and power? To become confused and confounded, and be led to the most puerile and even ludicrous consequences, as in the case of Tyndall, Huxley, and Darwin, the results of whose speculations are all, just now, fresh in the public mind, is precisely what any mind, having a true perception of the supernatural, would naturally expect. Not to the wise, in this sense, is it given to find the truth of God. The disastrous consequences of every effort heretofore made of this character, should be sufficient, one would think, to rebuke the arrogant fancy, that spiritual truth can be found in this way, and to aid in leading the mind up (for this is the proper term) to that state of real humility which the case requires.

Philosophy, as a means of finding the truth, has had very little better success, although the possibilities here are much greater. Separated however from faith, or de-christianized, it can only, like science, flounder in confusion. Reduced to rationalism, it is wholly inadequate. Even in its best form, simply as philosophy, it can never reach or comprehend the truth of God. Led by faith it may indeed very grandly enter the supernatural sphere, and find just what the untutored but believing child already possesses. Nothing more. Such a philosopher may indeed see more clearly the relation of the different truths, their reason, and the results which flow from them. But as to the truth itself in its substantial and saving power, the believing child and the believing philosopher occupy the same grand level. Indeed, the believing philosopher is but a believing child. Richness of intellectual gift and greatness of mental attainment, though always admirable, are never essential to the finding of the truth. These, relied on, are always in the way. But used and not abused, they may in many, though



not material, respects, facilitate the process and give a more refined and detailed appreciation of the truth when found.

Moral talent, here, is more important than mental. The heart is greater than the head. Sympathy (*συμπάθος*) with the truth—real warm, glowing love of it, and thus an inward and sincere aspiration after it, is always surer to find and understand it, than a more cold effort of the reason, however mighty this may be. The little girl who, with very ordinary mental endowments, feels herself secretly drawn to the piano by her native love of music, will, ordinarily, in attaining a knowledge of it, greatly surpass her more gifted companion, who must be driven to her practice. And we are not sure that this is not true, to a very great extent, at least in relation to even some of the more exact sciences. Even in mathematics, which is the strictest of all, there have been many notable examples of persons otherwise but very ordinarily gifted, yet who, because of their deep sympathy with abstract formulas, have been able to move, with most wonderful ease and rapidity, through the most complicated problems. But in the department of supernatural verity, this is true in the highest degree; thus illustrating, even from ordinary and natural experiences of everyday life, the reason why love and faith, and not mere understanding and reason, are so frequently and positively demanded in the sacred Scriptures.

But this spiritual truth is also Catholic in its character, and this shows still further the peculiar nature of the method by which the search is to be conducted, if it is to be successful. In this character it is a unit, and from one common centre in its own being it spreads through the whole universe of moral and spiritual being, touching, like the sun, upon every object, great and small, and defining all it touches. It cannot be broken and scattered into independent parts. However extensive the region through which it permeates, and however infinite the variety of its parts, it is still, in the strictest sense, but one, grand, indivisible system. "Guilty of one, guilty of all," was the teaching of Christ himself, and nothing can more clearly show the unity of spiritual truth. It can be found only as a whole and not as separate fragments. It must, therefore, be sought in a broad and liberal spirit, a spirit approximating, at least, its own grand nature in this view; for he that is not willing to take the whole is not worthy to have a part.

We once heard a distinguished Protestant theologian in one of his most fervid sermons, describing the rich, full heritage of the Christian commonwealth in this view, exclaim, "I am a Christian, and all that is Christian is mine." We felt then that the sentiment was noble, but did not at that time see that it was far too noble for the narrow sect in which the preacher stood. A sect, if anything,

is but a small part of the whole and can never reach and embrace the whole in any form. Each one of the sects rejects, by an inward necessity, what is peculiar to the other; and all combined, if such a combination were possible (which it is not), could not be broad enough to comprehend the whole body of supernatural truth under this, its Catholic form. The sect, therefore, not having the truth, can of course never give it. Protestant churches are not like loving children, dwelling together harmoniously in the same family, each of whom receiving the benefit of the wealth which affectionate parents have gathered. Rather they are like discontented and quarrelsome children, who, not being able to live together in peace and harmony, have angrily torn themselves from the family commonwealth, each taking with him a separate moiety, which is afterwards found, in its isolated form, to be utterly insufficient to maintain a healthful existence. What was a great wealth and amply sufficient in its united form and under the wise management of the family head to furnish even a royal support for all, is now found, in its separation, not to be enough to procure even the common necessities of life. Or to present the point, perhaps, in a still more striking figure; they are not like the happy crew on board the strong and majestic ship, gayly sailing over the heaving billows of the ocean, laughing at the storm, but like the unfortunate crew that have suffered shipwreck, where each has hastily seized a shattered plank, on which he is vainly struggling to save his wretched life. A part, thus sundered from the whole, is found to be much less, for any purpose, than when in its proper place and in union with all the other parts.

But there is still another fact in this connection which our Protestant friends have not, as yet, sufficiently considered and laid to heart. This disrupting of the whole and depending upon any of the parts, in a separate and independent way, has not only this serious quantitative, but also an equally serious qualitative, effect; that is, the quantity is not only thereby diminished but the quality also is changed. A branch, sundered from the tree, does not thereby become a small tree. It is in fact no longer even a branch, but only a dead, dry piece of common wood. It has taken, in other words, a different character, become an entirely different thing. Just so, when a portion of the Church is cut by schism from the whole body, or the Church Catholic. It is no longer a Church, but a sect, namely, a part cut off; and in precisely the same manner, when a part of the truth is sundered from the whole or Catholic system of truth, it is no longer a truth but a heresy. Heresy, strictly, is born of schism. In a certain sense, indeed, heresy may be said both to precede and to succeed schism—to precede, as a restless, bubbling fanaticism, and to succeed as a fixed



and stubborn determination to maintain the false private opinion against all authority. Properly, however, heresy is the perverse holding of the error after this is authoritatively condemned.

That the fragment of the truth, thus cut from the whole system, is of this character is clearly seen in the fact, that the part taken is at once arrayed against that from which it was taken. The harmony is at once broken, and it and the residue are of different natures and at variance, not because the last, but the first, has changed. Instead of bearing the sense or meaning which it had when in union with the whole, and thus be in inward accord with the whole, it is now made to bear a sense or meaning just the opposite, and one which puts those who hold it in perpetual and violent antagonism with the truth under its whole form. Indeed, the part is made to exclude the whole from which it is taken. In the very act of sundering the part from the whole, the part thus sundered becomes changed in its nature, and, instead of remaining a truth, it becomes, in fact, a lie. This may not be so, absolutely, in all cases. But human prudence is a poor safeguard against it. It is certainly not intended to be this by those who adhere to it in this separate form. Individually, Protestants may be better than their sect, and most generally are so. But they cannot avoid this result. It is a matter which lies beyond their power to control. The great mass of Protestant men and women do not even know this dreadful fact. They have never themselves taken time to study it, and have none to teach it to them. On the contrary, they honestly believe, in their simplicity, not only that they have the truth in spite of the doctrine of their leaders, who maintain that truth of this supernatural character cannot be certainly known, but also that they have it under its purest possible form, and that when they are contending against the great Catholic body from which their faint ray has been taken, they are only fighting error with truth. While this false conviction may, under certain circumstances, greatly diminish the personal responsibility of those who hold it, or rather, who are held by it, it can never, however honestly entertained, alter or change the fact itself. The sundering of the truth, which is the result of schism, is, when once accomplished, an objective fact, and the change of the portion sundered into a falsehood, is wholly beyond the control of the individual will. It is converted into error by the very incision of the schismatic knife, and the only way to change it for ourselves is to escape from it.

Every portion of the sect system has by its movements demonstrated this heretical character from the very moment of its abnormal origin in the sixteenth century. From that day steadily on to this has its great effort been to prove that the whole body of truth,

from which a small portion was then rudely torn, is a gigantic falsehood, although it remains precisely what it was in the beginning. Indeed, the sect system all along has had but one real issue, and that is fierce opposition to the Church Catholic and her dogmas; thus proving, at every point in its history, in a most practical manner, the proposition, that a part sundered from the whole in a system in which unity is an essential and controlling fact changes its character. This opposition to Catholic truth is, moreover, an inward necessity on the part of the sects. They could not otherwise continue their being. They started in the spirit of antagonism, and this is found the whole content of internal make-up. It is the nature of heresy to be restless and to fight the truth, and when this fighting shall cease, heresy itself must die. Who can fail to see that sectarianism, in this view, as in all others, is an abnormity, a perverted and perverting existence—a veritable monstrosity? To find the truth, therefore, it is clearly not enough to find a part of it only, for this may but deepen the moral darkness; but it is necessary that we should, in a real way, compass the whole. Only in the whole, and conditioned by the whole, can the parts be seen and understood in their true nature. Lying outside of the modifying and controlling laws of the whole system, and being independent of them, there are no laws of hermeneutics in the hands, especially of the private judgment, that are able to hold it steadily to its original meaning and purpose. Therefore not to find the whole truth is, in fact, not to find any part of it, as it does not and cannot exist in fragments, and no part thus sundered and rendered independent of the rest can serve the purposes of the truth. It is but one immense whole, and as such, in all its fulness, it must, if ever, be found and embraced.

The Greek Church may indeed seem to look, and, in the minds of some, does actually look like a contradiction to the foregoing; but when examined closely it will be found to be this rather in appearance than in fact. No one at all familiar with the history of this separation in the eleventh century can fail to see a vast and substantive difference between it and the sect system as this arose in the sixteenth. But even with all this difference in favor of the Greek Church it still remains a fact that the Greek Church is comparatively dead, and that to keep the truth which it has all along enjoyed and to resuscitate the life by which it has thus far been sustained, it must come back in a still freer and fuller form into the broad bosom of the only true Catholic Church. Or if the schism was really complete and radical, the case can only be regarded, so far as its effect upon the truth is concerned, as an exception proving the general rule. The truth is, therefore, not to be found in, through, or by means of the sect system. Abandonment



of this is an unyielding necessity. This system, in the finding and practical embracing of the truth, is always transcended, no one being able to remain in it after actually embracing the whole truth. Indeed, he would not be allowed thus to remain, because of the antagonism which such a position would necessarily develop. No mind actually in possession of the whole truth could, by the narrow sense of any sect, be considered orthodox. The case demands a higher and broader method and one in greater harmony with the truth itself under its own Catholic form.

But how about the Bible in its relation to the sect-mind? Surely this is the revelation of God, and is, moreover, so far as its outward character is concerned, in the possession of Protestant sects, fully as much as it is in that of the Catholic Church; and do they not love and cherish it, and in the spirit of its own command (?) "search" its pages? Behold the vast numbers of copies which they have annually printed and circulated, and the millions of money they are thus expending, and hear, besides, how enthusiastically they are dwelling upon its charms, depicting its attributes, attributing to it, as a book, even magical powers! It is the only rule of faith and the almost exclusive means of converting the nations of the earth. Yes, verily, there is here an incontrovertible proof of zeal, and zeal under an exceedingly lively form. Yet in this holding to the Bible, or to the truth under this printed form they wholly deny, in the same enthusiastic manner, the truth under its spoken form, existing in the character of sacred tradition, whilst the same Bible, in so many words, and printed in the clearest type, declares that if all had been written which was spoken by *Christ Himself*, "the world itself could not contain the books which should be written." All this truth, spoken by Christ Himself, rejected and denied, if not spurned, simply because, as it would seem, the "printer" had no hand in it. Here again is a part only sundered from the whole truth, which, by this sundering, has become changed in its character and made, in the minds of those who hold it, to lead immediately into error. Thus the "the truth of God is turned into a lie." For it will be observed that the part itself which is thus held is used for the express purpose and as the means itself of excluding all the rest and residue of Revelation, the books of which, had they all been written, the world itself would not contain. In other words, the truth itself is put in conflict, God made to contradict Himself. Can it, therefore, be true, in view of a fact like this, that the sects, though with the printed Bible in their hands, are really in possession of its truth? Could they understand the great "commission" as they do, if this were so? In the very eulogy they bestow upon the Bible in this separate form they give it a false character, making the mere reading of this the

great means of converting the world? But for this false character, would they be so zealously attached to it? In this separated and abstracted form what book has been more prolific of strange vagaries and contradictory teachings? Is there anything contained in it in regard to which the sects, each led by its own separate ray, regard it in the same light or receive in the same sense? And why this strange want of unanimity, this continuous clashing and contradiction? The answer is obvious. It is the same reason which has made the part to contradict the whole from which it is taken, because, by a holding of a part, by which the residue is denied, the general laws pervading the whole system are lost, and there remains no rule by which the sundered part can be held to its original and true meaning, or, indeed, to any one meaning for any considerable length of time. Hence the truth of God itself, thus deflected and perverted, is made even the source of a bewilderment and confusion equivalent to darkness itself; and well may the divine question be asked, "If, therefore, the light that is in thee be darkness; how great is that darkness." We need not here enter this printed Bible itself, so much gloried in by our Protestant friends, with a view to point out how much therein contained is wholly excluded by their sect-creeds, though as to its claims of inspiration it rests upon the same basis as all other parts; how much is violently wrested from its manifest original meaning and held in unrighteousness; how much is spiritualized and transcendentalized to such a degree as to leave very little tangible body behind, and how much, because it is either mysterious in its nature, or, if naturally interpreted, would radically break up the very foundations of the sect system, is allowed to remain an absolutely dead letter. All this could be easily done in the way of detail, but it would lead us too far from our direct purpose. We submit here, in view of these and similar facts, that the mere possession by the sects of the printed book called the Bible does not sustain the inference, which they are so ready to draw from it, that, therefore, they possess the truth; nor yet that, depending upon this part only, as and for the whole, and glorying in it, they are even in condition to find the truth. The part thus deflected and perverted, or, in the strong language of the Bible itself, "wrested," constitutes, in many cases, and perhaps the vast majority, the very obstacle in the way, preventing the finding of the truth.

But still, how account for this special zeal which, by Protestant sects, is everywhere manifested ostensibly for the truth—the fierce conflicts among themselves and against each other—if they are not earnestly searching for the truth? But, on the other hand, why all this fierce contention and contradiction, if it is a fact that they have found it and are now really in possession of it? In account-



ing for this special zeal, we may ask generally why are errorists usually actuated by a special zeal? This, too, is a fact, not strange, however, when thoroughly sifted. All persons are specially interested in and for their own children, and, in like manner, each new offspring of the fertile imagination will create, as is everywhere seen, a new and special enthusiasm in the parent. And it matters not how unsightly, ill-shaped, or even monstrous, or how puerile, silly, and jejune, these children of the fancy may be, as seen, for example, in the recent developments of Huxley and others. It is enough that they spring actually from our brain, or that we are their author; and the more exactly they are the expression of our own perverted mind, the greater will be our fondness for them. Indeed, the more monstrous and often the more helpless and puny this brood of the misled brain may be, the more fondly will they be cherished by their parent; and if connected with some degree of bewitching genius, and, by means of sophistical reasoning, are made to appear to stand upon apparently solid ground, the greater will be the interest in them also by others. It is the new which is always hoped to be true; something free, which it is expected will liberate from the irksome and unpleasant authority of the fixed and staid. How could man be more zealous than those who are now striving to prove that man has come, through some mysterious gradations and transformations, from the ape or monkey, or that the Bible itself is but a magazine of falsehood, or that God Himself is a mere fancy of the mind, and that the Church is the deadly foe of human progress and mental emancipation and enlargement? Why should error amongst Protestant sects inspire less zeal?

But Protestant sects are active and zealous in contending for truth as they hold it, because it can be kept up and alive only by this means. Being heretical, it is out of its order and harmony, and, therefore, is constantly attacked from all sides. This requires constant contention. Each sect is fighting the other just as vigorously as all are fighting the Church Catholic; and each, to maintain its own ground, must prove that the other has no right to exist. This restlessness is the very proof that the sects do not consciously possess and calmly rest in the truth. Each, besides, is in competition with the other as to the outlying population. The principle of competition is adopted by them as a necessity. For how else, they ask, can we maintain our separate rights, or how else can poor human nature be made earnest? Here comes to light the real inspiration of the motive creating this practical activity. The great question with each is, not how to bring men to "the truth," but how to bring them to our truth? who can draw the largest crowds, and which of the sects can in this way swell

into the largest bulk, and become, in other respects and for other ends, not of them the most spiritual, the most influential or controlling? Nothing, however, in all this acknowledged zeal, necessarily looks to the truth in its own broad wholeness as the inspiring object of it. True, it does involve the truth, but only as they hold it, a small fragment abstracted from the general sum, and thereby changed as to its original nature, meaning and end, and arrayed against all other truth equally divine. Would they otherwise have this zeal for it? Is not this miserably narrow eclecticism in a region so immense, and where all carries on its face the same stamp of divinity and speaks with the same authoritative tones, not manifestly fatal to the vaunted boast of special zeal for "the truth" on the part of the sects? Clearly, this is neither the attitude nor the method by which to find "the truth."

There is a reason for this lying in the moral constitution of those who seek in this partial way after the truth. Why take one part and reject the other? Whatever this reason may be, it must have regard to that portion of the truth itself which such persons reject. But the part they desire to embrace is, if seen properly, of the same nature and tenor as that which they do not wish to embrace. How, if the part, in the act of culling it from the whole, were not changed to some other nature, or made to wear some other aspect for them, could they make this difference? Clearly, this is neither honestly to desire either the whole or a part of the truth. In some form or other the end, in fact, is always error, with which it is sought in this fragmentary way to connect the truth, in order to give the error a more open field and greater force. How can it be otherwise? All such effort after the truth, instead of leading to the full, broad light of day, can only conduct to the denser darkness of moral night; for all the parts of the truth are, in themselves, and must of necessity be of the same nature, arising as they do from a common centre, and to be worthily sought for must, therefore, be loved, as already said, for their own sake. And this they will be, if, in fact, they are all equally regarded as truth. Where this is so actually, no one part can be thus preferred to another, and certainly never to the rejection of the other; for the rejection of the one part conclusively shows that the other part is held not in the spirit of truth, but in that of "unrighteousness." This spirit is itself an absolute disqualification for finding the truth.

Moreover, truth of every description and in every form, has, in some shape, a keeper, or, in other words, it becomes embodied, by which means it is preserved and perpetuated in its own proper character. Natural truth has the various forms of nature; historical truth has history; civil truth has the state; domestic truth has the family, and legal truth, the forms of jurisprudence. Truth

lying in the region of the fine arts assumes the forms of poetry, painting, sculpture, and music. So we may travel all through the various forms of mundane truth, and in the case of each we will find that it has crystallized itself in some outward visible form or institution, which becomes in turn its keeper or preserver, by means of which it is continued in its own proper character. Now, can it be supposed that spiritual truth, which is infinitely more important than all these combined, forms an exception to this otherwise universal fact? Surely it cannot. But what, precisely, is the keeper of this truth? Prior to Christianity, as will be generally conceded, this keeper was the Jewish Church. To it were the divine oracles given. The Jewish people were raised up for this special purpose; and in order that they might be able to carry it out more effectually, they were not only specially blessed with extraordinary gifts, but were also carefully separated from all other surrounding peoples and nations. Upon them all other tribes were dependent for the truth. Jewish history, in connection with the Bible itself, makes it too clear to leave any doubt with regard to this general fact.

But what became the keeper of the truth when Judaism faded away, or dissolved into Christianity? Did this truth, at this point and all at once, become independent of a keeper, and has it been allowed, from this time on, to float loosely and vaguely in the mind of all succeeding nations? Surely no one would be willing to take such a position. If not, what was its keeper? Were any of the Protestant sects on hand at this time to take this office? What institution other than the Catholic Church, which, by divine authority itself, is said to be the "ground and pillar of the truth," could be this keeper? Upon her the burden passed from the Jewish Church, which itself became merged into her broad bosom, with the command from the Almighty, made only tenfold more solemn, because the revelation itself is more precious, "Keep my truth." The keeper here was, as to its nature, as we can readily see, in full harmony with the truth itself. If the truth was divine, so was the Church; if the first was supernatural, so was the second. The truth, being infinitely broad and high, the Church, to be its competent keeper, was Catholic, which involves both attributes, and approximately commensurate. If the truth was inspired, and, therefore, fixed and unchangeable, the Church was infallible, and constantly the same through all the ages. The last, therefore, was meet to be the keeper of the first. In her is the written word just as it was penned in the beginning, and here also is the spoken word, which, if it had been written, would have filled the world with books; and these, in perfect accord and harmony with each other, are but the two different forms of the same grand, whole system. Acting as this keeper, the Catholic Church, feeling the sacredness



of its obligation, carefully selected the genuine from the spurious productions claiming to be inspired, and formed the Canon of Sacred Scripture ; and but for this, where would be the Bible now in the hands of our Protestant friends, and of which separately they so zealously boast? Could any of the sects have the attributes above enumerated, corresponding with the truth itself, fitting it or them to be this keeper of the truth?

Besides all this, the Catholic Church has the truth embodied in still another way. It has one altar, which, when properly understood, is rich in this view, beyond all power of imagination ; a priesthood, who, in their persons and various robes, impressively symbolize much of the most sacred truth connected with Christ himself and his atoning work ; images and paintings, bearing vividly to the eye almost the whole circle of practical truth essential to salvation. In a word, the whole Church, including its architectural structure, outside as well as within, with its music and its ritual growing out of the real presence, is, in every particular and throughout, the striking symbol for the eye and ear of the grand truth of God, which, besides, it proclaims daily throughout all the world, with the unerring voice of infallibility.

But our purpose is accomplished. We can go no further. We have reached not the mount that "burneth with fire, and a whirlwind, and darkness, and storm;" but we are come to "Mount Sion, and to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and the company of the many thousands of angels, and to the Church of the first born, who are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of the just made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the New Testament, and to the sprinkling of blood which speaketh better things than that of Abel." Bowing at her altar we deeply realize that though the physical eye sees it not, yet to the eye of faith the transfigured glory of the scene enacted eighteen centuries ago on Mount Tabor still glows with undiminished brightness. Amidst the condensed rays of the whole truth thus streaming directly upon us, we come to know what is meant by "not apprehending," but "being apprehended," by the truth. Hitherto, and on the outside, the movement in searching the truth was from the human side aided by the divine ; now and here, it is from the divine side aided by the co-operation of the human. This is not only to find the truth, but to be found by it ; not only to have the truth in us, but for the truth to have us in it, which is much richer, deeper, and grander. It is for the single individual to be centrally in the whole, and not for a mere ray of this truth to be separately in the individual. Here also is the truth in its own certainty, for here still sounds the great commission : "Go ye into all the world and preach my gospel to every creature," and preach

it, not as something doubtful or uncertain, or that cannot certainly be known, but as the absolute verity of God. "So I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." "He that heareth you, heareth Me, and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me."

There are many still on the outside who have more than a dim inkling of all this. Still they allow themselves to be tossed about by endless and angry controversies, hoping that something hereafter may be developed which will bring to them the truth in its wholeness without the necessity and humiliation on their part of going to the Catholic altar for it. Longingly they are looking forward to a coming Church, which they call the "Church of the future," which, as they hope, may be the union of all. Vain hope! Can it be supposed by the rational mind that God would set aside his own wonderful creation, the Catholic Church, which is so perfectly adapted to, and commensurate with, the nature and requirements of the truth itself, for the purpose of making room for another? And what other could be greater and broader, and endowed with grander gifts? And can the imagination conceive anything more capable of comprehending all kindreds and nations, than the Church Catholic? What such persons need, in addition to their present conviction, is the divine grace of faith, and with this the equally divine gift of moral courage, by which they may be able to sacrifice pride of intellect, worldly position and consideration, and realize that in the truth, and through the truth, only, can anything be of real good. Having this, we have all things; without this, *what* have we?

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## NOTES ON SPAIN.

(CONCLUSION.)

FULL ninety out of every hundred travellers who visit Spain will find Granada the most agreeable of all their halting-places, and when they come to look back upon their past wanderings, its snowy mountains and fruitful plains, its picturesque ruins, its babbling streams, and its refreshing glades, will stand out on the field of memory as pleasantly as vividly. Nor is it only its charm for ear and eye that should be noted, but also the invigorating, health-giving action of its mountain air—its elevation equals that of the summit of Skiddaw! In spite of a bedroom much like a prison cell, with tiled floor and straw mattress, a refreshing sleep was enjoyed the first night, and in the morning my companion had lost all those unpleasant symptoms which the damp and heavy atmosphere of Seville had induced. The house we stayed in was the “Fonda de los Siete Suelos,” which takes its name from an adjacent tower of the Alhambra, called the “Torre de los Siete Suelos,” or the Tower of the Seven Floors. It, and the Washington Irving Hotel opposite it, are situated in the so-called “gardens” of the Alhambra, which are, in fact, not gardens in our sense of the word, but extensive plantations of elm trees, through which steep roads wind in various directions. The hotel charges are sufficiently moderate, *i. e.*, eight shillings and nine pence a day for a bedroom on the second floor, with meals and attendance. The other hotels are down in the city, and should be made use of by those who care more for convenient access to the churches and other monuments of Granada than for the Alhambra with its purer atmosphere.

Although it was the second of November, the trees still preserved their leaves, which showed, however, the tinge of autumn. The sun was hot enough to make us gladly seek the ample shade, while butterflies were numerous and lizards darted over the walls or hid amongst the multitude of arums which clothed the ground. Scarcely any rain had fallen here during the recent deluge at Seville. Yet the air was perfectly transparent and the distant mountains stood out in perfect distinctness against the blue sky, which was for the most part cloudless, though black clouds and pouring rain could be seen far off to the northwest.

Granada is built upon three hills on the outskirts of the mighty mountain chain called the Sierra Nevada, from its cap of perpetual snow—now of wide extent. Beneath is the fertile plain, the Vega (still kept fruitful by that irrigation from the mountain streams



which the Moors established), and surrounded on all sides by more or less distant mountains.

The Alhambra is like the Alcazar, but larger and more elaborate, though without the brilliant coloring of the latter. Its situation is lovely in the extreme (overhanging as it does the valley of the Darro), and when in the possession of Boabdil, must have been a terrestrial paradise. No description of it, however, is needed here; is it not in all the guide-books? The guide-books, however, are apt to mislead in these respects. Some of them declare that a fee of one dollar is necessary on each admission to the palace, and also that it is only open at certain fixed hours. Both these assertions are untrue. The Alhambra is open throughout the day, and nothing is easier than to arrange to see it by moonlight also. The civil and obliging guardians of course expect something for showing you over on your first visit (and your guide is sure to *deserve* something for his civility and the pains he takes to show you all), but that once over, you can enter and stroll about wherever you like, without any further payment being *expected*. With the exception of the picturesque external walls and towers, however, "all the beauty of the 'king's palace' is *within*," and the external aspect of the halls and chambers which so delight you by their interiors, is poor and mean in the extreme.

After returning from an early stroll through the Alhambra, to breakfast at the hotel, we descended to the city for the Mass of "All Souls."

The Cathedral of Granada practically consists of three churches united. The oldest of these is the royal chapel of Ferdinand and Isabella, where the remains of these sovereigns are interred. Connected with this and directly opposite (due west of it, supposing the whole church to stand east and west) is the parish chapel or *parroquia*. On the gospel (or ecclesiastically "north") side of these royal and parish chapels, is the true Cathedral itself, into which they both open—the parish chapel into the western part of the Cathedral nave, and the royal chapel at what would be the transept, were these transepts, *i. e.*, opposite the interspace between the sanctuary and the choir.

The royal chapel is of the richest and latest Gothic, and it has a complete ecclesiastical establishment of its own. The other buildings are classical. Nevertheless, the Cathedral itself is one of the most delightful churches I have seen in Spain. Like that of Bourges in France, it consists of a nave with double aisles, which continue on all round the apse. As to its proportion and style, it is like a smaller Seville Cathedral dipped in a classical bath of late Renaissance. Over the altar itself is an enormous cupola or *dome* (called the *cimborio*) rising to a height of 220 feet, and rich with stained

glass and gilding. The effect of this dome is very fine, save that its great weight has necessitated the blocking up of the arches and interspaces, which would otherwise exist between each of the inner pillars round the apse and the corresponding pillar of the external series—great stone piers taking the places of such interspaces. The consequence is that, seen from the “west” end, while the view up the centre nave is, of course, unimpeded (save by the choir screen), and while that up each outer aisle continues to the end of the church, the view up each inner circle is obstructed by a stone wall, which is the side of the first of these great stone piers thus supporting the cimborio.

Here (as in other places in Spain) it is in the parish chapel that late Masses are to be got. In the Cathedral proper there were no Masses after the High Mass. The latter service is impressively performed, but I noticed no peculiarities, save that the serving boys wore curious ornamental collars standing up round their necks. Unlike Seville, apparels were not worn upon the albs. Here, as at Seville, I found much irregularity as to the bell-ringing at Low Mass, there sometimes being none whatever. Mass was also said with the protecting dark cover over the subjacent linen cloths.

In the royal chapel are the magnificent marble tombs (in early Renaissance Italian work) of Ferdinand and Isabella, and also of their daughter, “Crazy Jane,” and her handsome, unfaithful husband Philip. Very beautiful is the face of Jane. Strange was the contrast produced by descending from the royal chapel, with its marble statues, its elaborately ornamented roof, and sides in Gothic Renaissance, its gilded escutcheons, the brilliant colors of its walls and windows, with all the stateliest ensigns of regal magnificence, into the small, dark, low vaults, wherein repose the plain, iron-bound coffins of the royal dead. Those of the conquerors lie together on a low platform in the centre. Their daughter and her husband repose against each lateral wall. These coffins have never been opened, and it was with a feeling of deep reverence and tender sympathy that I respectfully laid my hand upon that of the good and great Isabella, and on that of her once lovely and love-distracted child.

From the Cathedral I proceeded with a young and agreeable Brazilian gentleman to visit the Cartuja (or old Carthusian monastery) in the suburbs. This gentleman, professing himself a Catholic, showed, by gestures no sign of respect to the Blessed Sacrament, and by conversation no belief in dogma. Professing himself a “liberal,” he could not be made to see that freedom required that those citizens who chose to live together as monks at their own expense ought to be free to do so, and he rejoiced at the imprisonment of Brazilian bishops. He declared himself a Catholic Free-

mason. Returning from the sad sight of the suppressed monastery, the visitor should drive to the hospital founded by St. John of God, over the door of which is his statue, and within which his most precious relics are religiously preserved—the saint being revered by men who would deny to others liberty to follow in his footsteps.

The Redemptorist Fathers have, however, now managed to obtain a footing here, and have the care of a small church, and I hear the Jesuits are expected. The religious condition of the city indeed needs such help, being little better than that of Seville. Not but what the churches are sometimes well filled. At a handsome church in the Alameda, when the Exposition was going on, there was a large attendance. At the door of this church was a very characteristic Spanish beggar. A sturdy, well-built fellow held out his right hand for alms, while his left hand held his cigarette, between his puffs at which he omitted occasionally a plaintive whine.

Here the picturesque old streets and curious Moorish remains still exist in Granada. Thus, not far from the Cathedral is a perfect Oriental bazaar of Moorish work, but unfortunately its shops are all shut up and it is not used. The so-called charcoal-house, "*Casa del Carbon*," is really an old Eastern caravanserai, with galleries and rooms in tiers all round, for occasional occupants. On the side of the Darro Valley opposite to that on which the Alhambra is situated, may be found a more curious than attractive collection of "cave-dwellers" of our own day. Here is the Gypsy quarter, and more savage dwellings, in Europe, than the caves which they inhabit it would be difficult to imagine. We saw some fifty dances (by previous arrangement with the king of the Gypsies), but they were little worth seeing, either for curiosity or grace, though they showed us that the dancing which had excited our surprise at Madrid, was really dancing of the Gypsy kind. The Gypsy dances executed were called *chochas*, *vingete*, *fandango*, *palanea*, and *moscas*. The head of the Gypsies played on the guitar with great style and dexterity and with a very pleasing effect.

By the road which ascends between the *Siete Suelos* and Washington Irving Hotels, the visitor gets easy access, first to the *Generalife*,—or summer residence of the old Sultans of Granada,—and then to the nearest mountains. There is little to see at the *Generalife* save the outlook from its summer-house at the top, and a pleasant little garden in which, were a swarm of large vegetable-eating bugs, walking or flying about. By continuing on the road towards the mountains the cemetery is reached, which at the time of our visit was being enlarged. The dead are buried either in ordinary graves or inclosed in recesses which line the walls. In



the dead-house were one or two corpses dressed in dark costumes and fully exposed though lying in their open coffins. They were thus exposed because the coffins are so constructed that while the lid is very large and convex, the other part is so shallow as to be nearly flat, so that the body lies on a sort of disk to which a large cover is subsequently applied. These coffins are often brightly colored, and those of the more wealthy classes are generally profusely gilded.

From the cemetery a turn to the left soon brings you to the highest summits in the immediate vicinity of Granada; and they should certainly be ascended, for the ascent is most easy and the view magnificent. Beneath, in the Valley of the Darro, is an old suppressed monastery, now used as the seminary of the archdiocese. The mountain sides were redolent of thyme and similar perfumes, for here every herb seems to be aromatic, though at this season almost all are dried to chips. There are many sister shrubs (of course not now in flower) with euphorbias, a very thorny furze, and a broom. Many large grasshoppers—like small birds—were disturbed by us in our walk, while two birds of two kinds were frequent; one with a very conspicuous white patch on the lower part of the back, and other smaller ones, the note of which was between the quack of a duck and a pig's grunt. Here and there, by little rills, near the city, the traveller from the North rejoices once more to see the rare sight of a few blades of grass, which is especially to be found, with peppermint and a white-flowered solanaceous plant, in the lane which runs down between the hills on which the Generalife and the Alhambra respectively stand.

A carriage excursion, which ought certainly to be made, is that to the rounded eminence on the road to Motril, whence the last view of Granada is to be obtained before plunging between the first spurs of the mountains. This eminence is called The Last Sigh of the Moor, "*El ultimo sospir del Moro*," from the well-known anecdote of Boabdil's plaint and his mother's reproach, "*Weep like a woman over what you could not defend like a man.*" The road crosses at one point the dry bed of a river, and traverses two villages, the cottages of which are very superior to many I have seen in Scotland. As, usual, the road in the vicinity of the city is execrable, but the country once gained becomes admirable, a change due to the difference between municipal and state supervision. Late as was the season many flowers of mullein and dipsacus, and many wild pinks bordered the road, every here and there, and we overtook several characteristic strings of muleteers bound for the coast.

We greatly regretted that the fearful floods which had just taken place rendered a visit to Murcia impracticable. For poor horsemen there is a magnificent road (magnificent for picturesque-

ness) to Murcia by Guadiz, Baza, and Lorca. Another fine view of the Sierra Nevada (its Alpujarras portion) is to be obtained by a journey to Lanjaron, to which latter place there is a diligence. To the botanists and naturalists these mountains are a field of great interest. Amongst the animals is an ibex, believed to be of a different species from that of the Pyrenees, and called *Capra Hispanica*.

Reluctantly we had to leave this charming place to visit the hottest place in Spain, Malaga. Before starting I went to hear Mass in a church within the Alhambra grounds, said by a poor old Dominican friar in the last stage of decrepitude. Although the only Mass of the day, only four persons besides myself attended it. A sacristan ascended to the organ loft and kept up a most vexatious, tuneless, and inharmonious jingle during the whole of the service.

We started from Granada at half past eleven A.M., in order to arrive at Bobadilla station at six to catch the train from Cordova, which is due at Malaga at half past eight. Having, as usual, secured a comfortable first-class to ourselves as professed non-smokers, we journeyed comfortably along till we began to ascend the very long rise which carries you over outskirts of the great mountains which separate the Valley of Granada from that of the Guadalhorce, along which runs the line from Bobadilla to Malaga. Before long our pace began sensibly to relax, and as we rounded one interminable mountain slope after another, became slower and slower, till at last, to our horror, in the wildest part of the route, not far from the summit of the pass, our train came to a dead stop. Certain news lately received from England made us extremely anxious to get letters waiting for us at Malaga, and this made the fine scenery odious, and the always cold and formal-looking olive trees hateful in our eyes. Exasperating in the extreme was the coolness with which we were told that there was not enough pressure, and that we want half an hour or an hour to get up steam. None of the native passengers were disturbed. They got quietly out and smoked with the most perfect indifference to the delay. There are several matters which are trying about Spanish railways. The officials take little trouble. If you get out they will go on without you quite readily, and at the various junctions we found no one to tell us which train to get into, or where to change carriages, so that the passenger must ask and find out all for himself, or go wrong. Again, there is no warning given to bystanders when an engine is putting to, and one may easily be knocked down or injured by an open door, or in getting in or out at such times. In less than an hour we began once more to creep up the incline, and the summit once reached we began to descend merrily enough. In spite

of the delay we reached the junction punctually, and we noticed that though trains were sometimes an hour late at intermediate stations, they were generally punctual at junctions and terminations, feats after all very easy of accomplishment, considering the slow rate at which trains travel.

The line from Bobadilla to Malaga is one of the finest bits of railway scenery in Spain, and ought certainly to be traversed by daylight, as we subsequently traversed it. Having reached the most distant city of our trip, we put up at the Fonda de la Alameda (on the Malaga promenade), where we were entertained at the rate of 7s. 6d. a day. The busy, thriving city of Malaga, of prehistoric antiquity, is shut in by mountains, except on the west, where is a small but fertile plain, about nine meters wide. On the hills about the city are scattered the white country-houses of the merchants. Arid, treeless, and desolate in the extreme, are the mountains of varied and fantastic shapes which inclose Malaga, but lovely and picturesque beyond description must they have been two thousand years ago when they were clothed with ample chestnut forests. A little rivulet (the Guadaluredina) divides the city into two unequal portions, winding its tiny way through a wide expanse of stones. A sudden rain of four hours will soon change it into a roaring torrent overflowing its banks and largely submerging the city. Very different must this streamlet, now either noxious or contemptible, have been in the time of the Romans, seeing that the adjacent Guadalhorce, now also so small, was then navigable by their galleys as far as Cartama. Such have been here the melancholy effects of that reckless destruction of forests which has desolated the whole of Southern Europe.

After a night somewhat disturbed by mosquitoes, the first place to be visited (on the morning of November 7th) was, of course, the Cathedral, a peep at the Mediterranean being taken on the road. I know no beach in England as unpleasant-looking as that of Malaga, covered as it is with a coarse blackish sand, over which broke the waves of a rough sea. The Cathedral is the least attractive I have seen in Spain, large without grandeur, lofty without grace; its interior has a painfully stilted appearance, due to the fact that the arches which support the roof spring from a series of columns, which are perched on the top of subjacent columns like the magnified petrified erection of a child from its box of toy bricks. It is mainly an eighteenth century structure, and looks like a church of the period of pigtails! The population of Malaga is, we were told, about the worst in Spain; and villainous swarthy faces, not a few, are to be seen at the port. Even in our few strolls there we saw enough of truculent, quarrelsome manners to dispose us to believe what we heard as to the free use of the knife. Their



horrible excesses in the late revolution will not soon be forgotten. I was not edified by the priest whose Mass I heard, who, though in no way decrepit, dispensed himself from all genuflections.

In the afternoon our courteous banker, Señor Huelin, drove us out to see his sugar plantation in the adjacent plain. The day was very hot, and the surface of our carriage became covered with flies when we halted near the sugar mill. The canes were now only about five feet high, but looked thriving. Growing amongst them were quantities of the large purple convolvulus, which is a garden flower in England. We were also shown sweet potatoes or yams, the taste of which is like that of mashed potatoes, with a very slight flavor of apricot jam. The sugar plantations are profitable enough now, thanks to the protective duties which cause so much natural discontent in Cuba; but as soon as the liberal party controls that important colony, their cultivation will have to be abandoned, and the capital sunk in the mills be lost. Hence much of the support which conservatism now finds in Malaga!

A capital club—the *Círculo Malagueño*—is an agreeable lounge for the stranger. There may be found plenty of English, American, and French newspapers. One of the richest merchants in Malaga is Señor Heredia, through whose charming country-house, with its magnificent garden, we were obligingly conducted. The only road to it (unless by a very long detour) is up the bed of the river, a journey only to be accomplished with joltings indescribable. The heat of the climate was made manifest by the costumes, or want of them, of the country children we passed. One urchin had nothing on but a white shirt, consisting principally of holes. To any lover of nature, however, a visit to Señor Heredia's garden would be a welcome treat, even if real trials had to be encountered to reach it, instead of only amusing vicissitudes as to the centre of gravity, such as those we experienced. In this garden are a variety of magnificent palms and a perfect grove of bamboos, thirty or forty feet high, growing luxuriously, the first shoots coming up on all sides like gigantic young heads of asparagus. Also, magnificent specimens of the great lace-leaved arum (*Tornelia pergasus*) were flowering freely, and huge poinsettias in full flower, forming great masses of glorious color. In strong contrast with the beauty of this terrestrial paradise is another place which should be visited before Malaga is left. This is the castle on the western side of the town. Permission (which is readily granted) must certainly be obtained before viewing it, in spite of what may be said (as was said to us) to the contrary. The ascent is easy, as far as climbing is concerned, but trying from the extreme filthiness of the streets below it. Beneath it, yet connected with it, is an old Moorish building, the Alcazaba. From the castle walls you have a mag-

nificent view bounded on all sides by mountains or by the sea. To the west the mountains advance seawards to the very shore, and their general outline is very picturesque, but all are dry, arid, and treeless. Only on the tract of flat land to the east is there any verdure to be seen, and there a stretch of the brightest green indicates the fields of sugar cane. The fortification and fort are, like so much else in Spain, apparently on the road to ruin.

Amongst the fruits to be got at Malaga is the custard apple (*chirimoya*), which are sold at stalls in the Plaza de la Constitucion at about  $2\frac{1}{2}d.$  each. It is the custom to drive at sunset along the western side of the port out to the lighthouse and back. To us Northerners it was a singular sight to see, in such an atmosphere, close carriages driving up and down, the inmates of which kept every window hermetically closed. One evening a visit was paid to the Theatre of Cervantes, to hear the old favorite of the London Opera, Tamberlik, in the "Trovatore." He had an enthusiastic reception, as befitted such a veteran tenor, now of 67 years of age or upwards. He was amazingly well preserved. The floor of the theatre is all stalls, each of which costs  $4s.$  and  $2d.$  They are conveniently arranged, with a passage down the centre as well as one on each side. The music was pretty good, but the *mise en scene* very poor. The private boxes are separated only by low partitions, and there is, therefore, very little privacy in them. One drawback to the pleasure of Spanish theatres is the great length of time allowed between the acts. On Monday, the 10th of November, we left Malaga, not altogether with regret, on account of sleeplessness which a few mosquitoes occasioned. Fortunately it was still light about 6 A.M., so that we could write quite well by daylight at a quarter past six. A visit to a neighboring church for an early Mass on Sunday produced an unfavorable impression of the devotion of the place. About six men and thirty women formed the congregation, none of whom were communicants. Funny little dressed-up dolls of all sizes, in glass cases, were placed over the altars, with heaps of rubbish. Other churches also showed but scanty congregations.

The roughness of the sea, combined with the sad state of Murcia, induced us to change our plans and to go to Valencia by rail direct. Under other circumstances, however, another route would be preferable, so before proceeding to mention our experiences further, it may be well to point out to travellers, more venturesome and more favored, what might be well to do, though by us left undone.

To begin with, then, if there should be a desire to see Gibraltar, it had better be visited by sea from Cadiz, and then Malaga can be reached by another short sea trip. From Malaga, Granada, and

also Ronda, can be visited, and then the traveller, having returned to Malaga, may go by sea to Almeria and Cartagena, and thence by rail to Murcia. This I should strongly advise. Murcia should by no means be omitted by the travellers who really desire to see Spain at all thoroughly, and it should be visited all the more, because it lies out of the ordinary lines of travel, and is therefore the less modified and modernized. My friend, Mr. Howard Saunders, the zoologist, who knows Spain far better than many Spaniards (and to whom I am indebted for many useful premonitory hints, and for my knowledge of that part of the Peninsula not visited by us), declares it to be one of the gems of Spain, the city lying in a fertile valley, studded with date palms, and filled in with orange groves in a lovely setting of mountains. In its market-place are to be seen, on Sundays and holidays, characteristic costumes beyond anything to be seen elsewhere in the country. Again, the voyage from Malaga to Almeria (the first stage of the voyage to Cartagena) is charming from the wonderfully picturesque outlines of the southern mountains, which descend so closely to the shore along the whole of this part of the coast. Almeria itself has a Gothic Cathedral embattled like a castle to resist piratical assaults. There is also a club, where foreign newspapers may be seen. It will be well, then, to stay one day at Almeria, and then go on to Cartagena, one of the arsenals of Spain, so memorable for its tenure by the revolted Intransigentes. From this city by rail a convenient train starts at a quarter to 1 P.M., and arrives at Murcia at a quarter past 3.

Once at Murcia, the best way to go to Valencia is by the diligence, which goes in one day by Orilmela to Alicante through a country of many palm trees, which attain their maximum of perfection at Elche, where they form perfect palm forests, and such a sight as Europe does not elsewhere afford. According to the advice supplied by my friend before referred to, the best plan is to stay at Elche and send on a message to the landlord of the *Fonda Bossio* or to the *Fonda del Vapor* at Alicante to send out a conveyance to fetch you in. The road between Elche and Alicante is uninteresting, and it would be a waste of time to go on to Alicante in the diligence (for there is not time to see the palm groves whilst the team is changing, and, besides, during part of the year the diligence arrives at night), and then drive out to Elche and back; whilst to be near Elche and not visit it would be too serious an omission. There appears to be nothing to see at Alicante, so the best thing is to go on as quickly as possible to Valencia, either by rail or steamer. If by rail it is necessary to wait for a longer or shorter time at the junction station, *La Encina*. The best plan is to take the mail train at 4.20 P.M. from Alicante, arriving



at La Encina at 7, then dine and sleep there, and go on by the train from Madrid, which train leaves La Encina at 7.39 and gets to Valencia at 11.

We did nothing of all this, but went direct from Malaga to Valencia by rail, thus going an eminent round in twenty-nine hours, without stopping anywhere. But we ought to have stopped on the way and visited Ronda, and in the hope that my readers may do better than we, I will give, as I received them, the following hints how best to make that interesting excursion. The absolutely best way is to ride up from Gibraltar, by which the finest scenery comes under observation, the road skirting Alpine precipices. The journey on horseback takes two days, a night being passed at Gaucin, where there is a comfortable Posada Inglesa. The most comfortable way to reach Ronda is by rail and diligence from Malaga. The office to take places in the diligence is at No. 5 Calle de la Alhondiga at Malaga, and the fare is 16s. (80 reals) for a first-class railway ticket and an outside seat in that part of the diligence which in France is called the *banquette*, but which in Spain is called the *cupé* (the part called *coupé* in France is called *berlina* in Spain). The train leaves the Malaga station at 7.15 A.M. for Gómbantes station, which is reached about 9. There the traveller will find waiting the diligence, which carries him, with the help of eight horses and mules, to Ronda. The road was a short time ago bad and the driving is careless; an upset, therefore, is a thing not to be left out of the calculation. The scenery on the road, however, is fine, and the traveller may be cheered by the sight of a pair of bearded vultures (*Gypæctus barbatus*). The badness of the road before reaching Ronda is, however, as usual, nothing to the vile ways within it, and the traveller should enter and leave the city on foot, descending from or ascending to his diligence at the entrance to the city.

It is much to be regretted that the travelling is not better, as Ronda is one of the great sights of Spain. There is an excellent hotel (Grand Hotel Rondeño), and the air is pure and most exhilarating. The sight of Ronda is its renowned Tajo, or chasm, an abyss spanned by a bridge, whence a grand view is obtained of the boiling torrent beneath, the cliffs of which are frequented by chuyles, kestrels, and large Alpine swifts.

All these sights, Ronda, Almeira, Cartagena, Murcia, and Elche, were postponed by us to some more propitious occasion, and starting from the hotel at Malaga at half-past 6 in the morning we reached our inn at Valencia at half-past 11 on the morning following, having a first-class carriage to ourselves the whole way. After leaving Malaga the first object of interest was Cartama on the Guadalhorce, which river was, as before mentioned, formerly

navigable by Roman galleys to this point, as has been proved by a bronze tablet of river dues which was recently found. Alora is also worthy of note for its beautiful orange groves, the abundant golden fruit of which is very striking to a visitor from the North. Then after crossing the river, the palms, aloes, oranges, and olives grow rare and rapidly disappear, and we enter upon the most grand and savage scenery to be seen in Spain. The railway traverses tunnel after tunnel, and between each wonderful glimpses are obtained of gorges, in the depths of which are to be descried the foaming torrents of the Gaudalhorce and its tributaries. In the midst of this chaos of rock and foam there is a small station, El Chorro, which does not appear in the railway guides. This is the station where any one who desires to explore this wonderfully picturesque region should alight and spend the day, returning to Malaga by the evening train. The next station is Gobantes, already mentioned as being the one whence the diligence starts for Ronda. The next station was the already twice-visited Bobadilla (the junction both for Seville and Granada), where the traveller can get a good breakfast. Beyond Bobadilla this railway was as yet untraversed by us. It presents no special features of interest till it terminates at Cordova, which is reached at a quarter past 1. Here we had to wait till nearly half-past 2 (with the consolation of a good buffet), at which time we started in the train which came up from Seville to go to Madrid, so returning over ground already traversed till we reached Alcazar de San Juan at about half-past 12 o'clock at night. Great was the change of temperature experienced (after hot Malaga with its sugar canes in the morning) in alighting at this uncanny hour on the lofty table-land of Central Spain. There is nothing for it, however, but to wait for the train from Madrid to Valencia, which, arriving at about the same time, starts again on its way at a little after 1 o'clock in the morning. At half-past 4 Albacete was reached, famous for its daggers, and in another half hour we pulled up for rest and a welcome cup of chocolate at Chinchilla. The dawn showed us that the ground was covered with white frost, soon to be dispersed by the glorious sunrise, which was a most beautiful and welcome sight, although good hot-water bottles had secured us from any ill effects which might be due to cold. At twenty-five minutes past 7 La Encina is reached, when a little more refreshments can be got, but with little time to eat it, as the train for Valencia starts at 7.39. Here the railway enters a long tunnel, and we come upon a very picturesque country, with curiously shaped limestone hills. After passing Montera station an interesting castle is to be noticed. At a quarter past 9 o'clock Jativa is reached, the original home of the Borgias and the birthplace of Pope Alexander VI. Here

also, sad sign of modern degeneracy, a vast bull-ring has been raised on the ruins of a Carmelite convent. At Jativa palm trees once more begin to appear, and soon hundreds of palms and wide stretches of orange groves, with large quantities of growing rice, bespeak our return to a warm southern clime. As we traversed the plain (the fertile *huerta*) and approached Valencia, the cottages reminded me of pictures of certain African villages, each cottage having very low walls, but with very tall, high-pitched roofs of thatch. There was always a cross at the gable of either end. The blue Mediterranean was now in view, and Valencia (the City of the Cid) was reached at 11 A.M. We drove to the Fonda de Madrid in the Plaza de Villarosa, where we were sufficiently well entertained at a cost of about 10s. 6d. a day. Here men and boys took the place of housemaids. Valencia is a city in many ways preferable to Malaga. Like the last-named city it is thriving commercially, but it is a brighter and much cleaner-looking place, and while less hot has a deliciously soft and warm climate; but it is not picturesquely situated, lying as it does on a plain, quite distant from the hills, and yet being miles from the sea, there being a railway to the port.

Our first visit, of course, was to the Cathedral, a fine old church. Modernized (in 1760) in the most frightful manner, the ancient Gothic work having been everywhere overlaid with plaster,—columns, pilasters, and cornices, up to the very groined roof,—so that nothing worth seeing is left. There is, however, a very fine lantern or cimborio (over the interspace between the transepts). It is an octagon of two similar stages, with beautifully traceried Gothic windows. There is also a very wide Gothic doorway to the north transept, with highly ornate Gothic wheel windows over it. Amongst the relics of the church are preserved an arm of St. Luke, and a Bible of St. Vincent Ferrer, with his own manuscript marginal notes. Very interesting to English-speaking Catholics are some altar hangings and vestments which belonged to old St. Paul's (in London) before the Reformation, and which, at that frightful catastrophe, were bought by two Valencian merchants, Andrea and Pedro de Medina. They are richly embroidered with representations from the life of our Lord.

In Valencia the visitor is in a part of Spain where Spanish is not spoken, and which, in some other respects, is not Spanish like the greater part of the country, but seems to show the influence of adjacent Catalonia, the most Gaulish part of the Peninsula. Here the clergy, instead of wearing the large Spanish cloak, wear veriolas. Many of the shops have glazed fronts, instead of the open Eastern-looking fronts of the shops in Andalusia; yet very many are still open. They wear, instead of a hat, a silk handkerchief tied over



their heads,—a rather becoming headdress. The poorer men often wear no stockings or socks, but a sort of sandal, with a sort of finger-stall at one end (to catch the extremities of the great and next toes), whence two long strings pass back to join one embracing the ankle, from which two others pass straight down, one on each side, to the sole near the heel. Very few bonnets were to be seen, and no wonder, as this is the place to purchase mantillas and fans. On leaving Valencia I felt I had now seen the Spanish people of various provinces, and I can say warmly that I like them. I like especially the peasantry. Their honest countenances speak strongly in their favor, and such intercourse as I have had confirmed the impression made by their faces. The townspeople are not so nice as the countrymen. Why is it that men always deteriorate when collected together in masses? Still the townspeople are nice. They look well at you, both men and women, but never *rudely*. The eye if met is instantly averted. The men never stare impertinently, nor do the women ogle. They take your measure very quickly, and as quickly look away. They are a far more polite people than are the French. They have not the trick of taking off the hat,—as to this guide-books deal in much exaggeration,—but they are generally ready to go out of their way to guide you in yours. They have often a rough, gruff manner at first, which might impress a stranger unfavorably; but if you are only able to speak their language a *very* little, this rougher manner gives way to a courtesy which impresses you as being *hearty*. The most pleasant impression I have brought away from Spain is that produced by what I saw of the women. Of social inferiors and superiors, one to another, there was a great deal of equality between them of a nice kind. The superior did not forget his self-respect, neither did he “condescend” to the poor man; and the inferior showed no symptoms of oppressive assumption,—no air of “I’m as good as you, and a good deal better,”—but the social interval seemed bridged over by real tenderness of heart on both sides, such as I have never seen exhibited elsewhere. This is one of the triumphs of Catholic influence in Spain. Another is to be found in the national literature. Translations of bad books from the French are now unhappily common enough; but the grand fact remains that Spanish “literature” is the purest in Europe. As to the religious state of Valencia, there is much consolation compared with that of Seville. Out of a population of 144,000 there are 60,000 who go to the sacraments every month, and at one retreat recently given there were as many communicants. I went to visit the Jesuit Fathers, at No. 1 Calle de Valdivia, and found among them a Father Francisco de A. Llopart, who had been at St. Benno’s, and spoke English excellently. With great kindness he

came in the carriage of some secular friend, and took me to see the sights of the city. The Jesuit Church was destroyed at the last revolution, but they have bought the ground over again, and are just about to rebuild it. There are both Capuchins and other Franciscans in the vicinity of the city. One of the places visited was the Patriarch, a sort of house of canons, whose special business is to perform church functions with more than usual solemnity. They chant the office with extreme slowness, and every Friday there is a special service at ten o'clock, which the visitor should witness. I heard a Low Mass here one morning, and found that the acolyte comes out of the sacristy with a thurible and offers incense during the elevation at every Mass at every altar. The church is dark, but solemn, and its paintings should be examined. The churches generally present little of interest within, having been so disfigured with modern alterations. The hexagonal tower of Santa Catalina is a striking object. I found one morning the Church of St. Martin full of mothers and nurses, with infants in arms, as well as with children somewhat older. On inquiry I was told that a confirmation was to be held, and that the infants were to be confirmed. The good priest who told me would not believe me when I informed him that infants were not thus confirmed by the Catholic clergy in England. This case of the survival of an ancient custom, once universal, struck me as interesting.

The cabs in Valencia (called *tartanas*) are peculiar. Though built for four passengers inside, who sit face to face, they have but two wheels. The driver sits on a little cushioned seat placed on one of the shafts.

The University is a large building, with many students. Its zoological collection is not worth much. The Jesuits had formerly a collection of specimens from the Philippine Islands, but these were disgracefully destroyed in the madness of the last revolution.

The Alameda, or Hyde Park of Valencia, is, as usual in Spain, visited for drives, after sunset, instead of during the delicious temperature of the afternoons of this season. It has many flowers, some new to me, with large bamboos, beautiful *Vunsetha* shrubs, and magnolias in full fruit. On to the port, or *grao*, is a long drive, with little at its termination to repay the visitor who is not particularly interested in shipping; but it is a magnificent port, with a minimum depth of twenty feet. Returning thence to the hospital, we passed through the magnificent mediæval gateway,—the *Puerta de Serranos*,—built in the middle of the fourteenth century, with two grand polygonal towers flanking a crooked and rather stately pointed archway in the centre, with beautifully traceried panelling above it.

The hospital is a very large and solid structure, more than two

hundred years old, which was built for its present purpose. It consists of four very long and wide halls, which meet at a central point, where there is an altar. Each hall is like a church, with a nave and side aisles, two rows of round stone pillars, with gilt capitals, supporting a groined roof, and separating off the aisles. Over these halls are four other similar ones,—those below being for the men, and those above for the women. One portion of the women's space is partitioned off for those who have come for their confinement. In addition to all this there is a foundling hospital for infants. The infants are not placed in a turning box as formerly, but the mothers have now to enter with them at night, but their children are taken in at once, and no questions are asked. There were many little infants lying in tiny beds, arranged all round a large room. Most of them were lying perfectly still, but one or two were crying a little. In an adjoining apartment were wet nurses at work. The whole establishment is under the care of Spanish Sisters of Charity, who are somewhat differently dressed from the French sisters. Everything was very clean and neat, the kitchen especially, the walls of which were covered with glazed tiles to about six feet. There are several chapels in different parts of the building. Each of these belongs to one of several confraternities of Valencian ladies, who respectively undertake to look after different departments of the whole institution. The shops of Valencia are noted for their mantas, silver goods, fans, and mantillas; but the stranger should not venture to buy without the advice of a knowing friend,—*experto crede*. The living at the hotel is very fair, but saffron is a very favorite flavor. A dish of rice with saffron is one which appears daily at the table d'hôte, and a great business is done by large saffron merchants in the city. Saffron is the threefold stigma of a crocus (*crocus sativus*), which is plucked and dried just when the flower is fully expanded. No one should omit to see the *Casa Lonja*, one of the finest civic buildings in the world. It is situated on the market place, opposite the Church of St. John. It contains a magnificent hall, 130 feet long and 75 feet wide, with stone pillars and groined roof like a church, with nave and aisles. It was built in 1498.

On November the 13th we left Valencia and went to our last resting-place in Spain,—Barcelona. Much to our regret circumstances did not allow us to linger to see Tarragona. Every visitor who can see it should, however, do so, for it is one of the most interesting cities in Spain, with a mild, delicious climate (which is said to be dry and bracing), and with excellent sea bathing, and a clean and comfortable hotel. There is a magnificent old Cathedral, as to which Mr. Street says: "This is certainly one of the most noble and interesting churches I have seen in Spain. It is one of



a class of which I have seen others upon a somewhat smaller scale (as, *e. g.*, the Cathedrals of Lerida and Tudela), and which appears to me, after much study of old buildings in most parts of Europe, to afford one of the finest types, from every point of view, that it is possible to find. It produces, in a very marked degree, an extremely impressive internal effect, without being on an exaggerated scale, and combines in the happiest fashion the greatest solidity of construction with a lavish display of ornament in some parts, to which it is hard to find a parallel."

We left Valencia at half an hour after noon and reached Tarragona at half-past eight in the evening. The railway mainly skirts the sea, and the traveller has many charming views of the coast. Castellon, where there is a buffet, is reached about half-past two. It is noted for its picturesque costumes; and here the painter, Francisco Ribalta, was born. This is the spot to embark for a visit to the group of small volcanic islands—the *Columbretes*—so called from certain snakes once there found, but which seem to have fallen a sacrifice to the indiscriminating voracity of pigs, which had been introduced by the lighthouse-keepers.

At Alcalá there is a fine church tower, and opposite it a noticeable castle. Palaces by degrees become less and less frequent, and the last we noticed was near the next station, *i. e.*, Benicarlo. Here let Peñíscola be looked out for, a miniature Gibraltar (three miles to the east of the line), only connected with the mainland by a narrow strip of sand. Here Pope Benedict XIII. took refuge after his censure by the Council of Constance.

At Vinarez the railway quits the sea, and so avoids the aguish swamps of the delta of the Ebro, but it returns to the seaside after reaching Tortosa. This whole coast is wonderfully bright and *riant*, and it is with much regret that one sees the daylight fade. Very noticeable were the little country churches that we passed, which were cruciform, with five short and equal arms, and a central dome. They were, therefore, quite Byzantine in character, an interesting sign of the past history of this region; for the seacoast of this part of Spain belonged to the Eastern Empire long after the rest of the country, and to this fact, no doubt, the form of these churches is due. After half an hour's stay at Tarragona, darkness made the rest of the journey a blank to us till we reached Barcelona at midnight. The very comfortable quarters at the excellent Hotel de las Cuatro Naciones on the Rambla del Centro, were most welcome. As might be expected, the terms here were more expensive, 12s. 6d. a day, all included, but a well-furnished room and an excellent bed with good fare made us contented, and we went to sleep with pleasurable anticipations of much enjoying our last Spanish city, and one at once so thriving and progressive, con-

taining so many interesting antiquities, and where a friend expected me, bent on showing us a warm hospitality. Alas, the next morning my friend called to say that his sister, his parents' only girl, had just died of typhoid fever, of which there was an epidemic in the city. It was so indeed. Every church we entered was draped in black, and everywhere funeral Masses were being celebrated. In addition an attack of neuralgia which had endured for some twelve hours, became violent, and caused a longing for a change of climate. The climatic effect on neuralgia, I found to be singularly and strongly marked in Spain, but as yet I had suffered from it only at considerable altitudes,—at Avila and Madrid,—with a slight recurrence at Granada. But now it had suddenly seized me on arriving at Tarragona, and thenceforth remained with me steadily and strongly till I reached the very different climate of Bordeaux. Such marked climatic effects appear to me to be worthy of record.

Barcelona is traversed (from northwest by north to southeast by south) by a wide street called the *Rambla*, with a broad central park, with an avenue of trees for foot passengers, and a carriage road on each side of this shady promenade. Two hundred years ago this was the ditch for the city's drainage. Barcelona has finer shops than any other city in Spain, and has a very French aspect. It is prosperous and thriving, with a great deal of active piety and religious zeal, and with a great deal of revolutionary opposition to religion also. Here the best lace is to be bought, with fine blankets, scarlet and white, or blue and white, and handsome curtains for windows and doorways. There is but little of national or provincial costume, but the men wear a peculiar kind of cap, something like the Jacobin cap of liberty.

The Cathedral of this powerful warlike city, for so many centuries free and commercially prosperous, this modern Spanish Manchester without the Manchester smoke, is a rather small one. Yet from its skilful and artistic construction it looks much larger than it really is—thus reversing the absurdly praised effect of St. Peter's at Rome, which is so dwarfed by the gigantic human figures which are depicted within it. There is a very wide nave, the west end of which is roofed by a lofty and elegant octagonal lantern. Beneath the high altar is the shrine of St. Eulalia (the patroness of the church), and a flight of steps leads down into her cryptlike chapel. The east end is apsidal. The multitude of altars is one great peculiarity of this church, for not only are there chapels round the apse and on each side of the nave for its whole length, but there are chapels round three sides of the cloister, those on the side of the cloister which is next the church being back to back with the lateral chapels of the nave, a window over each dark chapel giving light into the adjoining chapel in the nave of the

church—an altogether peculiar arrangement. Very fine and interesting churches are Santa Maria del Mar and Santa Maria del Pilar. The latter, with a wide nave, without aisles, but with lateral chapels, and with a terminal apse, is quite in the style of the churches of the South of France, at Carcassonne and its neighborhood, and the general similarity of the ecclesiastical buildings of these two regions bespeaks a common influence. Indeed, in this Catalan-speaking part of the Peninsula you are no longer really in Spain. The town-hall is an object of much interest to the lover of Gothic; especially the Casa Consistorial, on the north side of which are fine Gothic windows, with a large image of St. Michael, with metal wings. The University has a large attendance of students, and should also be visited. In the Rambla is a very fine Jockey Club, handsomely furnished and provided with every convenience, even with an excellent riding-school and a stable for the horses of the members. At the moment of my visit a fine young Spaniard was exercising in the school, who on seeing an Englishman (he was a friend of my introducer) began to praise the visitor's country, and above all Stonyhurst and its good fathers, who had completed his education. Our intention was next to visit the far-famed Montserrat, which can be visited in one day, taking the morning train on the Zaragoza line to Monistrol, and thence ascending on foot with a native guide—for (as I learn from my well-instructed informant before mentioned) the windings of the carriage road are such that the diligence to the monastery does not allow you time to get to the top before it departs again for the 5.40 return train. The visit can better be made in two days, going up from Martorell and coming down by Monistrol, or vice versa, and the accommodation is clean and good. This unhappily we could not see, for a letter received by my companion compelled us to start home by the next train. Accordingly we left Barcelona at 2.20 P.M. on November 16th, taking tickets for the express to Paris *via* Bordeaux. Those who have no need to hurry would do well to stop at Gerona, with its early, very peculiar Cathedral, also at Narbonne, Carcassonne, and Toulouse. But I would advise no one to stop at Perpignan, on account of the unspeakable horrors of its hotel. Our journey to Paris ought to have been accomplished in twenty-eight hours. The Spanish part of it was punctually performed, but the French express, which ought to have arrived at Bordeaux one hour and twenty minutes before the departure of the express from Bordeaux to Paris, was more than that late, so that we had to continue on thence by a slow train, the journey occupying in consequence one and thirty hours!

The carriages between Barcelona and the frontier are most excellent, but here for the first time we had at first a little difficulty



in getting a carriage reserved for non-smokers, because just before two Englishmen had asked for such a carriage, and having got it proceeded to smoke, as the indignant station-master (Gefé) told me, "Not cigars, señor, but pipes!" However, his severity relaxed, and we left Spain with our usual Spanish luxury of a first-class carriage to ourselves. We reached Cerbere, the frontier, at a little after 8. The French authorities examined our luggage very slightly, but rigorously demanded passports or visiting cards, and, in spite of all that is often said, no stranger should travel without his passport, which is very often useful and sometimes necessary. At the buffet we found the meat as tough as anywhere in Spain, and the bread certainly inferior to the Spanish bread. We also had much less comfortable railway accommodation. On asking for a non-smoking carriage we were told, as usual, that smoking was forbidden everywhere. A delectable plan, which throws all the unpleasantness of objection upon the traveller who objects to nicotin. Accordingly, our first French guard addressed a French soldier saying: "The law forbids you to smoke, sir, but take notice, please, it is not I who object, but these English gentlemen!"

On waking with daybreak as we got towards Bordeaux the change of climate was very evident. Our windows were coated inside with ice and all the ponds we passed were frozen. Nevertheless, the late persistent neuralgia had departed. From Bordeaux to Paris we had again an unpleasant journey from the crowding of the carriages, owing to the custom of putting third-class passengers for whom there is no room into first-class carriages. However, Paris and the welcome Hotel Continental were at last happily reached. Here my notes in Spain terminate, but I wish to record one visit paid in Paris before starting for England. This was to the now famous Jesuit school at 18 Rue Lhomond (formerly Rue des Postes), and to its most estimable rector, the Reverend Père du Lac, one of the most charming men it has ever been my fortune to meet. On the wall of the courtyard of the college are a number of marble tablets, each inscribed with the name of a student who fell fighting for his country in the war of 1870, and also with the name of the engagement in which he fell. The contrast shown by the courage of the Catholic troops, compared with the disgraceful behavior of the Paris reds,—who though eager for murder had no taste for fighting Germans,—ought never to be forgotten. But it is not only in the field that such a contrast has been shown.

The excellent religious and moral effects of the education here given were witnessed not only by those who appreciated them duly, but also by others who complained that these sour men were not

such as *they* used to be when they were young—" *nous étions autrefois plus gais !*" The threatened break-up of these noble establishments in the prostituted name of liberty is an outrage on the human race. Surely now all men of equitable minds, whatever may be their religious views, ought to unite in vigorous protest in favor of freedom (as understood in the United States and England, and as understood by such men as M. Jules Simon) against the passionate and sectarian Jacobinism which has managed to usurp the fair name of "liberal" on the continent of Europe, and threatens to ruin civilization by an invasion of barbarism and brutality, not, as in the days of the breakdown of the Roman Empire, by incursions from without, but from beneath. Spain gives to the Catholic visitor many signs of promise and many signs of fear. It is a land full of interest, which I am thankful to have seen once, and which I pray to be allowed to see again. I am satisfied with what I have done, and I would conclude this paper as I commenced it, by saying to Americans, and especially Catholic Americans, "Go and do likewise."

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### AMERICAN INFLUENCE ON THE DEMOCRATIC MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.

*The Nineteenth Century.* By Robert McKenzie. London, 1880, Nelson & Son.

*The History of Our Own Times.* By Justin MacCarthy. Vol. I. New York, 1880, Harper Bros.

THE nineteenth century will go into history as the century of the democracy. With it disappeared forever from civilized peoples the old sense of the divinity of kings and the irresponsibility of rulers. The people moved up and resolutely laid their hands on thrones and seats of power that had hitherto been considered sacred. They did not do this easily or at once. It was a long and bitter struggle, and a struggle that is not yet ended. It is impossible, however, for any man to shut his eyes to the fact of the wonderful advance in popular rights and liberties, and in representative forms of government made in European nations since the century began. There is yet much to be acquired in this sense, in some nations more, in some less. Monarchs have still great power, though they dare not exercise it with the freedom from responsibility that they once did. The most absolute ruler

in Europe to-day would be rash to look upon his empire as his personal property to do with as he pleased. The wars of the future will not be waged for royal whims or personal fancies. The area of power is widening daily and absorbing classes who through all the centuries had rested in dumb content outside and in the shadow of the magic circle. How the wonderful change came about, how the struggle between the peoples and the rulers was waged, forms the most interesting as well as most instructive chapter of modern history.

The War of Independence in North America and the establishment of the Republic of the United States gave shape and method to the feelings of the oppressed peoples. The example was followed in France, but in a way that was almost fatal to the democratic movement. The French Revolution culminated in Napoleon Bonaparte, himself a revolutionist in principle. Though he aimed at quelling it he really carried on its work. The world saw with amazement this soldier of fortune playing fast and loose with all the Powers, and using monarchs like puppets. The lesson was not lost. When Napoleon fell, the monarchs, who had each in turn been his creatures, stepped back to their shattered thrones and resumed their old sway. But the illusion of absolutism had been forever broken, and, as Napoleon predicted, Europe henceforth was to be either Cossack or Republican—republican in fact if not necessarily in form.

To men nowadays, reading affairs by the light of over half a century, the action and attitude of the monarchs toward their subjects, subsequent to the fall of Napoleon, seem foolish in the extreme. They refused to recognize the signs of the times and set their faces to the past. Repression and paternal government of the most minute and excruciating kind was the general order of the day on the continent of Europe from 1815 to 1830 and on to 1848. Public meetings were prohibited; the press was muzzled; men dared not give free vent to their opinions; they could not move about or shift their quarters without being subject to surveillance. The result was that they met in secret and plotted the overthrow of the systems of tyranny under which they lived. It was the tyranny of governments as well as their own volition that threw men into the secret societies.

The monarchs and statesmen who, according to a recent declaration of Lord Beaconsfield, govern the world, seemed to have things pretty much their own way, when there came another thunder-clap from Paris, that capital of revolution. Another king was gone, turned out of doors, and allowed to run with his life this time (1830). Charles X. was not an ill-meaning man, but his "ordinances" dissolving a newly elected chamber even before it had met, arbitrarily



changing the electoral law to suit the court influence, and suspending liberty of the press, was about as insane a piece of legislation at the time as could possibly have been devised. In signing the ordinances he simply signed his own expulsion. The people, still experimenting, chose another king, a "citizen king," the adroit, supple, plausible, supremely grasping, and stingy Louis Philippe. They grew weary of their citizen king, who in the end attempted weakly to coerce them, so he was driven out in his turn (1848).

The revolutionary leaven was working in all Europe. Millions who were panting for liberty looked to France as to their leader. France made short work of its kings when they displeased the people; the people rose up and turned them out. Here was the second gone within eighteen years, and both for unwise and oppressive measures against popular liberty. Why should not they in Austria and Germany do the like? In England the same battle was being fought out in Parliament and through the country. The point of the struggle was this: An adequate representation of the governed in the government. Government, it was proclaimed, was no longer to be a monopoly of kings and a few privileged classes, a snug and close corporation for an exalted few. The men who paid the taxes to carry on the expenses of the government insisted that they should have something to say as to the disposal of their own moneys, of their own lives and fortunes. Previous to the Reform Bill of 1832, the Government of England was representative in little more than name. It was a thing of purchase or royal favor, and Parliament was a centre of political corruption. Horace Walpole carried the British Government and Constitution in his pocket.

Thus England and France had secured for themselves, each in its own way, the right of the people to be represented in the government. In England the work had been slow, and strenuous, and peaceful. Public opinion had been sounded and educated; the agitation had struggled through long years; men knew exactly what they were striving for, what it was worth, and what to do with it when they had it. So that in England the extended franchise slipped at once into easy and familiar working order. France, on the other hand, made for the same object by a series of flashes and explosions. It undermined the existing order of things, and at a touch of popular powder it was gone, and everything had to be begun anew, there being no solid and familiar ground to work on. Government had to be invented, a difficult task among a people where every travelling tinker imagines himself a born legislator, as every private soldier was supposed to carry a marshal's baton in his knapsack.

The influence of England and the second revolution in France, which this time (1848) experimented in the direction of a republic,

set the rest of Europe aflame. All the petty German kingdoms and princedoms were shaken to their rickety foundations. The princes hastened to grant constitutions to their people. The barricades of Paris reached to Berlin and Vienna. Frederick William IV. of Prussia, who so resolutely forgot his promises of reform granted in the fever of "the hundred days," suddenly found his memory again. Young Otto von Bismarck was at this time beginning to take an active part in public affairs. He was a conservative of conservatives, and a monarchist after the King's own heart. "The Prussian sovereigns," he maintained, in one of his speeches in 1847, "are in possession of a crown, not by grace of the people, but by God's grace; an actually unconditional crown, some of the rights of which they have voluntarily conceded to the people—an example rare in history." The King, however, became painfully alive to the altered condition of things. All Germany was granting constitutions, and he followed suit. He changed his conservative ministry for a liberal one. Since he could no longer resist it he astutely resolved to float securely on the full tide of the popular flood. He assured his people that he was anxious above all things to secure to them their liberties. He proposed a new constitution, in which household suffrage was to figure as a plank in the platform. In fact, he was ready to do or concede anything that could save his crown.

Then ensued one of those events that so often paralyze and neutralize a great popular movement. Political doctrinaires, a troublesome brood, in which Germany seems particularly prolific, got at affairs. To men of this type a speech is always more precious than a cause. The minute German professional mind was brought to bear on every detail of the constitution, and while they argued interminably on infinite nothings, public business was at a standstill, and the heated country was resting on its arms. They ruled out of the royal title the phrase "by the grace of God," as though that made any difference one way or the other. They abolished the nobility by decree. And so they went on *ad infinitum* arguing and disputing where acts were needed.

The King had still some powers. He had a well-organized army, with resolute and capable generals at his back. The assembly was rapidly losing the confidence of the people. Frederick William called in his soldiers to restore order. General von Wrangel entered Berlin at the head of a formidable force. In a twinkling he turned the garrulous assembly out of doors. The President refused to stir, so the soldiers placidly raised him, chair and all, and set him out to cool in the street. The liberal constitution was withdrawn, and one more conservative substituted for it. Nevertheless the King had realized the situation, and the people were admitted to a representation that they had never before en-

joyed. Parliamentary government in Prussia became henceforth an actuality.

In Vienna much the same scenes were witnessed. Prince Metternich had been guide, philosopher, and friend to the Emperor Francis Joseph, for more than a quarter of a century. He had been a great instrument in conducting the negotiations and forming the final coalition that overthrew Bonaparte. To him popular government, or even anything approaching an adequate representation of the people, was a political heresy, much as it was to the Duke of Wellington. It was only natural that in the uprising of the people he should be made the first object of attack. His palace was sacked by the populace. The Emperor changed the ministry. The press was allowed to say what it pleased. Prisoners confined for political offences were set free; universal suffrage was decreed, and the people were promised whatever they demanded. Nothing, however, seemed to satisfy them. Vienna revolted; the Emperor fled; Lombardy and Venetia rose; Hungary asserted its independence; Bohemia and Silesia caught the fever, and were up in arms. The very existence of the empire was in danger. The Emperor resigned in favor of his nephew, and the insurrections were only subdued by foreign interference. The end was again attained. Henceforth Austria entered on parliamentary government, the parliament being elected by household suffrage.

Such are some of the broad outlines of the struggle of the people up to power, that make the history of Europe for the first half of the present century. Something had been attained that had never been fully known or recognized before in the conduct of human affairs, and that could never again be forgotten or taken away, for any length of time at least. The people had invaded the seat of government, and claimed their inalienable right to sit there side by side with the monarchs, and the monarchs found themselves compelled to succumb. In all Europe there were only two powers that still maintained the old absolutism,—Russia and Turkey. Turkey maintained it with the consent of a people whose religious and political system is a dead fatalism, though Turkey's Christian subjects were forever wrestling against it. Russia was still too far aloof from the current of European thought and life to feel to any large extent the movements of the time, and the fierce throbbings of the pulse of an awakened and armed humanity. Little by little, however, the knowledge of what was going on abroad and over their borders crept into the Russians, making them restive and uneasy under the despotism that crushed them. But owing to the strong power of tradition, the difficulty of upsetting or materially altering an organized and accepted system of government, the great obstacles the people had to overcome in bringing their



thoughts and aspirations to the knowledge of the government, and above all, the general ignorance of the population,—Russia's day of relief was as yet far off. Nevertheless the irresistible influence of the popular will had been awakened, and no imperial edict nor any number of knouts, nor all Siberia could bid it die, or swallow it up.

While Europe through half a century was thus fretting itself into a fever of life, over across the ocean all that it was striving for had long since been quietly and satisfactorily accomplished by the colonists of North America. The surrender of Cornwallis and his army on the 19th of October, 1781, was the surrender of their lands, lives and liberties, to the colonists, by the King of Great Britain, once and forever. George III. would fain hold out to the last. But his people were weary of the war, and the three million colonists who rose in arms against the exactions of the home government, were left with an undeveloped continent on their hands, without a king or settled order of state, and with the problem of establishing and organizing a government which should reconcile the completest liberty of the individual with perfect order. It was a problem fraught with vast moment to the world. It was the fairest yet most fearful test of the issue of the new ideas regarding the rights of manhood as opposed to the absolutism of the past. It was the supreme test of the competency of the people to do without kings and to govern themselves.

Those who recognize a divine movement and guidance in human affairs, can hardly fail to discern the hand of Providence in the issue of the War of Independence, in the ground chosen for the struggle between the people and absolutism, in the formation of the Republic of the United States, and in the Constitution that bound those States in union. It is not claimed that that Constitution was either perfect or complete. Such a claim would be preposterous and absurd. What may be claimed for it is, that never before in human history did a system of law and government so completely fit in, not only with the peculiar requirements of the moment, but with the growth and development of a vacant continent teeming with resources, and offering itself freely to the world. Nor this alone; but the same Constitution cut the Gordian knot of the chain that had held nations captive for three centuries. The men who fought for it had very clearly before their minds what they were fighting for. The Declaration of Independence was a new political gospel to all the world, and destined, from the principles and self-evident truths it contained, to convert the world in due time. It was carrying into the political order the principles of charity and mutual forbearance proclaimed in the Gospel of Christ. The Saviour of mankind did not interfere with or direct human gov-

ernments. He left them to human hands and human methods. But He laid down divine and unyielding principles for human action and conduct. And the germ of charity, peace, and mutual good-will in human government is contained in these words: "We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

That is the corner-stone on which the Constitution of the Republic of the United States was built. A clear comprehension of its meaning, worth, and significance led to all the rest. The native dignity of manhood was recognized and insisted upon. Man's full and free rights were established and provided for, so far as it was possible for human laws to provide for and guard them. The colonists were men of all classes and creeds. The religious separation in Christendom that began in the sixteenth century had introduced a new and most bitter element of strife among Christian peoples. The founders of the Republic recognized the evil of this, and struck at the root of it by declaring in the sixth article of the Constitution: "No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States." To make assurance doubly sure, this declaration was amplified into the amendment, adopted in 1791, that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." This put an end, so far as the United States were concerned, to the distressing and harassing religious conflicts arising from the division in the Christian camp that came in with the Protestant Reformation. In a government that proclaimed the equal rights of all its citizens, it is hard to see what other provision was open to guarantee and protect the rights of men who differed in creed. So bitter and deep-grained was the spirit of religious intolerance, handed down from father to son, that the various States, with their reserved rights, only slowly yielded to the wisdom and noble spirit of this enactment. It forced its way, however, by the double right of necessity and justice to all, until it has become a cardinal principle of the American nature.<sup>1</sup> Individuals may have their petty jealousies and sometimes seek to indulge in them; but any attempt to engraft these on the Constitution of the country or the States is a hopeless failure. As a fitting and necessary complement to the establishment of religious

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<sup>1</sup> It is not claimed here that absolute religious freedom is the ideal state for mankind; since this would be to place truth and error on the same plane. If all men were of the same religious belief, their religion would necessarily be the religion of the state. It is only upheld as the best way out of the interminable difficulties that originated with a divided Christendom.

freedom, was the establishment of civil freedom in the same article of the Constitution: Congress shall make no law "abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press, or of the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances."

It was impossible to stop here and draw a color line. It was, in the nature of things, impossible to maintain slavery as an institution, or in any shape or form, while the Constitution proclaimed the natural equality of man, and as among his "inalienable rights," "liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." So long as a slave existed in the United States in so far was the Constitution false to itself. Slavery was doomed in principle; it was simply a matter of time when it should be doomed in fact. Its abolition might have come sooner, it might have come later than it did; but it was destined to come, and it came.

Here then was something new in the world; a rounded and complete system of government of the people, for the people, and by the people. It was content to rest there peaceably at home, severely minding its own business, and leaving other nations and governments to mind theirs. It was happy to let alone and be let alone. It preceded the first French revolution, and undoubtedly gave an impetus to that movement; but it stopped there. Despite the clamors of a strong party the government refused to give any material aid to the French revolutionists, who were far from civil in their method of demanding that aid. The French made the mistake of at once attempting to embroil everybody in their own quarrel. They proclaimed the abolition of all kings and the formation of a universal republic, before they had fairly established their own, or consulted other people as to their opinion. They proclaimed universal fraternity, which other people sturdily refused to accept, and exemplified their interpretation of it by vigorously cutting each other's throats at home. Liberty, equality, fraternity, is not a bad motto, but death as an alternative of non-acceptance of the doctrine spoils the whole. The French revolution failed to erect a republic, save in name, because it wanted to go too fast and too far; because it frightened and coerced people instead of winning them; because it never commended itself wholly to or gained the confidence even of its own people; because, finally, the masses of the French people were by tradition and education still monarchists at heart. Nevertheless, the French revolution did a great work in a very rough and uncouth way, and gave a terrible lesson to be remembered by both sides, the revolutionists and the democracy.

In the various movements enumerated at the beginning of this article, the Republic of the United States took no direct part, for



the reasons given. It was quite out of the current of European affairs, and exercised little or no actual influence on them. It was not ambitious of doing so. Its relations with the European governments were strictly of a commercial nature, save a passing dispute, and the war of 1812 with England. The exploits of its soldiers at the close of that war, and of its navy throughout the struggle, as also against Algiers, raised it to some extent in the estimation of European powers. But it still remained a country and a people apart from their thoughts and outside of their calculations; less a power than a loose experiment in government as likely as not to fall to pieces at any moment. It was more than this to a few thoughtful minds; but prescience is rare in the world and generally discredited until events convert and dignify what were esteemed its guesses into veritable prophecies. It was a great shock to the English mind, for instance, that justice should be administered without a wig or gown; and for the average man an innovation of this kind had more significance and spread farther than the principles of the Declaration of Independence.

Emigration to the new country had been very gradual, up to 1844. In 1845 it suddenly rose to 114,000. In 1846 it increased to 154,000; in 1847, to 235,000; and in 1850 it was over 310,000. The famine in Ireland and the political troubles on the European Continent drove the people out. The great movement that was to people the West and develop its resources had begun. The world was destined to shift its centre. From the close of the War of Independence, up to the end of 1876, its total emigration to the United States was 9,726,455 souls. Since 1876 the movement has taken a new start, adding from one to two millions to the former recruits.

Why did these people come here? Why has the human stream, once it set in this direction, never ceased, but, with an occasional partial diminution, gone on gathering in volume and force to discharge itself on these shores, and spread over the broad surface of the land? Why do the people come from Germany, from Ireland, from England, from Italy, from the shores of the Baltic, from every land under heaven? Old landmarks, and homesteads, and historic memories, and places rich in the love and reverence of the past are deserted. Their own people rise up and shake the consecrated dust of their fathers from their feet with hardly a sigh, or with regrets that are forgotten as soon as they stand on the soil of the New World. For them this country has no history. To multitudes its very language is an unknown tongue. There is nothing in it on their first arrival to win their imagination or their personal love and loyalty. But how soon all this is changed! and how soon they become amalgamated with the people, lovers of the soil, sup-

porters of the laws and liberties of the land. An American baptism makes the speediest and most thorough political convert in the world. The deepest trained monarchist finds the influences of his surroundings, the breath of the free air, irresistible. He may entertain sentimental fancies for other times, and another order of things; but his head and his heart are won to the land and institutions which he has chosen. Of these ten or eleven millions of immigrants, how many have returned to abide in the soil of their fathers? The ever-increasing population of this country is a sufficient answer. It is only the failures who go back.

Why do they come, and why do they stay? For the simple reason set forth in the Declaration of Independence, the words of which are not idle, that life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, are among the inalienable rights of man. Other powers may hold this political doctrine as good enough theory; the United States hold it practically, and carry it into act. And it is this great and indisputable fact that attracts the people to these shores by preference. It was to attain this possession into which the United States moved so easily, that the people of Europe contended during half of the century. They succeeded, as has been shown, in making some advances on the past. But owing to tradition, constant international quarrels, and the construction of society and of government, which is still rooted deep down in the centuries of a bygone time, other nations are as yet far behind us in the race for freedom, and for the exercise of unfettered individual activity.

Meanwhile; though European emigration to the United States was on the increase, there were not a few drawbacks to it. There was no attempt made at systematizing the movement, as indeed there hardly is still. It was wholly individual. The country was not known. The emigrants came in blind ignorance for the most part, trusting to fortune to see them through. The discovery of gold in California excited universal curiosity, and drew all eyes to this country. It began to be more talked about and better known. The steamboat facilitated travel. Constant correspondence, too, was kept up between the immigrants and their friends and relatives at home.

On the other hand, the republican movement in Europe was not advancing very rapidly. In Italy it was made use of by Cavour and the Sardinian Government to weld all the petty Italian States into one kingdom, with the King of Sardinia at its head, and a powerful army and navy to sustain him on the throne. In France the republic of 1848 did not last long. By 1840 the woes that the first Napoleon inflicted on the country had been forgotten in his glories and military exploits. His remains were begged back from England, and amid a mourning people, laid to rest in the city

of Paris. The man still ruled the impressionable race from his grave. The old name had glamour about it for the French heart; and soon after they had turned their commercial king out of doors, they elected Louis Napoleon, the nephew of the Emperor, President of the Republic by an overwhelming majority. They received characteristic thanks for their generosity. The old game of the Consulate was played over again. In four years the republic was destroyed, and the empire restored in the person of Napoleon III. The people voted it, over and over again. If votes mean anything, it was the will of the French people to have an empire, though that empire was an actual despotism, however much it may have advanced the material interests of France. Had Napoleon III. not been the man he was, an imperial conspirator and born intriguer, whose very nature was opposed to letting well alone, his dynasty might have been peacefully ruling France to-day. This regime was another blow at popular liberty and representative government.

The Crimean war broke the heart of a much abler despot, the Czar Nicholas, and let into Russia a flood of European ideas. His successor, Alexander, found himself compelled to yield something to the vaguely forming demand of the Russian people for representation in the government. He freed the serfs, and granted something in the shape of local self-government to the provinces. On the other hand, he most cruelly crushed the uprising of the Poles for freedom and autonomy, a movement that the intolerance of Russian rule had aggravated and forced on the people in spite of them or their leaders. The other wars of the century in Italy, in Denmark, in Austria, and France, were wars of acquisition and ambition. Whatever they effected in the way of settlement in disputes about territory or power, their frequency and increasing magnitude, added to the demand they made on the people's blood and material means and liberties, created an ever deepening popular feeling against them and against the men who brought them about, as well as a restlessness and insecurity in the public mind. Men began to look about for an escape from the body of this death that was forever crushing them, and their eyes turned wistfully westwards to a land where peace and plenty, and good order reigned.

Just at this stage came the awful crash of the Civil War, and the world looked on appalled to witness the people that they had begun to envy for their security from all such struggles, rending each other to pieces. We know how the speedy end of the republic was confidently looked for, and how easily mistaken were statesmen, even the experience and keen sense of Lord John Russell and Mr. Gladstone. Well, what did the world witness in that



struggle? It saw equal bravery and devotion on both sides. It saw this nation of peaceful men quit their civil occupation with as calm heroism as history has ever recorded, to battle for their cause. It saw the national ingenuity and inventiveness applied to the science of war, and applied with equal success to that it displayed in the fields of labor and commerce. The little *Monitor* changed the navies of the world. It saw this peaceful people slowly beaten into a mighty military force, and men could not help asking each other the question: If this people could do so much when divided against itself, what could it not do when united against a common foe? There was the remarkable spectacle, too, of men of various creeds and origin as to their nationality united by the supremest patriotism and love of the cause. It was seen that the citizens of the country were heart and soul men of the soil, and men of the Constitution, who knew for what they fought on both sides, and the risk they had taken on themselves in beginning the struggle. Moreover, the war opened men's eyes to the unlimited resources of the country, which seemed the very prodigality of wealth.

At last the struggle ended after having called into requisition the services of 2,000,000 soldiers. The United States were saddled with the enormous debt of \$2,750,000,000. The Confederate debt was upwards of \$2,000,000,000. In July, 1864, the United States gold dollar cost about three dollars in paper. Repudiation or financial ruin was predicted.

When the war ended the world saw another strange sight, and one eminently characteristic of the republic. Complete amnesty to the South was at once proclaimed. With the victory the feeling of enmity soon died out. The vast armies speedily disbanded. Officers and men returned peacefully to their homes, and at once resumed their civil avocations. The old quiet life began again as though it had never been broken. The military spirit of a military people disappeared and yielded without an effort to the civil force of the republic. Then the reality of this great power of a great people stood out before the world. It was impossible any longer to regard the United States as an experiment in popular government. It *was* popular government in its completest sense, and the republic at once stepped up into the front rank among the powers. "The separation of the United States into two independent republics," said the *London Times* (annual summary, 1861), "will make the first year of the decade conspicuous in the annals of the century." The whole thing, the fact of the separation and establishment of a new and independent republic, was cheerfully taken for granted at the very opening of the Civil War. This leading organ—its leadership at that time was undisputed—of English opinion, confidently announced that "the American Constitution, either by

its own intrinsic defects, or through the feebleness and violence of its administrators, had altogether broken down." Lord Russell's statement of the case will be long remembered: "The North fighting for empire, the South for independence." There is a grim sort of amusement to be derived from tracing the variations in tone of foreign opinion as the war progressed and its results began to appear. In 1870, when President Grant, in his annual message, insisted on the unconditional payment of the Alabama claims, about the time when Russia, taking advantage of the war between France and Germany, repudiated the chief clause in the Treaty of Paris of 1856, the *London Times* adopts a much more condoling vein towards the United States. "The census of the present year," it said, "will probably show that the population of the United States amounts to 38,000,000, and neither turbulence nor self-assertion is required to make the United States within a short period the most powerful nation in the world."

Whether that period has since elapsed may be left to the conjecture of the reader. The peace of the country has continued unbroken since the war, and it would be hard for the very demon of mischief to discover on what side that peace might be invaded at present. A steady adherence to the Monroe doctrine has kept the nation free from those complications that so frequently embroil other and contiguous nations in war, while the vastness of its territory, the enterprise and boldness of the people, and their readiness to adapt themselves to any emergency, and discover the best way out of it, are a sufficient deterrent to any hostile power. Moreover, the 38,000,000 of 1870 have advanced to 48,000,000 in 1880. The national prosperity has kept pace with the national growth; or, rather, the two have worked hand in hand together. The people have kept strict faith with the world, and justified the confidence that was reposed in them. They steadily set their faces to the task, by so many deemed impossible, of paying their debts to the last farthing. The public debt reached its maximum in 1866, when it amounted to \$2,773,236,173. On the first of July, 1880, the public debt was \$2,195,090,455, thus showing a reduction in fourteen years of \$578,145,718. The annual interest charge on the debt, August 31st, 1865, was \$150,777,697; on July 1st, 1880, it had fallen to \$79,633,981, a reduction of \$71,343,716. The gold dollar that, in July, 1864, cost 285 cents in currency, now costs 100 cents in the same currency. These figures are full of an eloquence of their own, telling a long story of world-wide interest in the briefest possible terms.

It is not the enterprise and activity of the people, nor the vast natural resources and mineral wealth of the country, that have produced these wonderful results, and that make this entire conti-

nent to-day a very bee-hive of profitable industry. Heaven seems to have volunteered what to Homer would appear direct interposition in our behalf. For the last three seasons rain and storm, and damp and blight, have played havoc with the crops in all or most of the growing regions of Europe, while with us nature is prodigal of her sun and her smiles, and her ripening powers. All that in Europe has been destroyed in the way of products necessary for human existence, has been lavished and continues to be lavished on us in superabundance. So much so that our merchants, notwithstanding the expense of traffic and the other difficulties attending it, can transport their breadstuffs and meatstuffs, their cheese and fruits, productions of every kind, in fact, to Europe, and sell a better article at a cheaper rate, than the producers in the home markets, while American machinery, labor-saving and other, is forcing its way through the European centres, from London to the capitals of the newly erected principalities in Eastern Europe.

In truth the Old World is witnessing, and, with the reluctance of old ways and old traditions, slowly yielding to the irresistible pressure of an American invasion. It is an invasion of peace, prosperity, and good will; but it is destined to accomplish important results. There is now a constant and growing interchange between this country and Europe. It requires no extraordinary sagacity to detect something deeper in this movement than a passing to and fro of so much gold and silver, of so much butter and cheese, of so much corn and cattle. There is a moral current accompanying the material, an ebb and flow of ideas, an interchange of thought. Americans profit by the historic wealth and monuments and literary treasures that the ages have exhausted themselves in pouring into Europe. There all that we know of the greatest in art, in poetry, in philosophy, in the divine sciences, in sculpture and painting, in whatever adorns nations, refines minds, and imparts to cultivated human intelligence its sense of taste and harmony and finish, is to be found at almost every turn. We, on the other hand, convey to them the most vivid and conquering form of actual human life and achievement, in whatever accomplishes great and speedy results in overcoming and turning to man's account the forces of nature as ministers to his personal convenience and comfort. We have a vast continent to experiment on, and invite the exercise of our activity, and it willingly yields itself to the pressure. The vastness of the territory of the United States, the completeness of the roads of intercommunication by land and water, the variety of climate and of productions, secure this country, in the order of nature at least, from ever feeling the pressure that so frequently falls on other nations, the effects of bad harvests. If our crops fail in one



region they abound in a dozen others. So that the idea of famine can hardly come to us, even in imagination.

But it is not our material prosperity alone that impresses itself more and more on the sense of observers from outside. It is the security in which we enjoy it. We are neither threatened by foreign foe nor domestic broils. The army of the United States is comparatively an insignificant body, so far as numbers and cost go. The same is true of the naval armament and national defences generally. The world knows and recognizes that the nation is warlike, and capable of protecting itself from all attacks, but secure in its own strength, it is not a nation of soldiers. In Europe, the contrary is true. Great Britain is the only European power where military service is not compulsory. The annual expenditures of all the nations for military purposes constitute the heaviest items in their budgets. Taxes go on increasing instead of decreasing, at the same time that certain national industries are threatened by the prodigality of the national wealth and advantages of the United States. In every nation there are entire sections of the people who are permanent paupers, and other sections who are very few grades above the same condition. From the contrast between the inherited wealth and privileges of the noble classes and the grinding poverty of large masses, added to the exactions of the military systems and the expenses of the courts and royal personages, spring the social disaffections that are a permanent ground of trouble and danger to European society and governments. Even England is beginning to face a land difficulty, not in Ireland alone, but on its own soil. The land is held by comparatively few persons. There is a large agricultural class. But with the changed condition of things, owing to the inroads of American and Australian products, the English farmer finds that his labor is becoming less profitable every year. Twice within a short period has Mr. Gladstone reduced, by a considerable percentage each time, the rent on his estates. But this he did of his own free will. Other landlords are not willing to follow his example. And if the course of the English agricultural class is downwards, where is the matter to end? There are not wanting men of ability and influence with the laboring classes who point to the effective manner in which the French people dealt with the land question at the time of the first revolution. The nobles suffered, but the people and the country unquestionably gained. One method of relieving the difficulty is that adopted by Mr. Thomas Hughes and his company, who have purchased land for colonial purposes in East Tennessee; but England will scarcely be willing to see her agricultural classes despair of obtaining a living in their own country.

Indeed it would not be difficult to take up the whole order and

system of government in Europe, and show the influence which this country is exerting, by contrast at least, on the minds of those who are dissatisfied with certain features of it.

To sum up a few: there is no king or court here. The President, like all officials, is paid a fixed salary. If his son or daughter happens to marry there is no portion set apart by the nation for that purpose. It is purely their private concern. The support of royalty is one very great item struck out of the national expense in this country.

There is no established church here, and no favor displayed to any particular church or form of belief. In England, for instance, the majority of the people have to support the church of the minority. There is no grievance of that kind in the United States. Those who choose to build churches do so at their own risk and expense. In the complete separation of church and state there is no possibility of the occurrence of such bitter and heated controversies and strifes as have disturbed all European nations any time these three centuries down to this very day.

The military power is altogether subordinate and secondary to the civil. Bayonets have very little to do here. This removes at once a great burden and a great menace from the people.

There are no privileged classes before the law. This does not mean that there are no persons possessing power, for such persons must always be. The most powerful class in this country is perhaps the moneyed class, and the autocracy of wealth is only saved from becoming a possible grave public danger, (1) owing to the independent character of the national institutions and people; (2) to the shifting character of wealth and absence of an hereditary class. Wealth in the individual or family has thus far in American history nothing but a passing hold.

The abundant opportunities of life and industry, the native instinct to favor push and endeavor, the comparative ease of acquiring a means of livelihood, a home, education for one's children, and complete security in possession, are the great safeguards against the social disturbances that afflict the older nations. A man here easily becomes a holder, a possessor of something worth guarding, a vantage-ground from which he may advance to wider possession. That is the secret of true conservatism; for conservatism is nothing else than an extended sense of self-preservation. A man with a vote is a very different being from a man without a vote. A man with a vote and property, even if the property represented no more than a shanty, is, if his mind be properly organized, a pillar of the state, a guardian of public order.

The government of the United States has passed from the region of experiment into one of proved and established fact. It is the

active exposition in conduct or results of popular sovereignty. It cannot be denied that the people of this country have used the extraordinary powers and resources at their disposal with singular good sense and right instincts, and in the interest of humanity. They have always welcomed the outer world to come in and share their good fortune. They continue this policy, and the world is awakening as it never before woke to the benefits to be derived from residence and citizenship in this country. Many evils that others groan under at home, and that their fathers groaned under before them, from generation to generation, are at once removed by joining in with this great swallower of political formulas. The mighty international questions and jealousies, that to Europeans are matters of such moment, and the causes of so many wars, are to Americans petty and mean, compared with the happiness and prosperity of a people. That is the lesson that this Republic is teaching and enforcing day by day on the attention of other powers. Popular government may have its dangers, as all governments must have; but as exemplified by a hundred years of existence in the United States, it at least guarantees to all honest citizens the inalienable right of a man to his own life and liberty, which implies a free pursuit of happiness. It does not make him a soldier against his will; it does not injure him by inventing hereditary privileges for a few; it leaves him at liberty to act and think and speak as he pleases, subject to the widest public law. It prescribes no church for him, and proscribes none. It offers every possible exercise for whatever activity is in him, with no drawbacks of class, or caste, or creed. It is to this that all civilized governments must come if they would command the universal allegiance of their subjects. There must be complete civil and religious liberty; there must be less wars, less armies, and less taxes for such purposes; there must be more restraint on the actions and ambitions of individual statesmen and monarchs; there must be more room for human life and activity, and more security in its possession. Until this be accomplished, widespread disaffection, occasionally breaking out in the feverish and fitful forms described at the opening of the article, will continue. The Republic of the United States is the best exponent of how to avoid the extremes of tyranny—the tyranny of the many or of the few, and to steer safely between the revolution from above and the revolution from below.

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## CATHOLICITY IN KENTUCKY.

## THE ELDER FAMILY OF MARYLAND AND KENTUCKY.

IN these days, when to be exalted in the eyes of men is but too often to be suspected of infidelity to God, it is not to be supposed that the ordinary mind will be able to find any of the essentials of greatness in characters such as I profess to depict. And yet there was not one of those who are mainly to claim the reader's attention in this article, who was wanting in those characteristics and qualities of heart and mind, which combine to make the just and true, and therefore the truly great man. They were alike faithful to God and to right reason, to the Catholic traditions of their race and to truth, probity, and honor. Their sympathy was equally assured, whether the sentiment was elicited by human suffering, or by the gropings of a soul after verity in religion. Even as they prayed for mercy to themselves, they ceased not, while they lived, to scatter in the way of others, the seeds of mercy garnered in their own souls.

The surname *Elder* is not uncommon in the United States; neither is it in England and Ireland. Singularly enough, however, while the patronymic is owned in England almost exclusively by Catholics in religion, it adheres, very generally, at least, to Protestant dissenters in Ireland. In the United States, and so far as it is Catholic, the name is represented by the descendants of one, or, as some say, of two individual Catholics, who emigrated from Lancashire, England, to the colony of Maryland, not earlier than the year 1720.<sup>1</sup>

Of members of the family now living in the United States, by far the greater number would seem to be impressed with the idea that the patriarch of their race in America was one William Elder, an Englishman, born in Lancashire in 1707, who emigrated to Maryland, not earlier than 1728, and not later than 1732. Without stopping here to record my own doubts of the correctness of this notion, and for the reason that the patriarch referred to has

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<sup>1</sup> I am unable to agree with certain members of the family who assert that their American progenitor was a fellow-voyager with Cecil Calvert, and one of the original colonists of St. Mary's. It is well known that the three heads of families of this name who emigrated to Kentucky claimed no more distant relationship with each other than that of second cousin, and that the father of the most conspicuous amongst them was a native of Lancashire, England, born in 1707, who had reached his majority before he came to America. As a question of fact, it is difficult to determine whether or not all Catholics in this country who bear the name of Elder, have descent from a single or from two parent founts on this side of the Atlantic. This point will be found treated in a note further on.

a defined history, wanting in the case of another, if there was really another source of descent for some Catholics who bear the name in this country, I propose to begin my series of personal sketches with one of

WILLIAM ELDER, 1707-1775.

William Elder, so to say, was a born Catholic. His descent was from those who had kept the faith when its rejection would have insured their worldly prosperity. Before his birth, and long after his expatriation, indeed, there was little freedom for Catholics in England. They were not then subjected, to be sure, to such remorseless persecutions as had distinguished the days of their fathers; but they were still sufficiently hampered in the exercise of their liberty, civil and religious, to render their situation one of great trial and of constant annoyance.

No one who is familiar with the history of the Church of God has failed to discover that the noblest examples of fidelity to the law of conscience are to be found precisely where Divine Wisdom has taught us to look for them: "Blessed are you when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake." It was in an atmosphere of hostility to his religion that William Elder first drew breath, and in which he lived and moved from infancy to early manhood. Well for him, possibly, and well for his posterity, that such was the case. As self-reliance is most readily learned in the school of adversity, so devotion to principle has its greatest expansion where its suppression is sought through the medium of persecution.

It was most likely soon after he had reached his majority that William Elder left his native land and came to America. As early as the year 1733 we find him living with his first wife, Ann Wheeler, who had already borne him several children, in St. Mary's County, Maryland.<sup>1</sup> In the year 1734, as is supposed, he removed to Frederick County, where he bought and cultivated a farm, upon which he built for the occupancy of the family a comfortable residence. To this house, which stood in close proximity to the site now occupied by the College of St. Mary, is attached an interesting history.

Upon leaving England, William Elder had not left behind him, as he had fondly hoped, the proscriptive laws enacted by the home government in contravention of the rights of its Catholic subjects. The old colonial laws giving to all men unrestricted liberty to worship according to conscience, to which Catholics in religion had

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<sup>1</sup> I am inclined to the belief that the marriage of William Elder with Ann Wheeler took place in England, and that, soon after that event, the pair took passage for America.

given form and shape, force and effect, were now abrogated in Maryland, and in their stead a law was in force by the terms of which Catholics were forbidden to build, hold, or occupy structures, designed for public religious worship. In order to acquit themselves of their religious obligations, the proscribed Catholic people of the colony were obliged to resort to the expedient of fitting up chapels in private houses. In constructing his dwelling, William Elder had in view the anomalous situation in which himself and his co-religionists were placed by the law referred to. His parlor chapel was not only the largest room in his house, but its area was equal to the aggregate of all the other rooms in the house. Here it was that the Catholic residents of the district were wont to meet for divine service, and here they were shryen, and afterwards fed with bread from heaven, until the dawn of a brighter day witnessed their release from civil degradation and official espionage.<sup>1</sup>

In 1739 death invaded the home of the pioneer, taking from him the mother of his children. The pair had been very happy together, and the survivor naturally felt deeply the great loss he had sustained. Ann Wheeler Elder is represented as having been a woman of rare good qualities, faithful to every duty pertaining to her state of life, diligent in the management of her household, and of singular piety.<sup>2</sup>

Having remained a widower for several years, William Elder

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<sup>1</sup> The Elder mansion, near Emmettsburg, though then tottering to its fall, was still standing as late as the year 1850. For many years before, it had been an object of interest to the Catholics of the State, and especially to such of them as were able to claim descent from its builder and first proprietor. There is scarcely a trace of it to be seen at the present day.

<sup>2</sup> Ann Wheeler Elder bore to her husband five children, four boys and one girl. These were named: William, Guy, Charles, Mary, and Richard. Of the first named I have been able to learn nothing beyond the fact that his wife was a Miss Wickham. Guy Elder was twice married. By his second wife he had thirteen children, viz., Joseph, Judith, James, Polly, Benjamin, Patsey, Ellen, Rebecca, Guy, Priscilla, Edward, Thomas, and George. "The four first named," a Maryland correspondent writes me, "all went to Kentucky." The wife of Charles Elder was Julia Ward, of Charles County, Maryland. The descendants of the pair are very numerous, and they are scattered all over the West and South. Their immediate off-spring numbered twelve children, eleven sons and one daughter. One of the sons married Catharine Mudd, of Maryland, and one of their children was the late Rev. Alexis I. Elder, a most estimable priest, who was long identified in an official capacity with the Sulpician College of St. Mary, Baltimore. The only daughter of Charles Elder intermarried with Charles Montgomery, who removed with his family to Kentucky about the year 1795. Two of their sons, Samuel H. and Stephen Montgomery, were ordained priests of the Order of St. Dominic by Bishop Flaget, at the Seminary of St. Thomas, in Kentucky, in September, 1816. Mary Elder, the only daughter of Ann Wheeler Elder, intermarried with Richard Lilly, of Maryland, and through her children the family became connected with that of the McSherrys of Virginia. Of Richard, son and youngest child of William and Ann Elder, I have been able to learn only that his wife was a Miss Phoebe Deloyzier.



took to wife, most likely in 1744, Jacoba Clementina, daughter of Arnold Livers, Esq., *gentleman*. This Arnold Livers, an Englishman by birth, had been an active and noted partisan of James II. Upon the collapse of that weak and unfortunate monarch's cause, he had been obliged to fly his native land, and now he was the proprietor of a large estate in Maryland.<sup>1</sup> Of this second wife of William Elder, the traditions preserved in the family speak nothing but praise. She bore to her husband four sons and two daughters, and not by these was her motherly influence felt more beneficially than it was by her step-children. While her husband lived she shared with him the respect and confidence of all to whom they were known, and during her long widowhood of thirty-two years she was venerated as a true mother in Israel.<sup>2</sup> The names of her children were Elizabeth, Arnold, Thomas, Ignatius, Ann, and Aloysius. It was from the second named that title came to the ecclesiastical authorities of Maryland for the farm upon which now stands the structure known as Mount St. Mary's College. With the exception of Thomas Elder, who removed to Kentucky in 1799, the writer has no knowledge concerning the after lives of her other children.<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> It is said of Arnold Livers, in explanation of the singular name given by him to his daughter, that he had registered a vow that his first child, whether boy or girl, should be called *James*. The good priest to whom the child was presented for baptism found no difficulty in complying with the father's wishes, and so the babe was christened *Jacoba Clementina*. The Livers family of Maryland was afterwards represented in Kentucky by quite a number of the latter's leading Catholic citizens. Among these were Robert and Henry Livers, of Nelson, and Thomas Livers, of Washington County.

<sup>2</sup> In the old Catholic cemetery, about half a mile below St. Mary's College, and near the town of Emmetsburg, three stones mark the graves of William, Ann Wheeler, and Jacoba Clementina Elder. The inscriptions, which are still distinct, record their names, and dates of birth and death: William Elder, born in 1747, died April 22d, 1775; Ann Wheeler Elder, born 1709, died August 11th, 1739; Jacoba Clementina Elder, born 1717, died September 19th, 1807.

<sup>3</sup> Through the kindness of Mrs. Mary Howell Dawson, a great-granddaughter of the writer, I was recently permitted to examine a letter written by Jacoba Clementina Elder, and addressed to her granddaughter, Nancy Elder, who, a short while before its date, had accompanied her father to Kentucky. The letter bears date, "Maryland, at Harry Spalding's, November 21st, 1800." She begins complainingly, first in respect to her own bodily infirmities, and then of her inability to do certain things for lack of money. "Nevertheless," she goes on, "I would have gone in debt for five pounds of snuff to send you, could I have found a conveyance for it. I saw Rev. Mr. Smith yesterday," she continues, "and I gave him your message. He was glad to hear from you." (This Rev. Mr. Smith was none other than the Prince Priest, Rev. Demetrius A. Gallitzin, who, for some time previous to her father's removal to Kentucky, was charged with the mission of the district in which the family resided.) From what follows it would appear that Miss Nancy Elder, in writing to her grandmother, had instituted a comparison between her then Kentucky pastor and the one who had discharged the duties of the office for her in Maryland, which was not especially favorable to the former. "I do hope," she writes, "that you will all learn to

THOMAS ELDER, 1748—1832.

The merits and demerits of men are rarely recognized to their full extent while they are yet living. Good and evil dispositions and habits are not only transmissible, but they are ordinarily transmitted to one's children. Hence it is that the stream of human being that has its source from a pure fountain is very generally found to be pure throughout its reaches. We have already seen what manner of man was the father of Thomas Elder. Equally admirable was the character of the son, and equally upright in the sight of God and men was his walk in life.

Of the very many former Catholic citizens of Maryland who emigrated to Kentucky at an early day in the history of the State, there was not one who left to his posterity the record of brighter virtues practiced in life than did Thomas Elder, of Cox's Creek settlement. Writing to the compiler of this history, an aged priest of the Diocese of Louisville thus refers to him: "Of course you have heard good things of Thomas Elder." Regarding others of the same settlement, he speaks in detail of their good qualities, and of the special characteristics which entitle them to commendation and Christian remembrance. Of this patriarch only he has nothing to say beyond his words quoted. He was evidently unable to conceive that any Catholic born and raised in the county of his residence should be less familiar than he was himself with whatever was distinguishing in a character so elevated as was that of Thomas Elder.

The subject of this sketch was born at the Elder homestead, near Emmettsburg, Maryland, on the 4th day of January, 1748. His childhood and youth were passed with his parents, by whom he was trained in love of knowledge, especially of that knowledge which is necessary in the service of God. In the year 1771 he took to wife Elizabeth Spalding, a sister of Basil Spalding, Esq., of Charles County, and shortly after that event he removed to and occupied a farm in Harbough's Valley, Frederick County, where he lived for twenty-eight years, and where his family of eleven children had their birth.<sup>1</sup>

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have the same opinion of that Father (Rev. Stephen Theodore Badin, no doubt) that you did of Rev. Mr. Smith." After giving her correspondent much grandmotherly advice, she thus concludes her epistle: "You are the only one who is good enough to write to me. Write often, dear Nancy, and never do you forget me in your pious prayers. With my blessing to you, I remain your ever affectionate grandmother,

"CLEMENTINA ELDER."

<sup>1</sup> The names of these, in the order of their birth, were:

1. Anne or Nancy, born July 1, 1772; lived single, and died in Bardstown, Ky., in 1844.

2. Basil Spalding, born October 29, 1773; married Elizabeth Snowden, November

It was most likely in the year 1799, that Thomas Elder broke up his establishment in Harbough's Valley and removed to Kentucky. He was doubtless moved to this step by his solicitude for his children's temporal interests. His own worldly circumstances had hitherto barely enabled him to live in comfort, and he was naturally anxious regarding the future of his large family of sons and daughters. He had already friends in Kentucky, and it is to be presumed that these had written to him glowing accounts of the wholesomeness of the climate, the fertility of the soil, the cheapness of the lands, and of the reasonable assurance he would have, should he conclude to follow them to the West, that he would be enabled thereby to give to his children at least a start in life. They told him something else, without the knowledge of which, it is fair to say, he would have remained a fixture in Maryland for the remainder of his life. He learned from them that they were provided with a pastor of souls, whose visits to the settlement were not less frequent than once in the month. With the exception of his eldest son, Basil S., who was already engaged in business in Baltimore, Thomas Elder was accompanied to Kentucky by his entire family. He was also accompanied by Mrs. — Spalding, a widowed sister-in-law, and her infant daughter. In due course of time, and without disaster by the way, the travellers reached Gardiner's Station, on Cox's Creek, where they were warmly welcomed by their former neighbors of Maryland, and where the father of the family set up his tabernacle for life.

The traditions of the times, still preserved in the congregation of Saint Michael's, Fairfield, are filled with references to Thomas Elder. They represent him as a man whose every appearance was

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18, 1801; died in Baltimore, October 13, 1869. (The death of his wife occurred February 20, 1860.)

3. Catharine, born March 7, 1776; was the second wife of Joseph Gardiner, Esq., of Nelson County, Ky.; date of death unknown. (Three of her step-children became Sisters of Charity of the Nazareth Community. One of these, the late Mother Frances Gardiner, was for many years Superior of the Sisterhood.)

4. William Pius, born May 4, 1778; died in Baltimore, August 22, 1799.

5. Clementina, born June 16, 1780; married Richard Clarke; died in Nelson County, Ky., on the 21st of August, 1851.

6. Ignatius, born July 21, 1782; married Monica Greenwell; date of death unknown.

7. Theresa, born March 1, 1785; died unmarried, in Nelson County, Ky., December 19, 1816.

8. Thomas Richard, born June 14, 1789; married Caroline Clements; died July 11, 1835.

9. Christiana, born October 30, 1791; married John B. Wight; date of death unknown.

10. Mary Elizabeth, born May 15, 1794; married John Tarboe; date of death unknown.

11. Maria M., born April 29, 1791; married John Howell; died ———



suggestive of the idea of sanctity. In his face there were no hard lines to index the workings of a passionate nature; no expression that was not attractive of love and confidence. He was an austere man, but his austerities were practiced in the privacy of his own house. With those who knew him best he was most remarkable for his mildness and amiability, and for his habits of practical goodness. It was his delight to take little children by the hand and to lead them in the ways of holiness. So conspicuously upright was the whole tenor of his life that he was held in almost as much esteem by non-Catholics as he was by his own co-religionists. Sixty years ago there were few Catholics in Kentucky who had not "heard good things of Thomas Elder;" and to this day his name is blessed by thousands because of his transmitted virtues—virtues derived from the parent fount by the children, and by them transmitted to their offspring to the present generation. To make this idea clear, it is but necessary to point to the lives of two of his children, and to that of his adopted daughter, the late Reverend Mother Catharine Spalding, of the Nazareth Community of Sisters of Charity.

For more than sixty years, and to the date of his death, there was not in the entire country a Catholic citizen who was more widely known or more deservedly esteemed, than the late Basil Spalding Elder, of Baltimore. From the days of Dr. Carroll to those of Dr. M. J. Spalding there was not an occupant of the Metropolitan See of Baltimore that did not recognize in him a power for the general good of the entire Catholic body of the United States. He was not alone an example for Catholics in the performance of specific duty, but he led them through his own earnestness to the heights beyond, where the virtues of the Christian grow lustrous in the light shed from heaven. Like his father and grandfather, he sought to train his children in knowledge and virtue, to the end of their welfare for eternity. The survivors of these are scattered now, but wherever they are, not one of them is to be found who has abandoned his faith, or has ceased to walk in the selfsame way of salvation that was traced by the feet of his fathers.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Basil S. Elder and his wife, Elizabeth Snowden, were the parents of thirteen children, three of whom died in infancy. One of his daughters, Eleonora, became a Sister of Charity. She still survives at the mother house of the order, Emmettsburg, Md. Another daughter, Mrs. Jenkins, died in Havana, in 1846; another, Mrs. Baldwin, in Baltimore, in 1872. Of their male children seven survive to the present day, viz.: Francis W., in Baltimore; Basil T., in St. Louis; James C., in Baton Rouge, La.; Joseph E., in Denver, Colorado; Thomas S., in New Orleans; William Henry (late Bishop of Natchez, and now Coadjutor Bishop of the See of his residence), in Cincinnati, and Charles D., in New Orleans. Basil S. Elder lost his wife in February, 1860, when he had himself reached the eighty-seventh year of his age. He felt the bereavement keenly, and a little later, when the late civil war was at its height,

Clementina Elder, so named from her grandmother, was as remarkable for her intelligence as she was for her filial devotion, and for the exactitude with which she performed every duty of her state of life. Her religion was for daily and hourly wear, and from childhood to old age she was a pattern of Christian piety and meekness. About the year 1807 she became the wife of Richard Clarke, whose father, Clement Clarke, had emigrated from Maryland, and settled on Simpson's Creek, Nelson County, about the year 1788.<sup>1</sup>

When she was fairly settled in her new home, Mrs. Clarke induced her father to transfer to her care and guardianship his adopted daughter, Catharine Spalding, whose mother was now dead. It is beyond doubt that the latter was indebted to her foster mother for the training by which she was prepared for the important work of charity to which her life was devoted after her nineteenth year. Among the many of the gentler sex in Kentucky who gave up their whole lives to the service of God and their neighbors, not another has lived and died in peace whose name is held to the present day in greater reverence than is that of Mother Catharine Spalding. From the day she vowed herself to God, and was named Superior of the little religious community which has grown in our day into one whose influence for good is coextensive with the State and reaches far beyond its borders, to that upon which, reclining upon ashes, she surrendered herself to her Heavenly Bridegroom, she appeared to have no other object in life but to render faithful service to her divine Lord and Master, and to *His* afflicted representatives in the world, the poor and the fatherless.<sup>2</sup>

Of Clementina Clarke's children, most of whom were known to the writer, reference here need be made but to one, the late Rev. William Elder Clarke, of the diocese of Louisville. The most

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the old gentleman happened to lose the time-piece he had been in the habit of carrying for more than sixty years. While making an ineffectual search for the missing article, he was heard to exclaim: "I have lost my precious wife, I have lost my good old watch, and I have lost my country! It is time I was myself called home." His death, as stated elsewhere, took place on the 13th October, 1869.

<sup>1</sup> One of their descendants tells me that immediately after their marriage the pair set out for the home that had been prepared for their reception, near the residence of the groom's parents. The cabin was new, but neither had it been finished nor furnished. Upon reaching their destination the husband thus improvised their bridal bed: upon the bare earthen floor he laid three rough slabs, or puncheons, of the requisite length. On these he spread a layer of flexible withes, cut from the undergrowth of the forest by which the place was surrounded, and upon these he laid his tow-linen straw-filled bed. Their covering was a buffalo robe. On awakening in the morning they found themselves under a mantle of white—two inches of snow having fallen upon them in the night.

<sup>2</sup> Mother Catharine Spalding died on the 20th of March, 1858, at the St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, Louisville, which institution she may be said to have founded.

lovable character that has hitherto adorned the holy ministry in Kentucky was this fourth remove from the American patriarch of his family. So free was he from asperities that he was loved of every one, and so pure was his life that there was an element of reverence intermixed with the love he incited in the breasts of all who were happy enough to be of the number of his acquaintances. He was not unfrequently referred to as "the pet of the clergy of Kentucky." He was much more than that, however. He was for them an exemplar of piety unaffected, of purity that was angelic, and of goodness that was limitless. His entire character was a reminder to those who knew him intimately, and especially to his associates of the clergy, of that given by sacred history and tradition to "the beloved disciple." He lived a life that was useful to thousands, and when he died strong men wept like children.<sup>1</sup>

Ripe for heaven, and leaving behind him the record of a life that was as remarkable for its social amenities as it was for its near approach to the perfection of Christianity, Thomas Elder passed to his reward in the eighty-eighth year of his age, December 27th, 1832.<sup>2</sup>

#### JAMES ELDER, 1761-1845.

James Elder, the first Catholic of his name to emigrate to Kentucky, was born in Frederick County, Maryland, in 1760. The name of his father was Guy Elder, and that of his grandfather William Elder. But, by some of the descendants of the latter named patriarch, a sketch of whose life has already been given to the reader, it is regarded as doubtful whether his paternity is to be properly traced to their American progenitor.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The death of Father Clarke took place at St. Mary's College, Marion County, Kentucky, on the 5th day of March, 1850. He was at the time in the 41st year of his age.

<sup>2</sup> The widow of Thomas Elder and her oldest daughter, Nancy, passed the last years of their lives in Bardstown. I remember them well, and of wondering, as I saw them creeping with feeble steps to and from church, which of the two was the older. They were greatly venerated, as much by the clergy as by the laity, and the peaceful deaths which they had hoped and prayed for from childhood to extreme old age, came to them at length. The daughter died in 1844, aged 72 years. The death of the mother, at the advanced age of 98 years, took place on the 30th day of August, 1848.

<sup>3</sup> In the United States, where, it is safe to say, not one in ten of the population knows anything about his ancestry beyond the names of his grandparents, the attempt to designate degrees of consanguinity between families of a common origin in the long past cannot be otherwise than a work in which the compiler of family history is beset with doubts at every stage of his inquiry. But for a single well-attested fact I could readily believe with the majority of Catholics who now bear the name in the United States that they are all the descendants of the patriarch already referred to. That personage, it will be remembered, had a son by his first wife to whom was given the name of Guy. He had also a son by his second wife who was called Thomas. These two were, consequently, half brothers, and the relationship between either and the children of the other was certainly that of *uncle* and *nephews*. James and William Elder, reputed sons of Guy,



In 1791 James Elder, who had shortly before taken to wife Ann Richards, a non-Catholic, of Frederick County, emigrated to Kentucky, and settled on lands bordering on Hardin's Creek. For several years before the date mentioned there had been a stream of emigration from the Catholic counties of Maryland to the same district of country, and now the colony was considered one of the most prosperous in the State. Young and energetic, and more than ordinarily intelligent, the new-comer soon came to be regarded by his fellow colonists as a most valuable acquisition to their ranks and society; and sooner still he became endeared to them on account of his extraordinary civic and Christian virtues. His residence was only a few miles removed from St. Stephen's, the nominal home of Father Badin, and between the two there was not only fixed friendship, but unity of purpose in everything having for its object the exaltation of the Holy Church in the eyes of men.

As has been already said, James Elder's marriage had been with a non-Catholic. Very shortly after his removal to Kentucky, however, he had the happiness of witnessing the reception of his wife into the Church by baptism. From that day until the one upon which the aged woman, then a disconsolate widow, knelt beside the lifeless form of her husband and besought God's mercy in behalf of the departed soul, the wife and the husband were equally noted for their devotion to Catholic truth, and for their correspondence with the sublime laws of morality and charity established by the Church and its divine Head.<sup>1</sup>

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and grandsons of William, removed to Kentucky in 1791. Eight years later their reputed uncle, Thomas, emigrated to the State and settled on Cox's Creek, in Nelson County. They were well known to each other, and unless their relationship was very distant, it is not to be supposed that they were not aware of its exact degree. But it is quite certain that the two first were in the habit of referring to the last named as their cousin, and he to them in like manner. The inference naturally arises that the acknowledged patriarch of one branch of the Elder family of the United States was not the first of his race and religion to come to America. It is my conviction that he was preceded to the colony of Maryland by a cousin, older than himself, whose Christian and surnames were identical with his own, and that it is from this now unknown progenitor that numbers of Catholics bearing the name in this country have their descent. I am strengthened in this opinion by the testimony of the surviving children of James Elder. One of these, J. Reason Elder, of Spencer County, Kentucky, writes me: "My father and Thomas Elder, of Fairfield, were *cousins*." The venerable Sister Emily Elder, of the Nazareth Community, writes: "My father and Thomas Elder were distantly related. I think they were *second cousins*."

<sup>1</sup> The children borne to her husband by Ann Richards Elder were named, in the order of their birth: Ellen, George, Guy, Thomas, Benedict, J. Reason, James, and Ann. The second named became a priest, and the last a Sister of Charity. Two only survive to the present day, viz., J. Reason Elder, of Spencer County, Kentucky, and Ann (Sister Emily), of the Nazareth Community. To both of these I am indebted for much valuable information touching their family history. Sister Emily be-

Though there were certainly shades of difference in the characters of the two, James Elder resembled in much his relation of the Cox's Creek settlement. In a no less degree than was the case with that earnest Christian, he was a lover of the truth and a faithful son of the Holy Church. Like him, too, he was indefatigable in his efforts to imbue the minds of his non-Catholic neighbors with correct notions respecting religion. He was like him in the devotion he made of his time and knowledge to the religious instruction of Catholic children. He was more excitable than Thomas Elder, much fonder of controversy, and had a readier wit. He was an incessant reader, especially of the Bible, and so exact was known to be his knowledge of Holy Writ that even Protestants, not unfrequently, were in the habit of making him the arbiter of their disputes regarding the proper application that was to be attached to certain of its passages. He was never known to decline an overture to discuss points of doctrine with any leader of Protestant opinion in his neighborhood, and it is to this day a tradition in the congregation of Saint Charles, that he was never worsted in any one of his polemical combats. His zeal, too, was ordinarily governed by prudence, and it is doubtful if there was another Catholic in the State who rendered more efficient service to religion by preparing converts for baptism.

Writing of her parents, Sister Emily, of the Nazareth Community, thus refers to their manner of life: "My father was regular in his habits. He arose every morning at 3 o'clock, and he called the family an hour later. The interval was given to his private devotions. When the family was assembled he gave out morning prayers, and from this exercise, as well as that with which the labors of the day were closed, he would permit none to be absent without a valid excuse. I shall never forget the short admonition he was in the habit of addressing to us every night after prayers. 'My children,' he would say, 'let your last thoughts before you go to sleep, and your first when you awake be of death, judgment, heaven, and hell.' In Lent he was in the habit of adding to our evening devotions the Litany of the Saints and a chapter from the Sacred Scriptures. Night and morning, before retiring to rest and before going about our usual occupations it was a custom with us children to kneel and ask the blessing of father and mother. Even after his ordination to the priesthood our elder brother never omitted this formulary when he visited his parents. My father

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came a pupil of the Nazareth school at its formation in 1814. She afterwards entered the community, of which she has been a most useful and deserving member for nearly sixty years. That will be a sad day for the sisterhood when her pleasant face and cheery voice shall have become but memories of the community's recreation-hall at Nazareth.

used to say that he was 'proud of his children, proud of his stock, and proud of his fame.' I think it was the opinion of all those who knew him best that he was still more proud of being a Catholic Christian."

James Elder died on the 15th day of August, 1845. His widow survived him twelve years, her death having taken place, in the 96th year of her age, on the 8th day of January, 1857.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The above sketch would be incomplete without reference being made to James Elder's eldest son, the late Reverend George A. M. Elder. I knew him when I was a child, and much better after I had grown to manhood; and I can say that to depict his character, virtues, and services to the church and society, even were I capable of presenting them in a proper manner, would require more space than has been given to this entire article. He was born at his father's place, on Hardin's Creek, on the 11th day of August, 1794. His first educators were his parents. He was afterwards sent to the college of St. Mary, Emmettsburg, from which institution, several years later, he was transferred to the seminary of the Sulpician Fathers, Baltimore, where he finished his theological studies. Conjointly with the late Reverend William Byrne, founder of St. Mary's College, Kentucky, he was raised to the priesthood by Right Reverend John B. David, in the then new Cathedral of Saint Joseph, Bardstown, on the 19th September, 1819. Soon afterwards, by the direction of his Ordinary, he undertook the seriously difficult task of founding an institution of learning at Bardstown. The result of his labors in this direction was the establishment of the since well-known college of St. Joseph. With the exception of three years—1827-30—spent by him on the mission of Scott County, Father Elder's entire life as a priest was devoted to educational work in this institution. His death took place at Bardstown on the 28th of September, 1838.

Father Elder was tall and sparely built, affable in manner and graceful in all his movements. His friends were of all classes of society, and of enemies he had none. Though occupying, during almost the entire term of his ministerial life, the difficult post of president of an institution in which were domiciled from one hundred to two hundred and fifty young men—a large proportion of whom were natives of Louisiana and Mississippi, and consequently, if there be any truth in the generally accepted saying, "a hot sun breeds a hot temper," may be supposed to have been difficult of control—I really do not think he ever had an enemy in the college. He had evidently studied human nature to some purpose. He won hearts by making it clear to the perception of all that he was himself possessed of the most loving of hearts. As a preacher, too, Mr. Elder more frequently addressed himself to the sensibilities of his hearers than to their reason. He seemed to be convinced of the fact that a cold heart is little fitted to perceive either the beauties or the sublime truths of the Catholic faith. His voice, whether in reading or speaking, was irresistibly pathetic. He was in the habit, on the evenings of Holy Thursday, of preaching the passion sermon, and on these occasions few among his auditors were enabled to restrain their tears. In 1836 I began the publication, in Bardstown, Ky., of the *Catholic Advocate*. The editors appointed to conduct the paper were Reverend M. J. Spalding, Reverend H. De Luyne, Reverend William E. Clarke, and Reverend George A. M. Elder. The articles written by Mr. Elder were principally addressed to parents, and referred to the training and education of children. He had an idea that children were susceptible of moral guidance at a very early age, and he urged his views on this and other matters relative to parental obligations in a series of well-written and exceedingly interesting papers. He continued to write for the *Advocate* until he was seized with his last illness. I shall ever remember the gloom which the report of his dangerous illness spread throughout the entire community. I was seated, on the evening of his death, in the parlor of a friend, since deceased, and was conversing with several members of his family, when suddenly the tolling of the Cathedral bell hushed our voices into



## WILLIAM ELDER, 1757-1822 (SUPPOSED).

Together with his wife and several children William Elder came to Kentucky in 1791, a few months after the arrival in the State of his brother James, and settled near the latter's residence on Hardin's Creek.<sup>1</sup> In the year 1804, he removed to what is known as Flint Island, Breckinridge, now Meade County, where he passed the remainder of his life, and reared a large and interesting family of children.<sup>2</sup> A number of Catholic families had previously settled in the county, on or near a stream known as Long Lick, but these were too far removed to admit of close association with their coreligionists, whose solitary cabin overlooked the Ohio at Flint Island. The isolated family was not neglected, however, by Father Badin, and in the course of time, the house of Mr. Elder became a Church-station for that ubiquitous missionary priest, and a little later, for his younger associates, Fathers Nerinckx, Schaffer, and Abell. William Elder did not live to see the organization of the now large and flourishing congregation of St. Theresa, Flint Island, but he is justly regarded as its patriarch. Like the others of his race of whom it has been the writer's privilege to speak, he lived an earnest Christian life; he was held in the highest esteem by his neighbors, and his children, one and all, were representative Catholics in the localities in which their lives were passed.<sup>3</sup>

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awe. Not a word was spoken until the iron clang again thrilled through our ears, when, with a choking sob, one of the ladies present exclaimed, "O God, he is dead!" Few were the homes, indeed, wherein was heard that tolling bell in which tears and sighs and prayers were not the fitting accompaniment.

<sup>1</sup> Lafayette Elder, Esq., of Owensboro, Kentucky, writes me that William Elder, who was his grandfather, was a cousin, and not the father, to James Elder; but both of the latter's living children assure me that this is a mistake.

<sup>2</sup> Four of his sons grew to manhood, married, and had families. These were: Arnold, who died in 1830; William, whose death took place in 1854; William, who died in 1843, and John, who lived near Hardinsburg, Kentucky, and whose death took place as late as 1876. The descendants of these are numerous in Breckinridge, Daviess, and Meade counties. Of William Elder's family of daughters I have only learned that one became the wife of Peter Tarboe; that another married Walter Read, and a third, Peter Bruner.

<sup>3</sup> One of these, Samuel Elder, married for his second wife Susan McGill, a daughter of David McGill, a most estimable Catholic resident of Breckinridge County. Their second son, born in 1829, was the late Rev. Joseph Elder, of the Diocese of Louisville, who was raised to the priesthood by Dr. M. J. Spalding, then Bishop of Louisville, in 1855. Almost immediately afterwards he was commissioned by his Ordinary to organize a congregation of English-speaking Catholics for the Eastern wards of the city of Louisville. The older members of the congregation of St. John, Clay, and Walnut streets, of which Rev. Lawrence Bax has been pastor for a quarter of a century, will remember with what earnestness he labored to establish the parish, and the gratifying results that followed his efforts. In 1856 Father Elder was transferred to St. Mary's College, of which institution he was for several years the vice-president. It was in 1861, if I mistake not, that he was named pastor of the Church of St. Francis

## BISHOP STEVENS ON AURICULAR CONFESSION AND PRIVATE ABSOLUTION.

*Auricular Confession and Private Absolution.* Address of the Rt. Rev. William Bacon Stevens, D.D., LL.D., delivered at the Annual Convention of the Diocese of Pennsylvania, Tuesday, May 11th, 1880. Published by order of the Convention. Philadelphia: McCalla & Staveland, Printers, 1880.

BEFORE the appearance of our last number, a friend sent us a copy of this pamphlet, with a request that we should make it the subject of an elaborate review. This we declined to do, as neither its theology nor its polemical style was such as to entitle it to serious or respectful consideration. Besides, in the main issue were involved domestic differences, about which Catholics, as such, do not care to trouble themselves.

Bishop Stevens, so far as his teaching authority goes, which is no great length, distinctly affirms (and we think in this he is correct) that the American Episcopal denomination does not believe in confession and absolution, and has given practical evidence of its disbelief by suppressing all that had survived in the English prayer book or ritual that might possibly be tortured into a faint lingering shadow of belief in those prominent features of the Catholic Sacrament of Penance, oral confession, and priestly absolution. From this it would clearly follow that American Episcopalians, if their church possessed any authority to teach, are either forbidden, or at least not required, to believe in the value or necessity of confession and absolution. But neither Bishop Stevens nor his church can go a step beyond giving their opinions. And their opinions, like their enactments, can secure at best some show of outward respect, outward conformity. They have no power, like the decisions of the true Church, to reach the soul and bind the conscience. The Episcopal denomination in this country is behind no other sect in holding strictly to the "sacred right" of private judgment, and avows it by her official name, "the *Protestant* Episcopal Church in the United States." Hence the whole question remains exactly where it was before the publication of Bishop Stevens's pamphlet, and where it ever will remain. The bishop has his opinion which he shares with the great majority. The scanty minority think differently;

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Xavier, Raywick, where the remaining eight years of his life were passed, and where he endeared himself to his parishioners, as much by his amiability as by the interest exhibited in their spiritual advancement. Father Joseph Elder died of consumption in the 39th year of his age, June 29th, 1868. The Elder Homestead, near Flint Island, is now owned and occupied by Samuel T. Elder, Esq., a grandson of the original proprietor.

and both, as usual, find their warrant in Scripture. Instead of each holding peaceably to his interpretation, they prefer to fight about it, the majority endeavoring to force its opinion, or conjecture, for it is nothing more, on the reluctant minority. What can Catholic outsiders do but grimly smile, as they behold the predictions of our fathers and theologians of three hundred years ago so fully verified in the history and workings of private judgment, which is the cardinal principle of heresy, and which, nevertheless, heretics will uphold only against the Church, but despise and disown when dealing with one another! Otherwise, the bishop's pamphlet and his troubles with St. Clement's Church are matters which concern us very little. It is simply domestic warfare, a quarrel between two factions of a sect, one of which angrily denounces, the other timidly adopts, some faded remnants of Catholic doctrine and practice; both starting from the principle of private judgment, even if it be not honestly and consistently carried out. And with this illogical faction-fight we have perhaps no right, certainly no disposition, to interfere.

Another reason why we were unwilling to notice this pamphlet was its loose, undignified, un-Christian talk about the immorality of the confessional. Bishop Stevens holds a high and honored position in the denomination to which he belongs, and we should be unwilling to class him with the men in whose wake he is following. But it is simply impossible for any one who has been a reader of theological controversy in England and this country for the last forty or fifty years to shut his eyes to the fact, that all or nearly all that has been alleged and is current amongst us about the immorality of the confessional, comes originally from wicked and immoral men, who were expelled from the Catholic Church because of their immorality, and yet were enabled—such is the incredible blindness of bigotry—to find their way not only into the communion, but into the ministry and pulpit of the various Protestant sects, and, amongst others, of the Episcopal Church. Some of these men are yet living; one of them known to few and almost forgotten, in this very State of Pennsylvania. Need we recall the names of the Smiths, Hogans, Connollys, Leahys, Achillis, Leonis, Gilberts, among many others of lesser note, whose writings excited the disgust of all honest Protestants, and whose public lectures at times gave occasion to riot and bloodshed? What has been the subsequent fate of such men? Their end has been in most cases the jail or penitentiary; in all the utter neglect and contempt into which they were hurled or allowed to sink by their former admirers. Is it in connection with these base, unprincipled adventurers, who use the same language in attacking the Catholic Sacrament of Penance that, Bishop Stevens wishes to have his name remembered hereafter by



his descendants, his State, and his country? We hope not. He can scarcely be so old as to have forgotten those wandering pests of society; but he should not forget that it is neither safe nor becoming to ally oneself with such an unholy set, or choose for imitation such knavish models. Even were the confessional a faulty human institution, instead of a divine ordinance and a great blessing as the Church holds it to be, no theologian who has a particle of Christian decency or self-respect should, in impugning it, condescend to re-echo the words of such men. No honest Christian should sing even praise to God in the company of this vile, lewd crew.

Such were our reasons for judging the bishop's production totally undeserving of refutation, and not entitled even to bare mention in this REVIEW. And if we now give it the benefit of a mere passing notice, it is because we have since learned on good authority that this insulting pamphlet has not only been thrust into Catholic hands by some of its blind admirers, but has also been made to find its way surreptitiously into Catholic families. This may be zeal, but it is neither good taste nor good manners. The spirit of bigotry, however, is not disposed to stick at such trifles.

It is no part of our purpose to take up for confutation the arguments (if courtesy can be stretched so far as to allow such a name to bare assertions) of the bishop in his pamphlet; it will be enough to give a specimen or two of his theology. Speaking of the doctrine in question (priestly absolution) he says:

"After all, what we want to know, what the Church wants to know, what the world wants to know, is not what the fathers said, what the councils decreed, what synods ordained, what bishops enjoined, but 'what saith the Lord.' Is the doctrine fairly and honestly in the Bible? Stands it there on unquestioned or on doubtful authority? Can it be proved by 'sure warranty of Scripture,' or only by 'handling the Word of God deceitfully?' This is the point to be decided. One clear solid verse of Scripture; one sentence of the Divine will, fairly interpreted, in matters like this, outweighs all the parchments of the fathers, all the decrees of councils, all the injunctions of prelates." (Page 20.)

This is plain language, and has the true Protestant ring. It would be natural to suppose, after this loyal outburst, that the bishop would take hold of the texts (Matt. xvi. 19, xviii. 18; John xx. 23) to which Puseyites and Ritualists, following in the footsteps of Catholic theologians, generally appeal; would examine them seriously at least, if not learnedly; would give some reasons derived from common sense, if not from recondite hermeneutical lore, to show how wrong is the traditional interpretation that all ages have attached to these texts. Nothing of the kind. Not a word of

proof, not a syllable of argument. He gives us his bare assertion, and to uphold it, forgetful of his own words, appeals to—authority. And what authority! Of the ancient Church, of the early fathers, or even of his fellow-heretics, the Novatians, who can boast at least of a respectable antiquity? Not at all. His only authority is that of two partisan writers of our own day, Dean Mansell and Canon Westcott! And on his own bare word for it and the testimony of these interested witnesses, his diocesans are expected to believe that, when our Lord promised first to Peter alone, then to all the Apostles collectively (Matt. xvi. 19; xviii. 18), the authority to bind and loose on earth, with an additional promise that their sentence should be ratified in heaven; and when after His resurrection He bestowed on them the power of forgiving and retaining sins (John xx. 23), He simply did not mean what He said! He *only* intended thereby to give the Apostles authority to admit converts into the fold, or to repel and exclude them; He *only* empowered them to *declare* remission of sins, and that not to individuals, but to classes of mankind! And this is the way in which the bishop and his Mansells and Westcotts find their doctrine, to use his own words, “fairly and honestly in the Bible!” How profitably might he here recall to mind what he wrote on the preceding page of his pamphlet? Nothing could be more appropriate, or better illustrate how “a clear solid verse of Scripture” can be “handled deceitfully.”

“All errors and all heresies have not only claimed antiquity, but Bible authority; and the Bible and the fathers can be, as they have often been, so manipulated as to appear to support opinions which in fact they really condemn. This way of ingeniously perverting a man’s meaning (how much worse of an inspired author!), as has been unscrupulously done in this case, is very common, and is a part of that falsifying system which stoops not at any assertion or any twisting of truth to bolster up its pretensions.” (Page 19.)

Bishop Stevens has no authority to teach his flock; he claims none, nor could he claim it in virtue simply of his quality of Protestant Episcopal Bishop. If, then, after eliciting his private opinion from the Scriptures, even by straining of texts and “twisting of truth,” he but held it quietly and peaceably, content at most to recommend it to his hearers in pulpit discourses and convention addresses, we could have no fault to find. But when he goes out of these legitimate bounds, and has the boldness (we are using a very mild word) to denounce as ignorant and dishonest the Holy Fathers, with the entire body of theologians and sacred interpreters of the Catholic Church, that existed full fifteen hundred years before his petty sect came into existence, one scarcely knows whether to

be indignant at the reckless presumption, or to laugh outright at the silly extravagance of such language. Here are his own words :

"A careful study of each text quoted by its defenders (*i. e.*, the Scripture argument for auricular confession and priestly absolution) shows that it is only by gross perversion, false interpretation, and unfair dealing, that any one of them can be forced into the unnatural duty of sustaining such teaching. The uniform testimony of *every honest and well-learned interpreter of God's Word* is that private auricular confession to a priest as a duty of Christians, with a view to sacerdotal absolution, is nowhere taught in the Scriptures; but, on the contrary, its whole tone and teaching thoroughly condemns it as foreign to, and derogatory of, the work and person of Christ as the one Mediator of the New Covenant" (pp. 4, 5).

In the bishop's opinion, therefore, there has not been in the Catholic Church from the days of the Apostles down to the present, among all her fathers, doctors, theologians, even one "honest and well-learned" interpreter. They are all, without exception, guilty of "gross perversion, false interpretation, and unfair dealing." Is the bishop aware that this sweeping condemnation involves some of the best and most learned of his own denomination? As regards the fathers and doctors of the Church, even were they not viewed as guardians and exponents of her traditional understanding and teaching of Scripture, but as standing solely on their own merits, any sensible man would reckon it safer to take his chance of erring with the Augustines, Jeromes, Hilarys, Leos, and Gregorys, than to trust to the novel interpretation of a Protestant bishop in the nineteenth century and his partisan witnesses, Mansell and Westcott. And as we intimated, the Ritualists can, in support of their opinion, produce from among theologians of the Anglican communion interpreters as "honest and well-learned" as Bishop Stevens, names as weighty as those of Mansell or Westcott, to prove that Christ left really and truly to His Church the power of forgiving sins by priestly absolution in individual cases. They can appeal, to mention only a few, to Bishop Pearson, Dr. Hammond, his own predecessor, Bishop White, of Pennsylvania. They can appeal to the great King James I., to whose spiritual omnipotence Bishop Stevens and with him the Episcopal Church owe it, that the very word *bishop*, whence she derives her name and character, has not been expunged from her Bible. They can finally appeal to one of the founders of their Church, the "Saint and Holy Martyr" Cranmer, who acted as Father Confessor to the unhappy Ann Boleyn.

It does not by any means enter into our purpose to allege here the Holy Fathers in support of the Catholic doctrine of oral confession and priestly absolution. One of them, however, has a few words to the point, which it may not be amiss to quote. Bishop Stevens seems to think that the adoption of confession and absolution would "un-Protestantize our (the Anglican) Church and



turn it back into the Dark Ages of the Faith" (p. 24). The bishop either forgets or passes over with wilful slight what constitutes the very essence of the creed he professes. The adoption of any and every opinion, whether it be well-founded doctrine or idle vagary, provided it be not adopted out of deference to church authority but evolved out of the depths of private judgment, far from *un-Protestantizing*, but renders one more thoroughly and consistently *Protestant*. The bishop speaks of un-Protestantizing "OUR Church." Is the Church, to which he belongs, and of which he calls himself bishop, a church at all? Most assuredly not, unless it be the true Church. For Christ built not many churches, but One True Church. And how is the bishop or any one else to make sure whether his Church be the True One, or only a false pretender to the name? Here is precisely where our quotation comes in. Lactantius in the fourth century tells us how to decide without danger of error. "THAT (he says) is the True Church, in which there is to be found confession and penance." He might, as other fathers do, have assigned other marks and characteristics, by which to distinguish the True Church, her unity, apostolicity, indefectibility, and the like. But he considered her title sufficiently established by the possession of that sacrament, which includes confession and penance. His words deserve to be given in full:

"Sola igitur Catholica Ecclesia est, quae verum cultum retinet. Hic est fons veritatis, hoc domicilium fidei, hoc templum Dei; quod si quis non intraverit, vel a quo si quis exiverit, a spe vitae ac salutis aeternae alienus est. Neminem sibi oportet pertinaci concertatione blandiri. Agitur enim de vita et salute; cui nisi caute ac diligenter consulatur, amissa et extincta erit. Sed tamen quia singuli quique coetus haereticorum se potissimum Christianos et suam esse Catholicam Ecclesiam putant, sciendum est ILLAM esse veram in qua est confessio et poenitentia quae peccata et vulnera quibus subjecta est imbecillitas carnis, salubriter curat." (Divin. Inst., lib. iv., cap. xxx. Inter Opera Lactantii ed. Le Brun et Langlet. Du Fresnoy, Paris, 1748. Tom. I., p. 354.)

"It is, then, the Catholic Church alone that retains the true worship. In Her is the source of truth, in Her the dwelling-place of faith, in Her the temple of God; into which if one enter not, out of which if one depart, he forfeits his hope of life and everlasting salvation. Let no one attempt to soothe his conscience by stubbornly disputing this point. For it is a question of life and salvation, for which one must provide with cautious diligence, or it will be hopelessly lost. But since every heretical conventicle imagines itself Christian and its Church Catholic, it is necessary to know that the Catholic Church is THAT, in which are to be found CONFESSION and PENANCE, which is the wholesome remedy for the sins and sores to which weak flesh is liable."

What would Lactantius think of the Church (so called) in which Bishop Stevens is a dignitary, who rails at confession as immoral and scouts the idea of penance as a relic of mediæval darkness? The answer is plain from his words above quoted. It is no church, but an assemblage of heretics who are not Catholics nor even Christians, and have forfeited their title to everlasting salvation.

Were this only the private opinion of Lactantius, it would be entitled to some weight, and should induce prudent men to pause and reflect. But it is not his private opinion. He is only a witness to Catholic doctrine in point. He is only the echo of what the Church taught in his day, and what she taught from the beginning of Christianity.

And now a word to those who are in the same church with Bishop Stevens, but do not share his ultra-Protestant views on confession and absolution. They differ from him *toto calo* on these, and approximate to the objective belief of the Catholic Church. They accordingly fancy themselves to be Catholics, and occasionally presume to usurp that sacred name, whereas in the stern language of Lactantius, they are not even Christians. We speak in logical rigor, and of those only who have opportunities of knowing, who have studied the question, and who, unwilling to yield, attempt by perpetual striving and pertinacious arguing, as the same holy Father says, to still their troubled conscience. God forbid that we should include those, and we hope they are many, around whom invincible ignorance will throw its protecting mantle on the last day! We speak of those who, pretending to be Catholic, are as thoroughly Protestant as Bishop Stevens, because they have no other principle of belief than he has. They only differ in the tortuous roads, into which the private judgment of each has strayed and the discoveries it has made by the way. If some happen to light on a remnant of Catholic truth and take it up ever so fondly, it avails them nothing, for they adopt it on Protestant or anti-Catholic grounds. No one can be a Catholic, who does not accept revealed truth on the testimony of the Church, or who does not believe *all* that she teaches. Whoever picks and chooses even out of her rich store of divine truth is a heretic, as the very word (*ἁρῆσις*, *hæresis*) plainly implies. Nor will it help any one to say that, while rejecting the Catholic Church of to-day, he is nevertheless willing to believe all that the primitive Church believed and taught, and believe it solely on her authority. To him who is honest and right-minded a moment's reflection must make it appear how closely akin to blasphemy is this wretched shift, since it severs the unity of the Church by placing the primitive Church in contradiction with that of to-day; and virtually gives the lie to her Divine spouse, who promised to be with His spotless Bride, not for a century or two, but all days, even to the consummation of the world.

In the whole extent of Bishop Stevens's diocese the only Episcopal congregation, so far, that in its rambles by the road of private judgment has picked up some few scattered fragments of Catholic truth and primitive discipline, is that of St. Clement's in Philadelphia. St. Clement's! How, in the name of Protestant consistency,

did they ever come by this appellation? What possessed them to give their sacred edifice this strange, unmeaning title? They must have known that the name has necessarily an ugly, suspicious sound in orthodox Protestant ears. For, though St. Clement seems to have been a great saint and apostle, yet he labors under the misfortune of having been chosen to be St. Peter's vicar in the government of his Roman See, and after the apostle's martyrdom at Rome his successor in that chair, which Protestant courtesy is fond of styling the Chair of Antichrist. Why then was this odious name made choice of by the congregation or its building committee? For some, perhaps, who have visited the insular birthplace of their modern creed, the name may awaken memories of a handsome temple in London, successor to an ancient shrine which once bore his name and perpetuated his honor, but which, since the coming in of a new religion, has been defiled, desecrated by sacrilegious hands and torn away from its old legitimate worship. But to any one whose travels have led him, whether in a spirit of loving faith or of idle curiosity, to the great centre of European Christianity and cradle of European civilization, the name of "St. Clement's" cannot fail to recall that of a venerable temple, one of the most remarkable in the Eternal City, dating from the earliest age of the Church, and remaining in great part unchanged to this day. There it yet stands at the foot of the Cœlian Hill, still bearing the name of the holy Roman Pope and martyr, St. Clement, in whose honor and under whose invocation it was built up by other Popes, long before private judgment in its pride had invented sectarian bodies under the name of state or national churches, whether their name be Chaldee, Syrian, Greek, Anglican or American Episcopal. Indeed, St. Clement's of Rome is older than any form of heresy or error, either in the Old World or the New. Its massive walls resting on the old agger of Servius Tullius, its graceful columns, its Christian frescoes are all so many eloquent protests against heresy, both ancient and modern. The humble *memoria* that first marked the resting-place of this holy Pope's martyred remains had grown into the lordly basilica ere it saw the rise of those heresies that yet linger in the Eastern or Western world. It saw their birth, and (with God's blessing) will yet survive to witness their downfall and extinction.

If St. Clement could reappear on earth, whom would he recognize as his clients or (not to shock prejudice), we will say, his fellow-worshippers of the same Divine Master? Those who worship at his altar in the Roman basilica, or those who have given his name to an empty edifice, where the Holy of Holies, the sacramental Presence has been never known or has been banished, and where the saint's intercession is either ignored or derided?



His Roman worshippers most likely. For, Rome's faith, praised of old by St. Paul, is such that it bids defiance to all temptation of wavering or faithlessness, as St. Cyprian says ("Eos esse Romanos . . . ad quos perfidia habere non possit accessum"). Could he possibly recognize those who make use of his name, but dishonor it by avowing themselves rebels and enemies to his successors in the Roman See, and scoffers at the greater part of his doctrine? It is most unlikely.

But enough of this. The clergy and parishioners of the Philadelphia St. Clement's have renounced their (so-called) Catholic peculiarities of faith and worship. They have shaken off their attitude of independence and have patched up a treaty of peace with Bishop Stevens, or his convention. It may be a cordial agreement by which they make an honest surrender of their former belief, or it may be (and probably is) a mere cessation of hostilities, a hollow truce, by which they merely pledge themselves, for peace, sake, to outward conformity with the creed of the bishop and his convention. In either case they have surrendered their Protestant principle of private judgment, and have handed themselves over to be led and taught by others, who neither possess nor claim any more authority to teach than their own scholars. They aspired to the impossible height of being Catholics inside of a Protestant fold; and now they have fallen below even the Protestant level. Some of them must be alive to the fact and feel it keenly; and we shall not add another word to aggravate their misfortune and their shame.

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## ENGLISH FICTION.

**I**N the year 1740, less than a century and a half ago, Richardson gave to the world *Pamela*, the first English novel—as the term “novel” is now understood—ever written. Like many other useful discoveries and inventions, this new style of fiction owed its origin partly to accident, as is evident from the account Richardson, in a letter to his friend Aaron Hill, gives of the circumstances which suggested both the story itself and his adoption of it as a theme for his pen. After premising that “a gentleman with whom he was acquainted met with such a story as that of *Pamela* in one of the summer tours which he used to take for his pleasure,” and repeating the details, “which the relater of the story told with transport,” he goes on:

“This, sir, was the foundation of *Pamela*’s story; but little did I think to make a story of it for the press. That was owing to this occasion:

“Mr. Rivington and Mr. Osborne, whose names are on the title-page, had long been urging me to give them a little book (which they were often asked after) of familiar letters on the useful concerns of common life; and at last I yielded to their importunity, and began to recollect such subjects as I thought would be useful in such a design, and formed several letters accordingly, and, among the rest, I thought of giving one or two as cautions to young folks circumstanced as *Pamela* was. Little did I think at first of making one, much less two volumes of it. But when I began to recollect what had so many years before been told me by my friends, I thought the story, if written in an easy and natural manner suitable to the simplicity of it, might possibly introduce a new species of writing that might possibly turn young people into a course of reading different from the pomp and parade of romance writing, and, dismissing the impossible and marvellous with which novels generally abound, might tend to promote the cause of religion and virtue.”

While the above explanation shows that chance had something to do with the striking of this original vein of writing by Richardson, the last paragraph embodies an undoubted inspiration of genius,—the idea of substituting true pictures of nature and healthful moral teachings for the pasteboard and goblin shades, with their wearisome rant and impossible adventures, which had until then made the romance of literature. And the fact that substantially the same idea had already occurred to Le Sage and Cervantes seems to prove that the birth of the fiction of the present day as distinguished from the romance preceding it was the result of one of those general movements of the human mind which, by an invariable law of nature, culminate in the genius of some man or men, whose strong individual inspiration concentrates to form and life the vague aspiration or yearning of the many. In a word, the intelligence of the general reader having advanced beyond that point of development which may be called the period of mental childhood, could no longer be amused and satisfied with the unreal imaginations that

are accepted by minds immature either in age or culture,—the minds of children and half-educated men,—but demanded a more rational intellectual entertainment,—the delineation of character which should reflect instead of exaggerating and caricaturing life, and the relation of incident probable as well as diverting. And so there came into existence that which has grown to be such a prominent feature of the nineteenth century,—the modern novel.

The newspaper press of Great Britain was long ago called the fourth estate or political power of the realm; and in a different, yet somewhat similar sense, the novel is to-day a power, or, at least, a powerful influence, throughout the civilized world. It is an all-pervading influence, multiform in character, universal in range; appealing to the sympathies, meeting the literary requirements, and gratifying the taste of every reader, be he gentle or simple, learned or unlearned, in morals strait-laced or unbridled, in politics aristocratic or leveller, in religion "devout" or "liberal." Each of these classes, and all of the numerous shades of opinion into which each one of them is divided and subdivided, has its appropriate style of fiction. There is the novel of high life, the novel of low life, the novel of middle-class life; the sentimental, the society, the historical, the moral, the immoral, the sensational, the religious, the humorous, the satiric, the metaphysical, the psychological, the fanatical, the materialistic, the socialistic novel,—of which, taken altogether, hundreds or more are published annually; while, again, every separate book of every separate order is issued by thousands,—in the case of particularly popular novels by tens of thousands; and each copy of each book of each order has, at the most moderate reckoning, an average of a dozen or so readers. By computing roughly the number of volumes thus pouring in a continuous stream from the literary press, and multiplying it by the number of readers, some approximate idea may be obtained of what the novel, as an entity, is.

To estimate the full extent of its influence, especially with the young, is almost impossible. It is not only the instinct but the necessity of mankind in the mass to adopt ready-made opinions. Time and intellectual effort must be devoted to the study of any subject, however apparently simple it may be, in order to understand and form a judgment concerning it; and as the vast majority of men and women have neither inclination, capacity, nor leisure for such study, they are compelled to accept the *dicta* of the comparatively small minority of thinkers and writers who are the professional exponents of opinion. Now, as an advocate of opinion, the novel possesses peculiar advantages.

Very little exertion is required to read a novel. It does not argue,—it asserts; it does not task, but amuses the faculties; it



affords a pleasure, passive yet exciting, often intense, without disturbing that mental indolence which is the rule rather than the exception with all but a very trifling proportion as to numbers of the reading world even. The mind must put on its armor to cope with science in the simplest of her many forms; it must be in full dress to pay due homage to the pomp of verse; but it may sit down comfortably in dressing-gown and slippers to read a novel.

And sitting thus at ease, what an *olla podrida* of fancy, sentiment, wit, satire, humor, irony, philosophy, and ethics is set before it! For another recommendation of this, the most unpretentious species of literature, is the number and diversity of qualities by which it suits itself to the needs and tastes of both the moral and the intellectual man. It combines in some sort the attractions of music, painting, poetry, and the drama. Like music and poetry it speaks in its pathos and passion to all those mystic emotions of the heart which are as much a part of youth as flowers are of springtime, and which often last, in the memory at least, through life. Like painting and the drama its descriptions present—only to the mind's eye, it is true, but yet with astonishing vividness and power—pictures innumerable and in endless variety. Pictures of the real world of nature and of man in its fairest forms and brightest coloring, thus delighting that sense of the beautiful which, existing to some extent in the rudest hearts, becomes a positive passion as the mind advances in culture; and pictures or revelations of that inner world of thought, imagination, emotion, the delineation and analysis of which constitute the charm of the highest order of dramatic writing and representation. Furthermore it addresses itself to the love of the marvellous, one of the strongest as well as most universal characteristics of the human mind.

To sum up thus the general qualities of the novel is merely to show what it is in itself; what its effect on the world has been, is, and must continue to be, is another question—in fact, bears the same relation to its individualism, so to speak, that the career of a man bears to his personal character; and fiction, considered from the last point of view, makes no exception to the rule that there is a good and bad side to everything of natural or human origin. It has its uses and it has its abuses, and for a long time the world inclined to the opinion that of the two the latter predominated. Richardson's novels were welcomed with acclamation, not only by the public, but by the strictest moralist of his day,—the character of *Sir Charles Grandison* in especial being commended even from the pulpit as the model of the perfect man. But following fast the stately tread of this irreproachable hero came *Tom Jones* and *Roderick Random*, portraiture of a very different description, and which were very differently received; and the disapproval excited

by these books, and the crowds of similar productions from the same authors and their many imitators, soon attached itself, in the estimation of most of the world, to the very name of novel. Miss Edgeworth's works, succeeded as they were almost immediately by the wonderful romances of Scott, caused the first movement towards a reaction of opinion in favor of this class of writing; but so strong was the then existing prejudice against it, that the progress of a less condemnatory feeling, from either a literary or moral standpoint, was very gradual.

Gradual but steady. It is still very much a custom to inveigh against romances and the pernicious influence they exercise; and it must be confessed that, properly qualified, this censure is just,—nay, that the most confirmed pessimist could not well exaggerate the capacity to do harm which lurks in the pages of many novels. Nevertheless, fiction in its broad sense is now neither ignored by the Republic of Letters, nor sweepingly condemned by the voice of Morality. With both these tribunals each single novel rests on its own merits, is judged discriminatively, and ranks according to such judgment. Some few works of imagination are admitted by the sternest critics to be important contributions to literature; others of later date than Richardson's have proved themselves valuable auxiliaries on the side of right in that contest between good and evil which is unceasing in human action and human thought. No inconsiderable number are unequivocally bad in every respect, while the majority may be called negative in character, showing, necessarily, checkered pictures of life, from which the reader deduces benefit or hurt to himself precisely in the ratio that his nature sympathizes with and inclines to good or to evil.

It is worth while to examine the subject impartially and consider the relative proportions of the evil and the good which can be traced to their influence.

The evil which is or can be effected by the reading of novels may be comprised under four heads: first, by the temptation to an inordinate waste of time over their pages; secondly, by fostering in weak and undisciplined minds a sickly sentimentality, with extravagant expectations of life; thirdly, by exciting, it may be said cultivating, the passions, corrupting the morals, and undermining the principles in a dangerously insidious manner; fourthly, by the inculcation of false ideas and erroneous opinions, and by the misstatement of facts.

A large class of people, women particularly, and more especially young women, are addicted to novel-reading in what may be called an opium-eating spirit. They take novels as at once stimulant and narcotic,—as producing a pleasant mental excitement while also abstracting consciousness from surrounding dulness or annoyance;

and the pleasure and relief thus obtained are often purchased by a serious neglect of duty ; by spending time that ought to be devoted to other purposes in this fruitless amusement, the indulgence of which, in addition to waste of time, begets impatience and fretfulness when it is broken in upon, with a general languor and indifference about the affairs and in all the relations of real life. When possessed by the mania for romance-reading daughters become peevishly undutiful, wives selfishly indolent and unamiable, mothers criminally indifferent and careless, and even men, though in general not such devotees to the charms of fiction as are women, occasionally indulge the taste for it until they fall into unmasculine habits of dreamy inaction. In fact, this craving for mental stimulant and the effect produced by its indulgence are the same in character, though happily by no means the same in degree, as the appetites and their gratification of the drunkard and opium-eater ; and, like the passion for brandy and morphine, the harm which results is altogether disproportioned to the seeming trivialness of the temptation.

Another class of readers turn fiction into a mischief by accepting it too literally ; that is, by regarding it as fact instead of fiction, and expecting to find in the world about them all the fine people, fine things, and fine sentiments with which their favorite romances have made them, in imagination, familiar. Disappointed in this expectation, they give way to maundering discontent, not unfrequently to chronic ill-temper, making themselves nuisances to their family and friends. As, however, this class is, comparatively speaking, small,—composed principally of idle young ladies, with an inconsiderable proportion of the adolescent of the other sex,—and as this pseudo-sentimentalism seldom survives the period of extreme youth, the harm produced cannot be counted very serious, unless it is complicated with one or more of the other evils enumerated.

The third and fourth of these evils almost invariably go together, since, though different in themselves—one affecting the moral and one the intellectual sense of man—they act so reciprocally upon each other that it is scarcely possible for them to exist apart. Thus, when the moral sense is clouded and destroyed by appeals to the passions and imagination, it rarely fails to seduce the intellect into faith in its own delusions ; and when the judgment has been deceived and led astray by false assertion and sophistical argument, it is supported in its error by all the strength of passion and imagination. While infinitely more grave in nature, they are not so apparent on the surface as the two already touched upon. It is, indeed, an evident fact that when a vicious novel has a large circulation it must be extensively read—is attractive to a great many people, that is to say. But so far as the individual book is



concerned, this attraction may be based on other ground than that of its objectionable morality. If it has exceptional literary merit, or if it happens to illustrate and support some temporary sensation of the day, or even if, without any very marked claim to ability, the interest of the narrative is so well sustained that the attention of the reader does not flag from the first page to the last, its popularity is assured. It will be read by everybody who reads anything. Men knowingly consume poison in the form of absinthe and chloral, and women knowingly eat poison-tinted bon-bons and wear poison-dyed dress fabrics; and on the same principle, the best intentioned people often read bad novels, tolerating their immorality in consideration of the agreeable qualities by which it is accompanied, and forgetting, while countenancing such works in the eyes of more careless moralists, that though cause must inevitably be followed by effect, effect is not necessarily immediate. Grain which is cast into the ground does not spring up in a day; the vital germ must have time to fructify. And so with books; their influence does not show itself at once, but it is in process of growth, and in due time its harvest appears.

In how much the lax morality and false theories now so prevalent may be attributed to the present efflorescence of fiction, it is not easy to determine, as other causes exist which have been more potent than the influence of the novel, in moulding the character of the age, fiction itself, moreover, as before remarked, being but the outcome and expression of the spirit of the age. But to prove what a weighty and corrupting influence an able writer may exert in leading public opinion, it is only necessary to borrow a single example from German literature. To Goethe's idealization of the crimes of self-murder and adulterous love is certainly attributable in a degree—and no small degree—two of the worst evils of the time,—the frequency of suicide and the laws of divorce. It is no new thing to say this. It is an often acknowledged fact that in *The Sorrows of Werter* and *Elective Affinities* Goethe was the eloquent and successful advocate of suicide and divorce, as shown by statistical results in Germany; from whence, in the course of years, both the one and the other have spread so universally, that there is everywhere a large and growing percentage of suicides in all mortuary lists, and in the whole civilized world the law of divorce finds now but one uncompromising enemy,—the Catholic Church. It may further be remarked in passing, that fiction has latterly done much in Germany to propagate and popularize materialistic opinions; and whether the long list of moral and mental poison-venders in France, beginning with Rousseau and coming down to Dumas fils and Zola, have done most to foster licentious morals, or to

implant and develop communistic principles in the national character, who can say?

English fiction, fortunately, does not present a parallel case among its writers of note, at least, to that of the great German poet. No English novelist of ability and character has ever yet appeared openly as the champion of vices condemned by the Decalogue. But it is unquestionable that many romancists of eminent talent and reputation, while professedly moral in sentiment, have, perhaps unintentionally and unconsciously, made vice familiar and attractive to the minds of their readers, by dwelling upon it too much, and putting into the mouths of their most admired characters too specious arguments in its defence. In the case of Miss Brontë's novel, *Jane Eyre*, for instance, the freshness of style, graphic power of character-painting, and vividly exciting interest of the story, cause most readers to excuse if not to overlook the coarseness and (to use a mild expression) strong sensualism with which its pages abound. The writer, according to the testimony of her friend and biographer, Mrs. Gaskell, was both astonished and shocked when another author said to her incidentally one day, "You know we have both written naughty books." She could not see the matter in that light; but the justice of the allegation has been fully vindicated by the result. The book was read eagerly, achieved an immense success, and became the model of a school of sensual writing which, equally with the highly wrought pictures of licentiousness and crime that now flood the literary market, under the title of "sensational novels," has undoubtedly had a tendency to tarnish in the minds of the young that purity of thought which is the best safeguard to purity of heart and life.

Now, as opposed to all these evils, what compensating good does fiction confer upon the world?

First, there is its recreating power. As wine, brandy, and opium, used reasonably and medicinally, are advantages, even blessings to the physical man, so novels, if judiciously selected, and read in moderation, are enlivening, beneficial, and medicinal to his spirit. To the victim of *ennui*, the hard-worker, the overworked, and the invalid, they are a resource which no other kind of book, nor any other kind of amusement can afford. How many idle hours that might be worse employed are spent in reading novels? How often when the brain is too tired for the slightest exertion, yet too restless to remain quiescent, does the passive entertainment of a romance lull, refresh, and reinvigorate its energies! Above all, does not a novel, often as really as opium, deaden the consciousness of pain, enabling anxious watchers to give to the weary sufferers bound down upon sick beds a pleasure which nothing else can bestow? Who has not many times felt that the novel which possesses the magical

spell to soothe and charm the hours of illness, is more precious than gold and jewels; is, indeed, like Mercy itself, "twice blessed;" in that "it blesses him that gives and him that takes." Fiction is the middle ground in the world of books, where every mental rank may meet and fraternize a little. The shallowest capacity can appreciate, the most profound intellect rarely disdains them. The mediocre intelligence is elevated from the dead-level of commonplace real life, its native element, by a short range in the fields of fancy, and the mind which dwells habitually on empyrean heights of thought needs to descend sometimes and relax its overstrained faculties in a lower and warmer atmosphere.

Secondly, there is the information and instruction which are almost insensibly acquired by the most careless reader from the pages of even the poorest novels. Thousands of men and tens of thousands of women who never touch works of grave tone, who have no inclination for general literature, and do not so much as read newspapers, are insatiable devourers of novels; and from these much-maligned volumes learn many things of which they would otherwise remain ignorant—many things in the way of useful as well as literary information, which it is next to impossible for much better-read people than the class in question to become acquainted with through any other channel. For it is the specialty of the novel that it covers broader ground, is at once more versatile and more practically homely—in the favorite art-term of the day, more realistic—in detail, than all other books; and also, that it teaches by illustration and deduction, a mode of imparting knowledge which is adapted to the comprehension of the dullest, and at the same time is agreeable to the quickest intelligence.

With regard to the more serious evils enumerated, which, undeniably, are dark enough, it is gratifying to look at the other, the bright side of the picture, and find that while each one of them has what may be called an antithetical good, there are several very substantial benefits resulting to the world from the writing and reading of novels which, so far as can be perceived, are not neutralized by any counterbalancing evils.

Of these benefits an important one is the amount of employment which this branch of literature affords in many different ways to many different classes of workers as a means of living. It is not an exaggeration to say that in a material point of view it constitutes one of the industries of the world. To the writer it is a liberal profession that ranks very fairly both in credit and profit with most professions; to the publisher, booksellers, paper-manufacturer, and type-founder, it is a commercial interest of no small value; to the compositor, journeyman printer, and bookbinder, it is daily wages;



to the news-vender it is often daily bread. A computation of the net profit accruing to everybody concerned in the production, issue, and sale of a single novel would probably present a surprisingly large total; and that of the aggregate monetary worth per annum of all the fiction published—including the periodical literature coming under that head—would certainly show immense proportions.

Nor is it only in the sense of barter and sale that fiction has been useful in promoting the material prosperity, not merely of individuals, but of countries. The crying evil of Irish landlord absenteeism was checked, and in a considerable degree corrected, for the time at least, by the startling presentment of its enormity, in a novel from the pen of Miss Edgeworth; and the wish expressed by Sir Walter Scott, that he could do as much for Scotland as she had done for Ireland, has been more than fulfilled. His writings poured through the hills and dales of his native land a river of Pactolus, which continues to flow even to the present day in the stream of tourists who go to visit the places made classic by his genius. On different ground still, Captain Marryat rendered excellent service to *his* country, by showing up in his novels many conventional wrongs and necessities in naval matters which needed redress. The value of the information and suggestions thus communicated was proved conclusively by the attention they received from the English Admiralty.

The instances just cited are prominent examples of the good which has been effected by novels, but there is a much more widespread influence which, like the counter-influence already noticed, while little perceptible on the surface of social life (taking that term in its broadest significance), acts strongly and directly upon individual character. Many writers have chosen to apply fiction as a vehicle for the dissemination of evil teaching; but a greater number of English writers have employed it in the beneficent spirit of its originator, to give innocent amusement, to convey wholesome instruction, and to correct certain abuses that cannot be dealt with so effectually in any other way. Drawing up a balance-sheet between the evil and the good, it may reasonably be considered that, on the whole, the good predominates.

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INFLUENCE OF THE SUN ON TERRESTRIAL  
MAGNETISM.

**A**MONG the many branches of natural science as studied in our day, few are more interesting than that of physical astronomy. Our globe, with its thousand secret marvels, revealing themselves to a skilful and untiring investigation, the earth's crust and the history of the successive changes wrought upon it, the threefold kingdom of nature with its endless beauty and variety in mineral, vegetable, and animal species, all these cannot fail to strike the curious, wonder-seeking mind, and command it to pause and admire.

But that is a limited and unsatisfying branch of natural science which confines itself to our globe only, mere speck as it is in the universe of heavenly bodies. The mind covets a wider field to range in, and such a field it enters when, from the well-known principles of physics which it has verified on this earth of ours, it seeks to detect and account for what is taking place in other spheres, tries to determine their mutual relations, and to describe, in a measure, their physical constitution. From the subtilty of such investigations, and from the results obtained, we derive a pleasure like that we feel when we recall to mind Leverrier's wonderful discovery of Neptune, or Newton's proof of the identity of terrestrial with universal gravitation. Take, for example, the intense interest aroused by the study of spectral analysis, once we have passed from mere laboratory work to the observation of heavenly bodies. To be able to scan the utmost limits of the heavens, to examine daily the strange transformation of solar spots and protuberances, and calculate with almost mathematical precision the force of the sun's eruptive streams, and the velocity of the stars in their movements toward and away from us, and all this with so small and unpretending an instrument as the spectroscope, is beyond doubt fascinating to the mind.

Foremost among the studies that promise to make us better acquainted with certain striking phenomena of the heavenly bodies, and the close relation they bear to like phenomena on our globe, is Terrestrial Magnetism. Of this study the late English scientist, James Clerk Maxwell, in his treatise on electricity and magnetism, says: "The field of investigation into which we are introduced by the study of terrestrial magnetism is as profound as it is extensive. We know that the sun and the moon act on the earth's magnetism;" and, a little further on, speaking of the variation of this agent, he adds: "When we consider that the intensity of the magnetization of the great globe of the earth is quite comparable with

that which we produce with much difficulty in our steel magnets, these immense changes in so large a body force us to conclude that we are not yet acquainted with one of the most powerful agents in nature."

The object of this article is to present to the reader as complete an account of the results achieved in this branch of science as can be given without entering into the mathematical treatment of the subject. Science has not perhaps made so many advances in this as in other fields, but still, besides offering a glimpse of some remarkable phenomena to our view, it has shown that terrestrial magnetism depends upon solar, and probably also on planetary, influences. Moreover, the earth's magnetism maintains close relations with the thousands of meteors daily passing through our atmosphere; so that with the progress of investigation we may hope to arrive at a more intimate knowledge of the connection existing between cosmical phenomena, especially as regards their influence on our own atmosphere.

A knowledge of magnetism, though a vague and incomplete one, dates from ancient times. The early poets and historians speak of the attraction of magnets, which were so named from the province of Magnesia in Lydia, where the Greeks first obtained them. Owing to their property of attraction the French call them *aimants*, that is, *love stones*; but they are more commonly known by the old Saxon term, *lode* or *leading* stones. The property first noticed in them seems to be identical with that possessed by the common compass-needle. It is related by Humboldt that an apparatus of this kind, that is to say, a compass, was presented during the reign of Techew, 1100 B. C., to the ambassadors of Tonquin and Cochin China, to guide them over the vast plains they would have to cross on their homeward journey. Though first used on land, the compass was eventually adapted to nautical purposes, and in the fourth century of the Christian era Chinese vessels visited Indian ports and the eastern coast of Africa under the guidance of a compass. Whatever may be the value of this narration, which is given by only a few historians, we know from most trustworthy sources that Europeans were acquainted with the use of the compass before the twelfth century. By subsequent investigations the properties of magnets became better ascertained; especially from the time that Coulomb examined magnetism after a purely scientific method.

With all his research, however, Coulomb did not discover that magnetism was connected with other physical agents of nature; nor was any such connection established until, in 1818, the action of electrical currents on the needle was shown by Ørsted. In the hands of Ampère and Faraday this discovery became afterwards the origin of a new branch of Physics, Electro-magnetism, "the



study of which," says Maxwell, "in all its extent, has now become of the first importance as a means of promoting the progress of science." Facts prove the truth of this remark, for this branch of physics is intimately connected with the latest and most useful discoveries in electricity, with the telegraph, with magneto-electric machines, with the electro-motor, and with other inventions of which our century is so justly proud.

It is not intended to explain here the general principles of magnetism, or the steps by which it has been raised to its actual position in science. Mention shall merely be made of what may serve to explain the influence of the sun on the magnetism of our globe, or, rather, it will be attempted to show how from the observation of the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism, we can proceed to a study of the influence exerted on our globe by the sun, and in all likelihood by the planets.

Here, as in many other points of scientific investigation, we must carefully distinguish at the outset between well-established facts, and theories or hypotheses deduced from them, which are sometimes advanced before a complete induction gives them a perfect certainty. To start, then, with a thing certain, the earth is a great magnet. This fact, suspected all along to be such from the time of the invention of the compass, was over three centuries ago proved by scientific arguments. Not to mention others who turned their attention to demonstrating it, Dr. W. Gilbert, physician to Queen Elizabeth of England, published towards the year 1600 a book entitled *De Magnete*, in which we find it as fully proved as facts then known might allow. More ample testimony, however, is in our possession from the latest developments in terrestrial magnetism, as may be seen from the three following experiments.

If we take a small needle, capable of oscillating in a vertical plane, and move it to and fro above a powerful magnet, in such a way that the plane of oscillation passes through the magnet, the needle will be perfectly horizontal when over the middle of the magnet. As we move it, however, towards either extremity, its angle with the horizon is seen to vary, owing to the attraction of the magnet, until, when directly over the extremities, the needle is wholly vertical. Of course each end of the magnet attracts the pole of contrary name in the needle. If now we make the plane of oscillation perpendicular to the former oscillating plane, the needle remains vertical over the first half of the magnet, becomes astatic when over the middle of it, and is vertical again when passing over the other half, only changing the position of its poles. Now this experiment reproduces exactly what occurs to the dipping needle or inclination compass as we carry it along the same magnetic meridian from one hemisphere to another. In both cases the

phenomena are identical, so that, substituting the term earth for magnet, we can express in the very same words as those used above the various positions taken by the dipping-needle with regard to the earth. Thus the first position of the needle with regard to the magnet corresponds to the position of the dipping needle oscillating in the magnetic meridian; and the second, corresponds to the position of the dipping-needle oscillating in a plane perpendicular to it.

A similar argument could be deduced from what happens in the case of the declination-compass. It is better, however, to consider other sources from which proofs are drawn of the similarity between the earth and magnets. The most ordinary of these sources are magnetic and magneto-electric inductions. By magnetic inductions is meant the influence exerted by a magnet on a magnetic substance, as for instance, soft iron, whereby the latter, when influenced by the magnet, acquires properties similar to those of the magnet itself. Now, soft iron is influenced in the same way by the earth. A bar of perfectly soft iron placed parallel to the dipping-needle becomes a temporary magnet; if not perfectly soft, it may be made a somewhat temporary magnet by striking it when it is in this position, in the same way as if you were to strike it when it is under the influence of a magnet. It is this property which turns so many iron columns, railings, and car-rails into magnets; and a similar influence often changes the iron on ships into powerful magnets, which would prove a serious hindrance to navigation, by preventing a right use of the compass, if not compensated for by some expedient.

But a still better proof of the earth's magnetism is obtained from a comparison of magneto-electric with telluric induction. The principles by which electric currents are developed in magneto-electric machines, such as Clarke's, Gramme's, Siemens's, Weston's, Brush's, and others resembling these are generally known. In Clarke's, for instance, by revolving a couple of bobbins before a magnet, we obtain at each revolution four induced currents, running two and two in opposite directions, which, by means of the well-known commutator, may be afterwards turned in the same direction, and thus be made to produce the effects of galvanic currents. Now, Palmieri, in Italy, and Delezenne, in France, have invented, independently of each other, an apparatus in which currents are produced by the earth's influence, similar in quality, number, direction, and efficiency, to those of Clarke's machine. The ordinary form of this machine is that known under the name of Delezenne's Circle, which, when turned in such a way that its axis of revolution is in the magnetic meridian, perpendicular to the dipping-needle, produces the same four currents as Clarke's machine. When received

by a commutator these currents are capable of producing the same physical, chemical, luminous, calorific, and physiological effects as any electro-magnetic machine.

These, and other proofs that might be adduced, show beyond doubt that the earth is a magnet. We may add that it is a very great magnet, so great and so powerful that, according to the investigations of Gauss, the absolute magnetic intensity of each cubic meter of the earth must be equivalent to that of eight saturated steel magnetic bars, each of a pound in weight. There is a difference, however, between our ordinary magnets and the earth. The magnetic power of the former, as far as observation goes, is constant; it may be lost gradually, but it is by no means vacillating or subject to increase and decrease. In the earth, on the contrary, magnetism is variable, according to difference of place, and is subject, besides, to a variety of changes in each place. These changes have all along attracted the attention of scientific observers, and are now followed and studied more closely than ever before. How such observations are recorded is too well known to need explanation. Suffice it to add that these changes occur, some accidentally, some regularly, both annually and daily, and regard not only the declination of magnetic force, but also its inclination and intensity.

On examining these annual and daily variations, we find our first direct proof of the sun's influence on terrestrial magnetism. On this influence, so widely admitted by physicists and astronomers, we have already quoted the words of Maxwell. Father Secchi, speaking on the same subject, says that evidences of this influence may be found in the investigations made in all countries, for the most part by English observers, during the last half century. He himself infers its existence from several special facts regarding the above-mentioned annual and daily variations, of which we need instance but two. And first, on the daily variation, Father Secchi remarks that "the extremity of the declination-needle which is directed toward the sun, that is, the south-seeking pole in our hemisphere, moves westward, as though repelled by the sun, from sunrise until noon, and moves back again to the east from noon until sunset. A like phenomenon takes place at night, when the sun again passes the meridian, with a slower oscillation," owing, of course, to the greater distance from the sun. Concerning the annual variation, he observes that "the annual maxima and minima are dependent upon the apogee and perigee of the sun." These facts certainly show that terrestrial magnetism is influenced by the sun.

But a new proof, a very good one, is derived from the periodical changes of the earth's magnetic variation, either regular or irregular. Of late years careful observation has revealed that their



increase or decrease takes up a cycle of little over eleven years, so that nine such cycles occur within each century; and that, furthermore, these cycles are common to other phenomena, coinciding with the cycle of the maxima and minima of solar spots, with the number and size of solar protuberances, and probably with some periodical change in the apparent diameter of the sun. A similar cycle has been found common to polar auroras, to cyclones, and to other atmospheric phenomena; and as these coincidences are not merely a proof of the existence, but a clue also to the nature of solar influence, we must give a more detailed account of them.

The existence of these unsuspected coincidences, especially in the cycle of the solar spots, has become a scientific fact since the close investigation devoted of late to this subject, chiefly by Messrs. Fritz and Wolf, the latter the director of the Munich observatory. This discovery, like so many others, is due to the combined efforts of several skilful observers, prominent among whom were Carrington, Spörer, Secchi, De la Rue, Balfour Stewart, Loewy, Young, and the Kew observers; but the first statement of it must be attributed to the work of three other able scientists. In 1826 Hofrath Schwabe, of Dessau, Germany, began his daily observations on the number, size, and position of the spots, which are often visible on the solar disk, and these observations, with the perseverance of his countrymen, he kept up for nearly half a century. His long studies at last made manifest that the above-mentioned cycle does really correspond with the times for increase and decrease in the solar spots, and that it extends somewhat beyond eleven years, though at first it seemed a little shorter. About the same time it was announced by Professor Lamont, of Munich, that the daily range of the needle's variations passed through the same cycle; and shortly after General Sabine, of England, discovered this identical fact from a study of the magnetic observations taken at stations so far apart from each other as the English observatories of St. Helena, of Hobart Town in Tasmania, of Toronto in Canada, of Madras in India; as well as from those taken at Washington, Rome, St. Petersburg, Prague, and Vienna. In fact, so apparent is this coincidence from a comparison of the tabular statements in both cases, that we readily agree with Father Secchi in saying that "astronomers unanimously admit such a coincidence." There have been, it is true, some few scientists who ventured to doubt it; but their own explanations of the matter lead us to the discovery of another cycle, about five times longer than the former, in which the maxima and minima of solar spots are more pronounced. To this second period we shall presently advert again.

This cycle of eleven years, we remarked above, measures also

the maxima and minima of solar protuberances. At this no one will be surprised who is acquainted with the latest discoveries made by spectrum analysis, since, even apart from all observations, we might conclude that it is so. For solar spots, as well as solar protuberances, proceed from gaseous eruptions of the photosphere, whose effect is to throw to great distances enormous masses of vapors of different substances, especially of hydrogen. When these vapors go beyond the chromosphere they appear under the form of protuberances; when, after cooling and condensing, they sink into the photosphere, they form the solar spots. Both phenomena, therefore, depend upon solar activity. Now, this activity has increases and decreases measured by a period of eleven years, as appears from the cycle of the solar spots, and also from the periodical variation in the apparent diameter of the sun, "a phenomenon," says Father Secchi, "which, according to the investigations of Mr. Wolf and Father Rosa, of the Society of Jesus, coincides with that of the solar spots."

No wonder, then, that the protuberances and magnetic variation take place at synchronous intervals. Direct observations on this synchronism cannot date very far back, since it was only in 1868 that Lockyer and Janssens discovered their wonderful method of observing these protuberances outside of the time of eclipses; such as we have, however, strongly confirm it. These were made chiefly by Lockyer, Secchi, Respighi, and Young. One observation made before this epoch seems to show this coincidence very closely. We shall give an account of it in the words of Sir John Herschel: "So late as September 1st, 1859, when the spots were very large," he says, "two observers, far apart and unknown to each other, were viewing them with powerful telescopes, when suddenly, at the same moment of time, both saw a strikingly brilliant luminous appearance, like a cloud of light far brighter than the general surface of the sun, break out in the immediate neighborhood of the spots and sweep across and beside it. It occupied about five minutes in its passage, and in that time travelled over a space on the sun's surface which could not be estimated at less than 35,000 miles. A magnetic storm was in progress at the time. From August 28th to September 4th many indications showed the earth to have been in a perfect convulsion of electro-magnetism." And it may be added that at Kew, where there are self-registering magnetic instruments, it was found that the magnetic needles had made a strongly marked jerk from their former positions at the very moment when the bright light had been seen crossing the solar spot, thus showing that the magnetic influence had reached the earth at the same time as the light. Herschell thus continues: "By degrees accounts began to pour in of great auroras seen on the nights of those days,

not only in these latitudes, but at Rome, in the West Indies, on the tropics, within  $18^{\circ}$  of the equator (where they hardly ever appear), nay, what is still more striking, in South America and in Australia, where, at Melbourne, on the night of the second of September, the greatest aurora ever seen made its appearance. These auroras were accompanied by unusually great electro-magnetic disturbances in every part of the world. In many places the telegraphic wires struck work. At Washington and Philadelphia, in America, the telegraph signal men received severe electric shocks. At a station in Norway the telegraphic apparatus was set fire to; and at Boston, in North America, a flame of fire followed the pen of Bain's electric telegraph, which writes down the message on chemically prepared paper."

In these last words of Herschel there is mention of another coincidence, of that coincidence existing between solar magnetic variations and electrical atmospheric phenomena, so that the same cycle which represents the increase and decrease of solar spots, protuberances, and magnetic variations, represents also the increase and decrease of polar lights or auroras, and of all other phenomena which are either electrical themselves, or closely connected with atmospheric electricity. And rightly so, since it is now fully ascertained that the only cause of atmospheric electricity is solar calorific action. At the equator, and within the tropics, this action excites a great aqueous evaporation. Now, it is well known that, when water with salts in solution is changed into vapor, the vapors are positively electrified, the liquid remaining in negative electricity. The calorific action, therefore, of the sun is the source of atmospheric electricity, and accounts besides for facts so well ascertained as that of the regular electrical state of the atmosphere (which is ordinarily positively electrical), for that of lightning, and chiefly for that of polar auroras. These latter, indeed, are nothing more than a discharge, under the form of snow or ice, of the positively electrified vapors brought to the pole by the upper currents of our atmosphere. Now, since the activity of the sun, and consequently its calorific action, is greater during the prevalence of the solar spots, it follows that during the maxima of these latter, auroras, and electrical meteors in general, will be more frequent. And so close is the connection between auroras and magnetic variations that, as experiments prove, the appearance of auroras in lower latitudes, where they are seldom visible, has been detected on occasions of magnetic perturbation.

All other phenomena connected with electricity seem also to have maxima and minima corresponding with those of the solar spots; for, since the investigations of Mr. Meldrum, it would seem that cyclones, especially those of the Indian Ocean, and, in all like-



lihood, rainfalls also, have the same cycle as magnetic variations; while even earthquakes and volcanic phenomena, which the study of late years has shown to be connected with electricity, have their increase and decrease measured by the same period of years.

Before leaving this subject it may not be amiss to refer briefly to another class of cosmical phenomena connected with the cycle of all these changes. By some late observations, made mostly in England, it has been found that the location of spots on the sun's surface is apparently dependent upon the position of the planets Mercury, Venus, Jupiter, and Saturn.<sup>1</sup>

Now, three different facts seem to connect the eleven years' cycle with the planet Jupiter. First, the time of its synodic revolution coincides within a few days with the length of the period; again, if we compare the curve-expressing the variation of the solar spots with that representing the distances of the planets from the sun, we shall find, as Wolf did, that they agree very closely; lastly, Schwabe and others believe that the appearance of the well-known periodical spot on Jupiter's surface is connected with the same

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<sup>1</sup> Treating this subject in his "Solar Physics," Lockyer says: "It is an astounding but apparently well-proved fact, that the birth and behavior of spots are regulated by the position of planetary bodies, so that we may cast the horoscope of a sun-spot with some approach to truth. In order to obtain grounds for this conclusion, the Kew observers have laboriously measured the area of all the sun-spots observed by Carrington from 1854 to 1860, and they find, as the result of their inquiries, that a spot has a tendency to break out at that portion of the sun which is nearest to the planet Venus. As the sun rotates, carrying the newly born spot further away from this planet, the spot grows larger, attaining its maximum at the point furthest from Venus, and decreasing again on its approaching this planet. We here speak of Venus, as it appears to be the most influential of the planets in this respect. Jupiter appears also to have much influence; and, more recently, it has been shown that Mercury has an influence of the same nature, although more difficult to discuss on account of his rapid motion. Should, therefore, any two of these planets, or still better, should all three be acting together at the same place upon the sun, we may expect a very large amount of spots, which will attain their maximum at that portion of the sun most remote from these planets." (p. 81.) And in another paper he thus comments on a fuller explanation of the same fact given by the Kew observers: "In a paper communicated to the Royal Society, these observers show that the average size of a spot would appear to attain its maximum on that side of the sun which is turned away from Venus or from Mercury, and to have its minimum in the neighborhood of Venus or of Mercury. In other words, dealing with the part of the sun-spot action which is due to Venus, if you lived on the planet Venus you would never see a sun-spot; and dealing with that portion which refers to the planet Mercury, if you lived on the planet Mercury you would never see a sun-spot, so that, as the maximum is to be found on the side of the sun which is turned away from Venus or from Mercury, naturally a minimum is seen in the neighborhood of Venus or Mercury, as seen from the earth; and the appearance and behavior of this kind is so decided in regard to Venus that the Kew observers have been able to take the observations *en masse*—that is to say, all the observations taken by Carrington, and all the observations taken by themselves; and they have been able to divide them into the Carrington observations and the Kew observations, and they lead absolutely to the same result, namely, that Venus and Mercury have something to do with the birth and death of the spots on the sun." (L. S. P., 380.)

period. Similar indications may be noticed with regard to the other three planets. Thus Balfour Stewart has remarked that the time of two synodic revolutions of Saturn coincides very closely with that of five of Jupiter, a fact which seems to be connected with the fifty-six years' period observed in sun-spots.

So much for the enumeration of facts. Let us only remark in passing that the results already obtained explain the constantly increasing endeavors of both private and public corporations, and the enormous expense incurred, to establish in every quarter stations for observing these phenomena. In so important an undertaking the English government was the first to set an example, and it was quickly followed by Germany and France. Almost everywhere observatories have been erected where solar and planetary phenomena are most carefully studied in all their bearings by means of photography, and where meteorological phenomena are not less attended to. Meteorology is cultivated chiefly in America, and it is gratifying to add that Catholic institutions are everywhere active in making observations. Thus, not to mention the observatory of the Roman College, of Stonyhurst, and of Moncalieri, under the eminent meteorologist, Father Densa, the Barnabite, and many other well-known European stations, there are missions in Chili, Havana, Manila, and Shanghai, from which Jesuit Fathers are constantly contributing very useful observations. In the last-mentioned station, in particular, Father Deschevrens has attracted much notice from scientists by his remarkable observations on cyclones and zodiacal lights, which were lately noticed in the *Compte-rendu* of the French Academy.

Returning to our subject after the consideration of so many wonderful coincidences, we may repeat our statement that the variation of the earth's magnetism gives us a very good proof of the solar influence over it. How can we have any doubt of this fact? General Sabine ended the account of his investigations above-mentioned by these remarkable words:

"The coincidence of the maxima and minima of solar spots and those of the magnetic perturbations, demands a cosmical cause depending upon the sun."

His conclusion was undoubtedly a good one; and still, he considered only one coincidence, while we now can compare many, all of which depend upon the sun's activity. With all reason, then, we can repeat our statement, especially if we call to mind that these phenomena show a perfect coincidence even in the minutest details. To mention but one example out of many, we may state that from a series of observations running through a period of seventeen years, Father Ferrari, of the Society of Jesus, has found that magnetic storms coincide precisely with the times of the

appearance of solar spots, times at which solar activity, and consequently solar influence, is at its maximum. Rather than doubt this influence of the sun on the earth's magnetism, let us admire so wonderful a connection between cosmical phenomena, a connection which recalls to our minds the words of an eminent modern writer :

“ There seems to be a great molecular delicacy of construction in the sun, and probably also, to an inferior extent, in the various planets, and the bond between the sun and the various members of our system appears to be a more intimate one than has hitherto been imagined. *The result of all this will be that a disturbance from without is very easily communicated to our luminary, and that, when it takes place, it communicates a thrill to the very extremities of the system.*”

Thus far we have been establishing the existence of solar influence on terrestrial magnetism, by considering the various phenomena that go to prove it. We are now ready to proceed a step further, and study more closely the nature of its influence. We assert that the sun is very probably the principal, if not the only, cause of terrestrial magnetism. To substantiate our statement we must first recall to the reader's mind the general theory of magnetism, and prove that there are electrical currents running round the earth.

Some forty years ago, after a careful study of electro-dynamics, Ampère published his celebrated theory of magnetism, which is now accepted without reserve by all scientists. As the steps by which he arrived at his conclusion are generally known, we shall confine ourselves to a bare statement of it. The molecules of magnetic substances, he assures us, are each surrounded by electric currents moving in different planes, and free to rotate about the molecules as centres. When any such substance is magnetized, these currents are rendered all parallel and allowed to move in planes perpendicular to the axis of the magnet. Now the coercitive force, which is little in iron, but great in steel, opposes the rotation of these currents, and tends to keep them in any position in which they happen to be. In steel, therefore, and other substances possessing great coercitive force, the parallel direction given to these currents by magnetization will remain; whereas, in soft iron, owing to the slight coercitive force, the primary direction is resumed as magnetization stops.

There are few physical theories so firmly established as this, since it not only explains all the facts hitherto observed regarding magnets, such as poles, the neutral line, the distribution of free magnetism, poles in broken magnets, lines of forces in the magnetic field, etc., but perfectly agrees with the mathematical treatment of the subject, which, however, when pursued according to our modern methods, is wholly independent of physical theories. Besides,



it is confirmed by all the late developments in electricity, and, as we before remarked, all the new inventions, are only so many applications of principles involved in it. But perhaps the best confirmation of it is obtained from what we know to be a fact in the case of terrestrial magnetism. For close observation has shown that the earth as a magnet has its own electric currents circulating around it, like those of solenoids, in precisely the same direction, too, as that indicated by the theory. But how can we observe such currents? In the first place, if these currents exist at all, their direction must be from east to west, so that to an observer placed outside of our globe and looking at them from a point situated north of it they would appear to move in the direction of the hands of a watch. Now, the existence of such currents has been ascertained by direct experiments, which were made for the first time, between Paris and Strasburg, several years ago. By allowing a telegraph wire between these two stations to come in contact with the earth, and introducing into the circuit thus formed one or more galvanometers, currents were found running from east to west, even without applying a battery. This experiment was tried with the same result by Father Secchi in the Papal States, and the existence of the currents was verified by the same process in other localities, especially in our own country.

We may be allowed to mention here, as bearing upon the subject, an experiment of our own made at Woodstock.<sup>1</sup> At the distance of an eighth of a mile from the college building an insulated copper wire was laid, stretching north and south in one of the experiments, in others, east and west, and in others, between intermediate points. The extremities of the wire had no connection with the building; but they were inserted in the earth, thus forming a closed circuit, into which a delicate bell telephone was introduced. Within the building an ordinary Ruhmkorff's coil was worked in the usual way, whilst the extremities of its secondary wire were placed in contact with the earth in spots far distant from the circuit of the telephone. Now, every time that the current was allowed to pass through the primary wire the characteristic noise of the spark was heard in the telephone; and by turning the commutator, whether for a longer or a shorter period of time, signals could be sent to a distance by means of an alphabet similar to that adapted to Morse's telegraph. But what was the cause of this transmission? Those who are acquainted with the sensitiveness of the Bell telephone know that when a wire

<sup>1</sup> This experiment was tried towards the latter part of 1879. Since these pages were written we have seen in the number of the *American Journal of Science* for August, 1880, an article by Professor J. Trowbridge, of Harvard, giving an account of similar experiments.

connected with it is made to cross an ordinary telegraphic line, any message sent on the latter can be heard in the telephone. The currents, while passing in the telegraphic wire, act by induction on the wire of the telephone, and thus produce the sounds perceived in it. And so, in our case, the current of the Ruhmkorff coil produced a disturbance in the earth's currents which was extended to some distance. This disturbance, acting by induction on the wire connected with the telephone, produced currents in it, which, in turn, reproduced the noise of the spark given by the instrument.

As a conclusion to our proofs of the existence of electric currents around the earth, we shall introduce here the words of Father Secchi :

"The existence of these telluric currents is now fully established. They produce in telegraphic wires derived currents, capable at times of giving sparks; and for the five years we had at our disposal a telegraphic wire fifty kilometers long, we found that such currents always existed, and were greatly intensified during magnetic perturbations."

Ampère's theory is verified, then, in the case of our globe; and the earth's magnetism comes from electric currents, whose existence has been ascertained by direct proof. In fact, as De la Rive justly remarks :

"Mr. Barlow has shown, that neither the presence of one magnet (whatever be its nature) at the centre of the earth, as Gilbert maintains, nor yet the combination of two such magnets, as Holley and Hausten suppose, can account for terrestrial magnetism, which must be attributed to currents circulating round the earth."

Again, from observations taken at Greenwich, the royal astronomer Airy arrived at the same conclusion, namely, "that this magnetism is due to electric currents going round the earth." We may add, that these currents account not merely for terrestrial magnetism in general, but also for every one of its features. Regular magnetic variations, for example, are due to currents oscillating from their mean path, and varying regularly in intensity at different hours of the day. The cause of this regular variation in intensity we shall presently point out. Thus, also, magnetic storms are due to the greatly increased intensity of the currents, as in the case of lightning and discharges following auroras. Besides, the mean path of the currents depends, partially, at least, on the unequal conductivity of the earth's crust; and in this fact we may find an explanation of the irregularity of the isogonic and isoclinic lines.

But how shall we explain the cause of these currents themselves? This brings us to the last part of our article, in which we are to show that telluric currents are in all probability produced principally, if not solely, by the sun. In the first place, among the

various terrestrial causes assigned to explain them, we look in vain for anything satisfactory; and as we turn to the sun for light and heat, so, too, we must go thither for an explanation of these currents, especially since they are evidently connected with the earth's rotation, which is regularly affected by solar influence. We hold, therefore, that they are caused by the sun, whether directly by electro-dynamic and magnetic induction, or indirectly from terrestrial phenomena produced immediately by the sun. That there is at least an indirect solar action at work in the case of the currents, is very easily proved, and is admitted by all physicists, though they differ somewhat in their particular explanations. Aimé considers the currents as thermo-electric, and generated by the uneven heating of the earth's surface due to its rotation, and in this way he accounts very securely for the regular annual and daily variations, which are symmetrical on both sides of the equator. This opinion, which at least partially explains the cause of terrestrial magnetism, is substantially the same as Faraday's, who attributes magnetic variations to magnetic properties in atmospheric oxygen, which suffer increase and decrease from the heating and cooling of the atmosphere. De la Rive admits the fact of indirect polar action, and thinks that it accounts very well for regular, but not for irregular variations. These latter he thereupon attributes to the electric currents coming from polar discharges, which, as we have seen, must occur very frequently, and result in polar auroras. Nor does he leave his theory unsupported by successful experiments, prominent among them being one, in which, by means of an electro-magnet, he shows the rotation of inductive currents to be very much like the rotation observed in polar lights. If to all these influences we add the endless number of chemical actions and physical changes constantly taking place on the earth's surface, we shall have ample reason to maintain the indirect production of telluric currents by the sun.

But now the question arises, whether, besides this indirect action, there is any direct or inductive action on the part of the sun. Such action would suppose magnetic properties in the sun, or, in other words, that the sun as well as the earth has electric currents of its own circulating around it. We may ask, therefore, whether there is any ground for such a supposition. De la Rive, with others, thinks there is, and supports his opinion by remarking that General Sabine's inquiries into observations taken at stations far apart from each other, prove that magnetic variations follow not only the sun's relative position for each station, but that they correspond also to its absolute position, which would not happen if the solar action were merely indirect. Besides, he finds it impossible to account for the facts mentioned above as proving—what according to Secchi



they do prove—a solar influence on the earth's magnetism, without admitting some magnetic polarity in the sun. And he adds :

“The sun appears to have electro-dynamic properties (powerful enough to produce telluric currents), for it is very probable that light is due to energetic electric currents which surround it. . . . Astronomers, too, on account of very different phenomena, are disposed to admit magnetic polarity in the sun. Lamont notices that Bessel had already proposed the hypothesis of such a force to explain certain phenomena presented by Halley's comet.”

These reasons, though not fully conclusive, have been considered weighty enough by several eminent astronomers to justify them in believing that universal attraction is, after all, one and the same thing with magnetic attraction. Still, however specious this opinion may appear, it is not as yet supported by any sterling scientific proof, so that we must rest content with referring telluric currents to the indirect influence of the sun, and continue to look upon this influence as the principal cause of terrestrial magnetism.

Before closing this article it may be well to say a word or two on the probable influence of the planets on terrestrial magnetism, regarding which we have already heard Lockyer's opinion. It is needless to remark, that if some of the theories just mentioned are not borne out in such a way as to constitute certainty, those that follow must be much less so ; and in truth they are, for the most part, mere conjectures, though not wholly groundless.

To exert any magnetic influence the planets should be magnets themselves ; that they really are magnets is very probable from what we have seen of the cause of terrestrial magnetism. Indeed the earth under every respect in which it is known is exactly like the other planets. In common with them it is acted upon by universal gravitation, and also by the sun's calorific and luminous radiations ; why, then, as a result of these radiations, should not thermo-electric currents like those of the earth be found in the other planets also ? Besides, we have the opinion of Clerk Maxwell and many others, that the moon really acts on terrestrial magnetism. But the moon may be looked upon not only as a satellite, but also, according to Proctor and others, as a twin planet of the earth ; and as it is as much a magnet as the earth, why may not other planets also be magnetic ? That they are so, is not a mere probability, and to confirm us in this position, we have only to recall what has already been said on the relations between Venus, Mercury, and Jupiter, and the spots on the sun. Let us recall, too, the apparent connection of Jupiter and Saturn with the cycle of eleven years and the cycle of fifty-six years observed in the case of auroras and solar spots. At the close of a paper on this subject the Kew observers remark : “The following question may occur to our readers : How is it possible that a planet so far distant from the sun as Venus or Jupiter can cause mechanical changes as vast as

any the sun-spots exhibit?" And in answer, while assuring us that they lay no claim to having as yet determined the exact nature of the influence exerted by the planets on the sun, they attribute it to a solar luminous and chiefly calorific radiation producing changes in them that react upon the sun. This opinion, already well founded as it is, becomes far more worthy of attention if, instead of referring the reaction caused by the planets to a general calorific radiation, we account for it by one of the principal effects of this radiation, that is, by the thermo-electric currents which it produces in the planets.

Of course this general calorific radiation might well explain the solar influence on Venus and Mercury, and the reaction in turn of these planets on the sun; but it can by no means explain the reaction of Jupiter and Saturn. For these planets are very distant from the sun, and yet they apparently exert a greater influence over it than any of the others do. Now as the radiation of the sun varies inversely as the square of the distance, it is altogether too slender a cause to explain changes so great as those which operate in producing solar spots and other stupendous effects. Not so with our thermo-electric currents. These, in the planets in question, must be very intense, since they proceed from the heat of the sun in connection with planetary rotation. Now, since Jupiter's volume is 1500 times greater, and Saturn's 800 times greater, than that of the earth, and since each of these two planets has a greater velocity about its axis than our planet, their days being respectively ten and ten and a half hours long, it follows that the velocity of their every point must be enormous (in Jupiter it reaches eight miles a second), and quite sufficient to account for very powerful thermo-electric currents, and consequently for a reaction capable of producing solar spots. Under this aspect it is plain that the nature of the reaction above mentioned must be purely electrical. The changes, therefore, which Jupiter and Saturn and the other planets produce in the sun must be electrical also. This agrees with the modern view held by many able astronomers, which considers solar spots and other phenomena merely as cyclones and eruptions in the gaseous solar atmosphere, precisely similar to terrestrial cyclones and eruptions which are of undoubtedly electrical origin.

The insight thus obtained into planetary magnetism, though not fully satisfactory, is still of great value in explaining the action of the planets on our earth. If they act upon us as magnets should act, we must certainly be sensible of their action; and that we are sensible of it, appears very probable from certain late indications, which seem to show that meteorological phenomena depend upon the position of the planets. Some modern writers, among others Mr. Rice, basing their conclusion upon an historical investigation, go even so far as to assert that these phenomena have some con-

nection with the passage of the planets at the nodes. This assertion, however, is not yet fully verified; and it will be very difficult to verify it, since account should be taken of the influence of all the planets, and since investigations should be based on longer and more accurate observations than have as yet been made. But, without granting the deductions drawn from these inquiries, we must acknowledge that facts are not wanting to support this view. At all events, it is certain that many facts find a ready explanation in the hypothesis of planetary magnetism. According to such a theory the planets as magnets must act upon each other by induction. A change, therefore, in the position of the inducing poles must effect a corresponding change in the nature of their mutual influence; and, in the case of the earth, such a change would be marked by an unusual disturbance of the atmosphere, accompanied by many extraordinary meteoric phenomena. The importance of such a disturbance would, of course, increase, if it were to occur while two or three planets are passing at the nodes. Our assumption is much like the opinion which attributes the regular occurrence of equinoctial storms to a change in the inductive action of the sun while the earth is passing at the nodes.

Thus, from the nature of the earth's magnetic perturbations, and their connection with the periodical variations in solar activity, we have shown that terrestrial magnetism depends in great part, if not entirely, upon the action of the sun. We have furthermore shown the relation which planetary magnetism very probably bears to this solar influence. Owing to the very practical results which a knowledge of these last-named relations must afford, we cannot place too high a value on the study of them, and we look forward with great interest to the more constant and successful observation of them promised by the recent foundation of several physico-astronomical observations. Speaking of the results of Mr. Meldrum's observations concerning the eleven years' cycles of rainfalls and cyclones, Lockyer says:

"Surely here is evidence enough, evidence which should no longer allow us to deceive ourselves as to the present state of meteorology. A most important cycle has been discovered, analogous in many respects to the *Saros* discovered by the astronomers of old."

He then goes on to suggest closer observations of the sun and other heavenly bodies, and also of terrestrial magnetism, as the most likely means of arriving at a thorough knowledge of its nature—"observations," he says, "which demand the united efforts of astronomy and of meteorology both as a physical science and as a mere collection of weather statistics. When these demands are met . . . we shall have a *Science of Meteorology* placed on a firmer basis, the *Meteorology of the Future*."



BEZA AS TRANSLATOR AND PERVERTER OF  
GOD'S WORD.

*The Holy Bible* according to the Authorized Version (A.D. 1611). With an Explanatory and Critical Commentary, and a Revision of the Translation by Bishops and other Clergy of the Anglican Church. Edited by F. C. Cook, M.A., Canon of Exeter, Preacher at Lincoln's Inn, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. *New Testament*, Vol. I., St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1878. Royal 8vo.

*The same.* Vol. II., St. John and Acts of the Apostles. Same publishers. 1880.

*Novi Testamenti Libri Historici* Graeci et Latini perpetuo Commentario ex antiquitate, historiis, philologia illustrati, quem præter venerabilis Bezae undique conquisitæ doctissimorum virorum lucubrationes ac præ cæteris insigniores explicationes suppeditarunt, adornante Balduino Walæo, etc. Amstelædami (apud Joannem Ravensteinium). MDCLXII., 4to.

*Η Καινή Διαθήκη* κ. τ. λ. Novum Testamentum, D. N. Jesu Christi Graeco-Latinum, Theodoro Beza interprete. Tiguri (ex typographeo Bodmeriano) 1671.

SINCE our last article on Beza, the announcement has been made that the new English, or rather the improved, corrected, and amended version of King James will be ready for printing, if not immediately, at least early in the coming year. Some of the corrections are supposed to be foreshadowed in the notes to Scribner's two volumes, which are quoted at the head of this paper. But many more, both in verbal criticism and doctrinal meaning, are necessary, before the English Protestant Church can have a faithful translation, the pure unadulterated Word of God, which by its own confession and complaint it has not possessed for the last three hundred years and more. As soon as the new edition appears we will give some account of it to our readers, and shall be happy to make a faithful note of all the passages in which they shall have purged the Anglican version of its glaring errors and corruptions, and of those especially which have been derived from Beza. For, that his influence was very great over all English Protestant translators, those of King James included, admits of no doubt. Nor is this a mere assertion or idle fancy, as some have pretended, but the deliberate statement of eminent Protestant writers. Our object, then, in proving Beza's bad character as an interpreter, was to show how ruinous must have been his influence to the honesty and fidelity of the Anglican version. Having said this much we resume our theme.

Proof enough has been already alleged<sup>1</sup> to show that Beza used translation as a means of corrupting the sense of God's word; and that he did not do this timidly and shrinkingly, like other false interpreters, but avowedly and not unfrequently with an elaborate attempt to justify his boldness by what he considered the sound doctrinal gain that was to be gathered from his innovations. Of this wicked perversion of Scripture he has been not only accused, but found guilty and condemned, not by Catholics alone, but by Anglicans, Lutherans, and even by Presbyterians, as we may afterwards show. If, therefore, we now add further specimens of his deliberate mistranslations, it is not to prove what is already acknowledged by writers outside of the Church, but simply to give our readers, Catholic and non-Catholic, a more thorough insight into the character of this crafty interpreter, who (after Luther) has exercised the most noxious and fatal influence over all Protestant English translators of the Bible, not excluding those of King James's version of 1611.

The closing paragraphs of our last article exposed some of Beza's mistranslations of the sacred text, by which he sought to injure the Catholic theory of tradition. We must add another example. In the Gospel of St. Matthew (verses 21, 27, 33) our Saviour, laying down the morality of the Gospel, says: "You have heard that it was said *to* them of old," etc. Beza, either misconceiving or caring little for the true sense of our Lord's words, thought he found here a good chance to turn Scripture against the Church and her traditions. Altering the Greek dative into a Latin ablative, he translates the original ἐρρέθη τοῖς ἀρχαίοις by "dictum esse *a* veteribus" (that it was said *by* them of old), as if it had been in Greek not a dative, but ὑπὸ τῶν ἀρχαίων. Beza's line of thought (which he hoped would creep into the mind of his readers) was evidently somewhat of this kind: "These Catholics are ever annoying and embarrassing us by their perpetual appeals to tradition and Christian antiquity. When we condemn and denounce as of human invention and later growth their superstition and idolatry, their worship of dead men (such was the vile term by which he called our Apostles, Martyrs, and Confessors) and of stocks and stones, their masses and purgatory, their sign of the Cross and other tokens of their Baalite worship, they are ever ready with their Justins, Tertullians, Jeromes, Augustines, and other ancients raked up from the dust of ages. They will parade these old champions of an effete superstition, and try to shelter themselves under cover of these venerable names. But what is the authority of these ancients worth? See how our Lord disowns them and even holds

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<sup>1</sup> See article on Beza, in the July number of the REVIEW, 1879.

up to reprobation what was taught by "them of old," and how He opposes to it His own teaching, "But I say to you," etc. This, no doubt, is an outline of what was in Beza's mind and what he wished to convey to his readers. But all this, as Beza himself on sober reflection afterwards discovered, was idle trifling. For, any one who calmly examines the context will see clearly that in these passages our Lord neither condemns the ancients nor what was said *by* or *to* them. He merely reiterates, with the sanction of a Divine Lawgiver, the commandments already given through Moses, and crowns and supplements them with the more perfect teaching of His Gospel. And when He comes afterwards to condemn the glosses, either false or added without divine warrant by Pharisaical interpreters (verses 38, 43), lest He should seem to condemn the legitimate use of tradition, He purposely avoids the use of the words "to them of old," and introduces His new teaching by a general allusion to errors that were current as popular maxims, "You have heard that it was said (*not* to them of old, but simply that it has become a saying), an eye for an eye," etc. And again, "You have heard that it was said (leaving out 'to them of old'): Thou shalt love thy friend and hate thine enemy," etc.

Beza himself became so sensible of the worthlessness for any dogmatic purpose of this innovation, that he quietly dropped it in all subsequent editions.<sup>1</sup> Yet, to secure this paltry advantage, as he originally imagined it, he had not scrupled to be the first who dared in all Christendom deliberately to set aside the authority of all existing versions, the *consensus* of all the Greek and Latin Fathers and of all antiquity, and the undeniable *usus loquendi* of the original language of the New Testament.<sup>2</sup> But the evil that Beza did, though he became ashamed of it and flung it away with contempt, lives after him. For King James's translators have deliberately, with open eyes, adopted this corruption, as wicked as it is worthless.<sup>3</sup> Will it be corrected in the New Revision? It is hard to

<sup>1</sup> In the Zurich edition of 1671, it reads in all three verses "*dictum fuisse antiquis.*" In the edition of Walæus it is (with an insignificant variation) "*dictum fuisse veteribus*" (vv. 21 and 33). But in v. 27 it reads *a veteribus*, whether purposely or by error of print we cannot determine.

<sup>2</sup> Spanheim and other Protestants (see Matthew Pole's *Synopsis Criticorum*, Francofurti ad Mœnum, 1694, vol. iv., col. 131), who freely express themselves against this outrageous attempt of Beza, allege a number of parallel passages from Rom. ix. 12, Gal. iii. 16, Apoc. vii. 11; ix. 4, in which the same Greek phraseology occurs. And all these have been correctly translated by Beza, because it was not his interest to pervert them. Dr. Campbell, a Presbyterian minister, but who still does not think that sectarian affinities should bind him to indorse every anti-Catholic perversion of God's Word, has adduced many others from the Gospel of St. Matthew itself (*Four Gospels*, vol. ii., p. 39).

<sup>3</sup> They had not even to plead in justification the authority of the miserable English Bible of Geneva. For it has correctly enough, "it was said to them of olde time."



foretell. This change so recklessly made by Beza, and accepted by the royal translators out of blind deference to him, as was their habit, has positively no dogmatic significance either in favor of Protestantism or against the Catholic Church. Beza, unfortunately, in a hasty moment, thought he saw some way to use it against Catholic tradition, and made the bold venture to pervert the text in defiance of all antiquity and even of the Greek Fathers, who might reasonably be supposed to know as much of their own language as a popinjay songster, born at Vezelay, in Burgundy, more than a thousand years after Athanasius, Basil, and Chrysostom had been worshipped on our altars. Beza, to give him his due, acknowledged his mistake. Will the Anglo-American Board of Revision be equally honest? Or will it be too hard for them to reject a false interpretation, which their spiritual ancestors adopted for Beza's sake, scarcely a score or two of years after his own edition, in which he rejected it? Dr. Mansell in his note to Matthew v. 21,<sup>1</sup> after giving the Anglican version in the text, "*by* men of old time," coldly adds in the note "*Rather* to men of old time." If this edition, which is supposed in some way to be a prelude to the New Revision, can speak in no bolder tone, the promised labors of the new Board are not very encouraging.

If there was anything that Beza, in common with his Calvinistic brethren, disliked in the Catholic Church and teaching, it was her hierarchy, with its divinely appointed rights and powers; its constituted gradations; its bonds and obligations of holy life, by which, no less than by its character, the priesthood was to be sundered and set apart from the Christian laity. By definition of the Council of Trent the Catholic Church has set down as an article of faith, what had been believed by the Church of all ages, that there is amongst Christians a divinely established hierarchy, consisting of bishops, priests, and ministers. But the anti-Catholic faction,<sup>2</sup> which

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Their only precedent, after their idol Beza, was the Genevese French edition, which reads in all three places "PAR les anciens." Ostervald, Diodati, and the anonymous Italian translator of Geneva, with the Spanish La Reyna, all follow the true reading of the Vulgate. See Elias Hutter's Polyglot New Testament, Nuremberg, 1599, vol. i., pp. 34-37. For Diodati and Ostervald, see Dr. Lee's Folio Polyglot, published at London by Baxter (no date, but, as appears from the dedication, printed in the reign of William IV.), vol. ii., p. 149 (3). Dr. Campbell, in his Four Gospels (vol. ii., p. 39), says that Diodati translates in imitation of Beza "*dagli antichi*." It is likely enough that Diodati's additions, like those of most Calvinist interpreters, who were not translating *bona fide*, but for a sectarian purpose, have undergone repeated changes. But, as printed in Dr. Lee's Polyglot, it now reads correctly in the dative "*agli antichi*."

<sup>1</sup> See the Holy Bible (quoted at head of this article), New Testament, St. Matthew, p. 27.

<sup>2</sup> They were not a Church, though their children, in our day, forgetting their fathers, pretend to the name. They hated, disowned, and rejected the word out of hatred of that "Church," against which they had rebelled. They banished the very term out

in the first half of that century ruled and ravaged a great part of Europe, pretended to find in Scripture that there was no hierarchy, no bishops, no priests, but merely an order of ministers or public servants, who had some vague right to teach the laity and lead the way in preaching doctrines and morality. These same ministers, when questioned, were unable accurately to define their own position, and were constantly shifting their ground. When called to account by Catholics, they gave themselves out as mere servants and nominees of the civil power, to whose breath they owed their life and being. Thus the Cranmers, Ridleys, and Latimers acknowledged their ministerial office to be simply the creation of English royalty, and openly confessed it by taking out new faculties or episcopal powers on the accession of a new sovereign, implying that their office of bishop had ceased with the death of him who gave it. But at other times, when called to account, not by captious Catholic theologians, but by stubborn laymen of their own persuasion, they could plead their clerical dignity to an extent unheard of in the Catholic Church, and claim for themselves even the rights and immunities of the Old Testament priesthood. But, as a general rule, against Catholics they uniformly maintained that there was no real difference between cleric and layman, and that the "royal priesthood" of the New Law belonged by right to the laity as well as the clergy of Christendom.

The title and the office of a Christian bishop are set forth more or less clearly in the New Testament, it not being a catechetical book for instruction of the faithful, but an historical record, in which doctrine is occasionally mentioned. Beza (to give him the credit that is his due) never has sought to obliterate or disfigure the name or dignity wherever it occurred in the New Testament, though he might have done it very safely and very creditably in his atmosphere of Geneva. Whenever he meets the words "bishop" and "bishopric,"<sup>1</sup> he invariably renders them by "episcopus" and "episcopatus." And on one occasion (Acts i. 20), where he might have

of the Scriptures so effectually that it does not occur even once in the English Bible of 1562, but is perpetually replaced by the word "congregation." Thus Christ is made to say to St. Peter: "On this rock I will build my congregation." This Bible was one of those known as the Geneva ("Breeches") Bible, which began in 1560, and "from that date until 1612 no year passed without one, two, or more editions being issued from the press" (Dore, *Old Bibles*, London, 1876, p. 65). And this was the Bible used almost exclusively in our Presbyterian Churches of Colonial times, so that if the word "Church" has survived in the Bible and language of English-speaking non-Catholics, no thanks are due to the Puritan translators, who did their best to exterminate the word; but all the credit of saving the term must be given to the royal Solomon (as his flatterers called him), James I., who peremptorily commanded his translators to restore the word "Church" wherever it had been corrupted into "congregation."

<sup>1</sup> Ἐπίσκοπος and Ἐπισκόπη are found eight times in the New Testament.

dispensed with the latter term, he takes pains in a note to inform the reader that he has purposely retained it: "Nos vocabulum illud (*episcopatum*) libenter retinuimus, quia de ecclesiastica et ea quidem Apostolica functione hic agit Petrus."<sup>1</sup> Nor did he so far forget himself as to pervert or disfigure the word in the famous passage (Acts xx. 28), where, in spite of King James's positive orders, his translators replaced the Greek term "bishops" by "overseers," as a sop to the Presbyterian Cerberus.<sup>2</sup> If in another place (I. Pet. ii. 25), where St. Peter, by figure of speech, calls Christ the "Shepherd and Bishop" of our souls, Beza did not stick to the

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<sup>1</sup> "We have chosen rather to retain this word (*Bishoprick*) because Peter here treats of an ecclesiastical office, yea the very office of an Apostle" (Beza apud Walæum, op. cit., p. 1026).

<sup>2</sup> These precious words of St. Paul establish conclusively more than one Catholic dogma and overthrow more than one heresy. The Anglican bishops of King James, as we have seen, magnanimously flung away the Apostles' words in the interest of Puritanism. Their lineal spiritual descendants of the Bible Society in the heretical (heretical, because the deutro-canonical books, received by the Syrian Church, are left out by Presbyterian authority) version of the Syriac Scriptures, which they disseminate in the East, pretending that it is the pure Bible, without note or comment, take pains to pander to the Nestorian heresy by adding in this very text to the words "Church of God which He hath possessed (or acquired) by His blood" this marginal note in Syriac, "Baššhohhe (a) hhrone it horco DAMSHIHHO" (in other copies it here reads OF CHRIST). Now of what possible interest could it be to a good Christian, be he Maronite, Jacobite, Antiochene, or Chaldee (if he be a Catholic), to get the information that, according to some copies of Scripture, it was not "God" but "Christ" who purchased the Church by His blood? These poor innocent Syrians have always believed with the Catholic Church that God became man to redeem us, that He was born of a virgin, that Mary is truly His mother, that He shed His blood on Calvary, etc. And is not this attempt to unsettle their faith by means of Scripture notes simply *dishonest*, in a book that pretends to be published as God's Word, without note or comment? Judging them, not by this incident alone, but by their whole course, it would seem that these Bible Society editors are not only Presbyterians but thorough Nestorians, who believe in the double personality of Christ, and hold that He who suffered on the cross was only Mary's son, not True God of True God. Yet in their Syriac title-page they call themselves "believers in Christ Jesus," and describe their book as printed "in LANDAN (Chaldee for London; and here, too, we may see a most unwarrantable pandering to Chaldee-Nestorian usage, which substitutes the vowel *a* for *o*), the city strong in God, which is the metropolis of the land of England, and by expense of men, believers in Christ Jesus, who are partakers (partners or associates) for the printing of the Holy Books for their own people and for strangers. And this Holy Book was printed for the Eastern Syrians, believers in Christ Jesus, and has been corrected on some Syrian ancient copies, etc." Of this Bible Society edition of the Syriac Testament we have lying before us two copies, one printed in 1816 and the other in 1826. The note on passage of Acts xx. 28 may be found in the former at p. 296, in the latter edition at p. 195. Dr. Murdock has the decency to put in his note to this passage that the "*Nestorian MSS. read of the Messiah*" (N. T. from the Peshitto, p. 258). By printing the wicked note in Syriac, the sacred language of the liturgy, instead of Karshuni or the vernacular Chaldee, one is almost tempted to believe that they wished to have this malicious interpolation read at Mass in this portion of Scripture, which is marked as an Epistle *de communi*, or especially for the festivals of "the Holy Fathers."



original term, no fault can justly be found with him. He translates "Pastorem et Curatorem animarum vestrarum."<sup>1</sup>

Speaking of priests, or the second order of the hierarchy, we must again give Beza the due credit to which he is entitled. In all places of the New Testament where *πρεσβύτερος* is found, he has invariably rendered it, as St. Jerome did, by the Latin word *presbyter*. And in I. Tim. iv. 14, with the same holy Father, he gives *presbyterii* as the correct rendering of the original *τοῦ πρεσβυτερίου*,<sup>2</sup> which has been since so barefacedly rendered by Anglican and Presbyterian translators. Of course Beza, writing in a learned tongue, ran no risk by thus translating, nor did he compromise his Calvinistic theories. He was only, though he did not know it, carrying out the principles laid down for his translators (which, however, they did not follow) by James I., when prescribing rules for his revised version or translation of 1611. As he laid down the law "the old ecclesiastical words were to be kept. When any word has divers significations, that to be kept which hath most commonly been used by the most eminent Fathers, being agreeable to the propriety of the place and the analogies of faith." If King James's bishops and ministers had only carried out his law they would have made a good translation. But the royal bishops and divines trampled on this sensible rule of translation just as the translators of the Geneva and Bishops' Bible had done, and likewise their predecessors, the Tyndales, Coverdales, and others by whom the Bible was done "out of Douche and Latyn into Englyshe."<sup>3</sup> Nor can it be said that their true object was to give their countrymen the genuine "Word of God" in English. Some wished to palm off on them the counterfeit Gospel of Wittenberg.

<sup>1</sup> Rev. Dr. Murdock, who seems uniformly to have had his eye on Beza, translates the Peshitto here "shepherd and *curator* of your souls." What idea does this inflated Latin word present to an ordinary English reader? The Syriac interpreter did not use here the term *Episkupo*, which he had used in Acts xx. 28, but *sohuuro* (with *ain* for *h*). This word has only two meanings in Syriac. It is either 'one who *acts* or one who *visits* in the scriptural usage of that word (Hebr. *pakad*). *Curator* may be good Latin but poor English. The word *Bishop* might have been very well retained without any violence to heretical instincts. And so it reads in King James's version. The Anglican translators, it seems, were unwilling enough to have the successors of the Apostles looked on as anything more than "overseers," but they had no difficulty whatever in allowing Christ to be called the "Bishop" of our souls.

<sup>2</sup> Cranmer's Bible gives the text in a most unmistakably Catholic sense: "With the laying on of handes by the authoritie of priesthode." This is very like our old Douay: "With the imposition of the handes of priesthood" (New Testament, printed at Rhemes by John Fogny, 1582, p. 574).

<sup>3</sup> This open acknowledgment on the title-page of their early version sufficiently discloses the scant honesty of these translators. They would have the world believe that they were giving to English readers the genuine word of God, whereas they were giving a translation from the Latin Vulgate, but disfigured and depraved by the help of Martin Luther's German mistranslations.

while others wished to teach them that of Geneva. And it is to these unworthy "gospellers," as they chose to call themselves, that we owe the introduction into our New Testament language of such words as "elders" and "eldership," words utterly unknown to the Christian people of Europe, and which could only be dragged into deliberate use for the purpose of degrading and obliterating, if possible, the old hereditary Catholic idea of priesthood.

But if Beza did not condescend in his Latin translation to adopt and sanction those wicked corruptions that were so rife in the versions that issued from Geneva in his lifetime, and of which not a few have crept into the Anglican Bible of 1611, it is undeniable that the whole crew of apostate refugees at Geneva, French, English, Spanish, and Italian, looked up to him as their master and teacher, and were guided by Beza's *dicta*, which, especially after Calvin's death, were the law and gospel of that city. And he unquestionably allowed himself a good deal of liberty in adapting, or perverting, the words of the New Testament to the defence of his master's theory concerning the priesthood, its dignity, and those safeguards of holy life with which it was invested even from the days of the Apostles. According to the Presbyterian theory (though in practice they can be theocratic enough), clerics and laymen are all alike priests and kings; the clergy does not differ intrinsically from the laity; churchmen derive their being as a class, not from Divine institution, but from the civil government, or from the congregation of Christian worshippers. This theory was, of course, as all religious systems of human invention usually are, modified by places and circumstances. As long as this Presbyterian doctrine was the state creed of the Anglican Church, as it happened to be in the days of the Cromwells, Cranmers, Riddleys, Hoopers, and Latimers, bishops and priests were merely, by their own confession, the creatures of royal authority. On the will and breath of the king depended their very life, being, and authority, as far as they were to be considered churchmen or ecclesiastics. But in Geneva and the Low Countries, and everywhere else out of the range of monarchy, the Presbyterian theory asserted itself very differently. Monarchical, Papal, and Episcopal rule were declared to have something in common; they were relics of Baalite idolatry, and were put under the same ban. The clergy derived their power from the "congregation" (not the church), which had elected them to office, and conferred on them all rights of teaching and spiritual ministration. There was evidently no warrant for all this in the Scripture or in the history of the Apostles, who ordered all Christians to obey their prelates, and denounced whoever would not hear the authoritative voice of the Church as a heathen and publican, and

deserving of anathema.<sup>1</sup> But Beza had made up his mind to put some at least of this Calvinist theory into his amended New Testament, in order that his Presbyterian readers, if they could not find their notions in the original Greek, might be gratified by seeing and hearing them in his own Latin and in the French or other vernacular tongue of his disciples.

So, without rejecting the mere name of *priest* (presbyter) in order to substitute for it *ancient* or *elder*, Beza had fully made up his mind that the "presbyter" of the improved version should not be the "priest" of the Catholic Church, who has a sacred character that comes of divine appointment and is imparted by sacramental rites. The "presbyter" of his new religion became such, not in virtue of any sacrament or religious rite, but by the good-will of the congregation and of his fellow-presbyters. Beza seems to have been aware that this new doctrine was not laid down with sufficient clearness in the New Testament, and accordingly he introduced it now and again into the sacred text to remedy the omissions, or gently reprove the forgetfulness of the inspired writers. Thus, in Acts xiv. 23, St. Luke relates that the Apostles ordained priests (or elders, as the Anglican Bible under Genevan inspiration gives it) for the faithful in every Church. This Beza translates: *Quum per suffragia* creassent presbyteros, "Having chosen presbyters by election" (or votes). The words "*per suffragia*" (by votes), are a gratuitous interpolation designed to give a Calvinistic coloring to the text. Nor does Beza make any secret of his motive. For in his note to the Greek word, which he has diluted into three, he says: "The force of this term should be remarked, that we may learn how Paul and Barnabas did nothing of their own caprice and used no tyranny over the Church; in a word, did nothing of what is done at this day by the Pope of Rome and his adherents, whom they call Ordinaries." His object in perverting the text was to show how unscriptural are the Pope and his bishops in using their authority to appoint and ordain clergymen, instead of leaving them to the choice of the laity. The absurdity and worthlessness of the perversion are further apparent from the context, which shows that the voting (if there were any), no less than the ordaining, must have been altogether on the part of the two Apostles, Saints Paul and Barnabas, to whom the word *ἐπιπορεύσασθε* exclusively belongs. By his note Beza would in-

<sup>1</sup> Heb. xiii. 17; Matt. xviii. 17.

<sup>2</sup> "Est notanda vis hujus verbi ut Paulum ac Barnabam sciamus nil privato arbitrio gessisse nec ullam in ecclesia exercuisse tyrannidem; nil denique tale fecisse quale hodie Romanus Papa et ipsius asseclæ, quos Ordinarios vocant." This insolent note was omitted by Walaëus (see his edition, p. 1170), and one less offensive, though redolent enough of the Presbyterian theory, by Quistorpius, substituted in its place.



sinuate, if he could, that the voting was done by the disciples, the ordaining by the two Apostles. But this is a sense of *χειροτονεω* so extravagant, that it would be vain to seek a precedent for it in sacred or profane antiquity. Beza's example was generally followed, sometimes improved upon, by his Geneva scholars. The English has "and when they had ordeyned them elders *by election* in every church;" the French, "et apres que *par l'advis des assemblées* ils eurent etablis des Ancients par chacune eglise." The anonymous Italian is not a whit less democratic: "E poi che *per l'avviso de la congregazione* (by advice of the congregation) ebbero costituiti loro de' seniori per ciascuna chiesa." The Spaniard, La Reyna is less bold: "Y aviendō les *constituydo Ancianos*" (appointed elders for them) in cada una de las Iglesias.<sup>1</sup> Ostervald, likewise, is cautious, and contents himself with saying: "Et apres avoir prié et jeuné ils etablirent des anciens dans chaque Eglise." But Diodati allows himself the widest liberty, and adds an adjective that fully explains what his master had intended by "per suffragia." He translates: "E dopo ch' ebbero loro per ciascuna chiesa ordinati *per voti comuni* degli Anziani" (ordained elders for them by general suffrage).<sup>2</sup>

Again, in II. Cor. viii. 19, Beza adroitly introduces his "votes" into a text which knows nothing of them. The Vulgate has "Ordinatus ab ecclesiis comes peregrinationis nostræ" (ordained by the churches as our fellow-traveller). The Anglican version gives: "Chosen of the churches to travel with us." This Beza translates with his usual boldness: "*Suffragiis* delectus ab Ecclesiis socius peregrinationis nostræ" (chosen by *vote* of the churches as the companion of our journey). The Apostle is speaking of St. Luke, or more probably (as St. John Chrysostom observes) of St. Barnabas. Now, it is very unlikely, or rather most absurd, that Paul and Barnabas, who were set aside for the apostleship by divine command and inspiration, should in the exercise of its highest functions be dependent on the will of this or that congregation, so that their preaching in this or that given quarter and their choice of a travelling companion should be determined by popular suffrage. The inspired writer says nothing about vote or suffrage; he merely intimates that Barnabas was sent with him as a companion or fellow-worker in the apostolic field, and with special reference, it would seem, to one journeying in particular. But in the language of Scripture, as well as in other human speech, *sending* does not always necessarily imply the use of authority. It may presuppose only counsel, or even mere petition.

<sup>1</sup> See Hutter's Nuremberg Polyglott, Vol. I. (Acts), p. 168.

<sup>2</sup> Lee's London Polyglott, Vol. II., p. 172.

This is evident from many passages of the Old and New Testaments.<sup>1</sup> Thus, in Acts xiii. 3, it is related how, after laying hands on them, the heads of the Church at Antioch *sent away* Saul and Barnabas. "And so (adds immediately the sacred text) being *sent* by the Holy Ghost, they went to Seleucia," etc. Surely the meaning of the word "to *send*" cannot be the same in both places. Again, in Acts viii. 14, setting aside for a moment all reference to Catholic truth, and admitting the absolute equality of the Apostles, no one can suppose that their "sending" Peter and John to Samaria could involve anything beyond advice or request. If the people's "sending" their priests and princes (as narrated in Jos. xxii. 13, 14) to remonstrate with the tribes of Reuben and Gad must be strictly taken for an exercise of legitimate authority, then Israel, instead of being a theocracy, as is generally supposed, must have been a pure democracy in church and state even from the days of Josue. Beza's disciples seem here to have deserted their master. Diodati and the anonymous Italian refugee use the ambiguous word "eletto," which is the "chosen" of the Genevese English and of King James. Ostervald is the only one who has stuck faithfully to Beza: "Il a été choisi par les suffrages des Eglises, pour nous accompagner," etc.<sup>2</sup>

St. Luke, in the last verse of the first chapter of Acts (i. 26), says, that St. Matthias, by divine disposition, "was numbered with the eleven." This is the translation of the Vulgate, Rhemish, and King James. But this does not suit Beza's theory. He will have the choice of the Apostle brought about by "voting," and his adoption into the Apostolic body the result of an election by the assembly of believers! Could human boldness go farther in tampering with the text of the inspired historian? The Apostles, acting under divine impulse, place two names (Barsabas and Matthias) in the urn. They beseech God "to show which of the two He has chosen to take the place of the ministry and apostolate," from which Judas has fallen. God hears their prayer and causes the lot to fall upon Matthias. And we are coolly told by Beza in his version that this decision of heaven was duly voted on and graciously ratified by the "elders" of that first Christian assembly. Such language would be ludicrous were it not for its impiety. But it is quite characteristic of the source whence it comes.<sup>3</sup> The word

<sup>1</sup> See, for example, Josue xxii. 13, 14; Acts viii. 14; xiii. 3, 4; and v. 2.

<sup>2</sup> Apud Lee, Vol. II., p. 181.

<sup>3</sup> It was a saying of Frederick II. that "while Catholics reverently look up to God as their Creator, the Lutheran treats Him as an equal, the Calvinist as an inferior." There is truth as well as wit in the remark. And it must not be forgotten that the royal free-thinker (whom a recent Evangelical Sunday-school paper holds up as a model prince) was not only a keen observer, but had enjoyed the advantage of a thorough Calvinistic education.

used in the text is *συγκρατεψηφισθη*, which Beza expands into three "communibus calculis allectus est," "he was chosen by unanimous vote." In this he is followed by the old English Puritan Bible, that reads, "by a common consent;" by the Geneva French and Ostervald, who both have "d'un commun accord," and finally by Diodati, who has "per comuni voti." Luther is more honest with his "er ward zugeordnet;" so is King James's version, which is ashamed to follow its Puritan predecessors in this perversion of truth, and takes the true word from the Vulgate (*et annumeratus est*), "and he was numbered with," etc. Even the Geneva Italian here abandons Beza and translates correctly "fù aggiunto al numero;" so, too, the Spanish of Geneva "y fue contado."<sup>1</sup>

If Beza, like King James's translators, could see nothing but a "messenger" in the "Angel of the Testament" foretold by Malachy (iii. 1), and in the "angel" who was to prepare His way before His face, we must give him credit at least for recognizing "angels" in the bishops of the seven Churches of Asia (Apoc., chapters ii. and iii.). Hence the *servum pecus* that followed at his heels, while refusing the title of "angel" to St. John the Baptist and even to the Son of God who claimed it (Matth. xi. 10; Luc. vi. 27), has no difficulty in granting it to the seven bishops of Asia.<sup>2</sup> But the Presbyterian Bibles of England had such a hatred of prelacy, that in spite of Beza, and their Puritan English prototype of Geneva<sup>3</sup> they (in their editions of 1562, 1577, 1579) translate "messengers" for "angels." Of course, according to their theory the "seven stars" (Apoc. i. 20), or seven bishops of the Apostolic era were not bishops at all, but only "ministers" or "elders." In translating, it no doubt very probably occurred to them, that in the Presbyterian laity, who had daily to look upon the long, sour, grim visages of their spiritual rulers, it would sound like irony, or at least occasion a quiet smile to hear them designated as "angels." The most uneducated Catholic has some idea of the reason, why bishops should be called angels in Holy Writ. But how many Presbyterians could listen to such a term applied to their ministers and elders, without some consciousness of its incongruity? Hence it was wisely dropped and "messengers" substituted.

Beza could not bear, in his Calvinistic zeal, that even an Apostle should give himself out as Christ's representative in imposing cen-

<sup>1</sup> Hutter's Polyglott, Act. Apostle, vol. i., p. 10. Lee's Polyglott, N. T., p. 83.

<sup>2</sup> So too the Bible of King James, in a sudden freak of respect for the Episcopal office here elevates into "angels" those whom it had degraded into "overseers" (Act. xx.). Murdock also has "angel" in the Apocalypse for *malaco*, though he calls it "messenger" in Matth. xi. 10, and Luke vi. 27 (Syriac Testament Translated, pgs. 19, 117, 444). Such is his blind devotion to Beza!

<sup>3</sup> See Hutter's Polyglott, Apoc., Tom. ii., p. 947.



tures on members of the Church, and absolving them from the same, when in his discretion he judged fit to temper rigor with mercy. This recalled too forcibly to his mind the anathemas to which the successor of St. Peter, acting as Christ's vicar, subjects delinquent princes and peoples, and from which he absolves them on repentance, in the name and by the authority of Christ. When, therefore, he came across the fact of St. Paul, who in Christ's name excommunicated the incestuous Corinthian, and restored him when repentant to communion, he did what he could to nullify all that in the Apostle's action might serve as a precedent to the rulers of the Church. St. Paul distinctly states (2 Cor. ii. 10) that he acted "in the person" of Christ, *εν προσώπῳ χριστου*. This Beza wickedly translates by "in conspectu Christi," "in the sight of Christ." All the Fathers, Greek and Latin, explain the passage in a Catholic sense; even the Presbyterian, Dr. Macknight,<sup>1</sup> confesses that the phrase means "in the name and by the authority of Christ." Even the version of King James, out of pure shame, corrected the corruption found in previous English editions, and for "in the sight" substituted "in the person of Christ." Beza's perversion has been imitated by all of his disciples. The French version has "devant la face de Christ," and Ostervald "en la presence de Christ;" the Italian refugee "in presentia di Cristo," and Diodati, "nel cospetto di Cristo." The Spanish, however, is correct, "en persona di Christo;" and so is Luther, who reads, "an Christi statt." Murdock, thorough Bezaite as he is, translates, "in the presence of the Messiah." He cannot bear the word "person" in the mouth of St. Paul. Why then did he, with a squeamishness uncalled for by grammar or propriety, intrude it amongst our Saviour's words (Matth. xii. 50), "Every one that doeth the good pleasure of my Father who is in Heaven, *that person* is my brother and my sister," etc. The Syriac original has only the word *huyu* (ipse est) "he is."<sup>2</sup>

That the clergy should be distinguished from the laity not only by their sacred character, but by their withdrawal from worldly cares and married life, was very distasteful to Beza and all like him,

<sup>1</sup> Vid. Macknight *in locum*.

<sup>2</sup> Calvin translates *in conspectu*, but does not object to its being translated *in persona*. Schleusner, in his Greek Lexicon of the New Testament (Edimburgi, 1814, vol. ii. sub. voc. n. 10), says that *εν προσώπῳ* is a form of swearing, as nearly all interpreters are agreed, "Formulam jurandi in his verbis latentem agnoverunt omnes fere interpretes." We wish he had quoted one or two out of that great crowd. Any and every thing to avoid the fact that St. Paul condemned or absolved in the name of Christ! Yet what is more natural than that he, who had imposed the penalty in the name and by the authority of Christ (1 Cor. v. 4) should remit it in the same name and by the same authority? In Bass's Greek Lexicon appended to Scrivener's New Testament (New York, 1879), the correct meaning of the passage is given.

who pretended to reconcile their character of divine envoys with what St. Jude calls "walking after the flesh." Hence they undertook to pervert or disfigure the sacred text, so as to drag out of it some approval of marriage amongst the clergy. Beza, with incredible boldness, translates *γυναῖκες* in the first chapter of Acts, v. 14, by *uxoribus* (wives), as if the wives of the eleven Apostles (and Judas's widow, too, it may be supposed) were with them in the supper-room, awaiting the descent of the Holy Ghost. In this shameful perversion Beza stands alone;<sup>1</sup> not even one of his Geneva crew of interpreters has dared to follow him. It is needless to speak of the "sister and wife" of 1 Cor. ix. 5, for this is common to all Protestant translators with Beza. Yet, an exception must be made in favor of the two Italian interpreters, and the Geneva French and Spanish. "Une femme soeur," "una donna sorella," and "una muger hermana" reproduce exactly the "mulierem sororem" of our Vulgate.<sup>2</sup>

More remains ; but we are at the end of our allotted space. Our next article will examine Beza's standing amongst Protestant students of Scripture and his influence on the English versions.

<sup>1</sup> Matthew Pole's *Synopsis of the Critici Sacri* (Francofurti, 1694, vol. iv., col. 1321) adds the name of Piscator. Beza is not ashamed to defend his translation in a note, and to add that in a very ancient manuscript in his possession (*vetustissimus codex meus*) these other words *καὶ τέκνους* (and their children) are added. Let who will believe this, for Beza's word is not Gospel.

<sup>2</sup> Murdock here surpasses his master Beza in forcing his false gloss into the text. He translates "to carry about a sister AS a wife." This he learned from Luther's "eine Schwester ZUM Weibe." Both seem to have forgotten what St. John has threatened at the end of his Apocalypse (xxii. 18).

## DANTE.

“WHEN a people is in a transition state,” writes the author of *The Philosophy of Literature*, “when old forms and landmarks are breaking up, speech becomes a confused mass; and at these ‘plastic moments,’ a man, a genius appears.” This lesson has been taught us by the experience of centuries. We have found it to be true for Greek and Roman, for the light-hearted Troubadour of Provence, and the sturdy Paritan of the English revolution. This truth it is that has served to explain why, amid the dim and misty past, when poetry lived only in the rude hymns of the minstrel, as he sang in the halls of the kings, the poet appeared whose music has filled the world; it points out to us Shakespeare suddenly looming up as the greatest name in a literature that before his coming could boast of no master minds; and, what is more to our purpose, it reveals Dante grasping, by one gigantic effort, the laurel wreath of song, at a time when Italy, shaken by the struggle between the Pagan and the Christian spirit, was filled with anarchy and confusion. If we acknowledge this principle, the appearance of Dante at such a period will excite no wonder. The land which he has so honored was the scene of perpetual strife. Dissensions and civil war prevailed in every district. Guelph and Ghibelline, the partisans of Pope and Emperor, forgot the duty they owed to their country, and sought, not the blessings of peace, but the momentary triumph over a rival faction. Language, too, was in a strange state. The pure speech of Cicero and Horace had sadly degenerated; all its spirit and polish, all its condensed elegance had fled. Ennodius had debased the chiselled verse and majestic rhythm of the Mantuan bard; the chaste diction of the Augustan age had become coarse and unmusical beyond all recognition in the hands of Cassiodorus and Isidore. Nor was the destruction to stop here. The barbarian had yet to do his work. Not alone the precious manuscripts hoarded up in the monasteries, and the priceless remains of Roman art did Attila and Alaric destroy; their savage hordes brought with them many a harsh and guttural language, which in a few score years filled the land with rude and uncouth dialects. Throughout France and Italy it seemed as if a second Babel had sent forth a new confusion of tongues. Thus was it that the times were ripe for the appearance on the horizon of a star whose brilliancy was to increase with the ages, and whose lustre was destined to be the wonder of men. The century was, indeed, a “plastic moment.” The Christian principle, teeming with the strength of a divine origin, was fast driving out the spirit of paganism that still held sway in the land; the violent



partisan and the selfish leader were beginning to see beyond the limits of their own narrow sphere, and to acknowledge that there was something higher to be striven for than a short-lived victory in the streets of some petty provincial town.

Such, then, was the condition of the age in which was destined to appear the genius demanded by the circumstances of the times. The middle of the thirteenth century was the auspicious moment. On the 8th of May, 1265, Dante entered into that life which was to bring with each succeeding year nothing but bitter disappointment and cynical despair,—the life, which, in a worldly point of view, was to end in disastrous failure. On the day of his birth the sun was in Gemini; and, although he himself puts all astrologers in one of the lowest circles of the *Inferno*, and punishes them by turning their heads in a direction contrary to that which Nature intended, a horoscope of his life was drawn by Brunetto Latini, his future teacher. What destiny the stars foretold, we do not know. But we cannot help thinking that, howsoever wild and exaggerated Brunetto's predictions may have appeared at the time he never could have dreamed of the fame which was to be the portion of the child. The family of Dante, or Durante contracted, was descended from the Frangipanni, one of the oldest houses of Italy. But in spite of this descent, Dante was classed only among the gentry of the land; and it was to his marriage with a daughter of the powerful family of the Donati that he owed the social rank which he afterwards attained. Of all the Frangipanni who sauntered or hurried through life from the establishment of the house until the thirteenth century, the name of Cacciaguida has alone been rescued from oblivion; and to posterity he will descend as the great-great-grandfather of Italy's famous poet. In the *Purgatorio* he is introduced addressing Dante:

“I am thy root, O leaf! whom to expect  
Even, hath pleased me,”

and appears in the character of a “*laudator temporis acti*,” praising the ancient virtue and probity of the Florentines. But, although the names and history of the great man's ancestors are lost in the past, the memory of their stern devotion to the cause of the Popes has been handed down from century to century. In an age of bitter partisanship, they were the bitterest partisans. They were Guelphs in the face of every imaginable danger. This unwavering allegiance to the Pontiffs does not appear to have contributed to the material prosperity of the family; for we find that they were several times banished from Florence, once in 1248, at the instance of Frederick of Antioch, and again in 1260, after the battle of

Montaperto. Dante was destined to be the only one to abandon the party of his fathers, and to show in the interests of the Ghibellines the same stern fidelity and vindictive spirit that his ancestors had displayed on the side of the Guelphs.

His father, Alighiero degli Alighieri, held a respectable position in Florentine society, his profession of advocate placing him at the head of the middle class. But although he was undoubtedly an earnest pleader and an educated man, his talents scarcely merit for him the notoriety which he has acquired in Italian letters. A most bitter quarrel has been fought by the commentators over the orthography of the family name; and that the participators in this literary battle were decidedly in earnest may be inferred from the emphatic language of one Scolari, who speaks of "l'erroneo, storpio, illegitimo, ingiusto e detestando Alighieri!" Whatever be the correct spelling, we know that Alighieri had been expelled from the city some time before the birth of the poet, but had returned when the Ghibelline power had lessened by the advent of Charles of Anjou.

He was twice married, the first time to Lapa di Cialuffi, the second to Dante's mother. The name of the latter has never been discovered by the commentators. As simple Bella she has become known to posterity as the one who bore the great poet of the Middle Ages. With a strange persistency which we cannot understand, Dante has refrained from making any mention of his mother, his wife, or his family relations. The friends of his youth and of his weary exile, the great men of the day with whom a similarity of tastes brought him in loving contact, the enemies who pursued him with unrelenting hate, the princes who shielded him and gave him a home, when a wanderer in his native land, have all found a place, more or less honorable, in his *Commedia*; but about his own domestic joys and sorrows he remains strangely silent. To this do we owe the scarcity of information respecting his youthful days. From the time of his birth until he reached his ninth year there is a space which must be filled up by the imagination of the student of Dante, for history refuses to do her part. The year 1274 contained two events of importance,—it was then that his father died, and that he obtained the first vision of Beatrice Portinari.

This chance meeting turned the current of his life. When, at the May-day festival of Folco di Portinari, his eyes first lighted upon the beautiful child, clad in crimson and decked with golden ornaments, a new vista opened before him, a new emotion sprang up in his soul, a new life commenced. "Incepit vita nova," he himself tells us. What to other children would have been a passing fancy, to be forgotten amid the pleasures of a strange toy, or lost in

the excitement of a lately invented game, became the one great influence of Dante's life. Throughout all his future career, whether poring over the pages of the Stagyrte amid the halls of the famous universities, or straining every nerve to bring back the spirit of peace to his native city; whether fighting in the ranks at Campaldino, or storming the walls of Florence; whether wandering a homeless exile through the land, or seeking peace and quiet in the palace of the Malaspine, the one face was always before him, the same beautiful eyes burned into his soul. But let Dante himself tell the story of his love. "At this point I can truly say," he writes in the *Vita Nuova*, "that the spirit of life, which dwells in the most secret chambers of the heart, began to tremble so strongly, that even the lesser pulses of my body partook of the commotion; and tremblingly it uttered these words, 'Ecce Deus fortior me, qui veniens dominatur mihi.' Whereupon the animate spirit that dwelleth in the high chamber, to which all the sensitive spirits convey the perceptions, began to marvel greatly, and, speaking especially to the spirit of the eyes, uttered these words, 'Apparuit jam beatitudo vestra.' Whereupon the natural spirit that dwells in that part which ministers to our nourishment, exclaimed, weeping, 'Heu, miser! quia frequenter impedibus ero deinceps!' I say that from that time love ruled my mind so completely and with such sovereign rule, that, by virtue of my strong imagination, I was compelled to do his pleasure continually. He often commanded me to try and find out the youngest of the angels, and in my boyhood I often sought her and found her so praiseworthy, that I could say of her in the words of Homer, 'She seemed to be, not the daughter of a mortal man, but of a god.'"

In this beautiful passage he describes Beatrice's first appearance, when the "youngest of the angels" was yet among the living. He is to see her again amid the splendor of the terrestrial Paradise, and in his "high song divine," to give a still more beautiful account of his vision. He has passed through the fiery snow and the angry winds of the Inferno, and climbed the steep ascent of Purgatory with the souls seeking a glimpse of the celestial light. He has entered the realms of Paradise; and there, amid the solemn chantings of the glorified spirits and the triumphal songs of the blessed ones, half-hidden in a shower of never-dying lilies, clad in the mystical colors of Faith, Hope, and Charity, Beatrice appears before him. In that moment all the past is forgotten. The life of pain and anguish is as if it had never been. In that moment he thinks no more of the unrequited love of his youth, the disappointed passion of his manhood, and the idealized devotion of his later days. He lives but in the present, elevated beyond himself by



"That heavenly influence, which, years past, and e'en  
In childhood thrilled me,"

Although Dante had so completely lost his heart, he did not follow the example of our modern youth, and give himself up to a course of sonnetteering "to his mistress' eyebrow."

Thoroughly imbued with a true desire for knowledge, he spared no labor to become master of all that was to be learned at the time. To Brunetto Latini was intrusted the task of training the boy's mind; and although, for a shameful crime, he is placed by Dante himself in the seventh circle of the *Inferno*, where

"O'er all the sand fell slowly wafting down  
Dilated flakes of fire, as flakes of snow  
On Alpine summit,"

he appears to have discharged the duties of preceptor carefully and well. The usual studies at the time were grammar, dialectics and rhetoric, comprising the trivium, and music, geometry, arithmetic, and astronomy, forming the quadrivium. Carlyle has well summarized the great poet's acquirements: "Dante's education was the best then going—much school-divinity, Aristotelian logic, some Latin classics, no inconsiderable insight into certain provinces of things; and Dante, with his earnest, intelligent nature, we need not doubt, learned better than most all that was learnable." He not only mastered the more serious branches, but also became passionately devoted to music and drawing. Throughout his poem every friend who seems nearest to his heart is a painter or musician. Giotto, who designed the magnificent Campanile at Florence; Oderigi, the illuminator; Casella, whom Dante represents amid the sad scenes of Purgatory singing a canzone with such tender pathos,

"That within  
The sweetness thrills me yet,"

all bear witness to the poet's fondness for the sister arts. But he seemed to consider these pursuits as mere pastimes, while the real objects of his labors were philosophy and theology. To Aristotle and Boëthius he became devotedly attached.

The subtle Greek and the profound Roman obtained a hold upon his mind that grew stronger with each succeeding year; and so strenuously does he maintain their doctrines, not only in the *Divina Commedia*, but also in his prose works, that he has become known to the world as the poet of Scholasticism. Whole cantos of his poem are taken up with the exposition of the principles of the Angelic Doctor. The system of matter and form, the origin of

morality, the connection between intellectual and sensible cognition, are all fully explained. The theory of an ideal world which Plato introduced, and which Wordsworth has embodied in the lines,

“Hence in a season of calm weather,  
 Tho’ inland far we be,  
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
 Which brought us hither,”

is refuted with as much care and precision as if Dante were defending, in the halls of the great universities, the philosophy of the schools against the subtlest metaphysicians of the age.

The institutions in which he acquired his learning have been the subject of as much dispute as the birthplace of Homer. Almost all the universities that flourished at the time lay claim to the honor of having held within their walls the most famous poet of the Middle Ages. Bologna, Padua, Naples, Paris, and Oxford aspire to this distinction. To the first three little objection has been raised. It is quite within the range of probability that a man like Dante should have taken advantage of every institution of learning in his own land. But the jealous Italian mind could not brook the thought that the greatest name in its literature had acquired its priceless treasures of science and culture in a foreign country. They have, accordingly, denied that Dante pursued his studies at Paris, but, above all, at Oxford. Their opponents, however, have a rather strong case. Intrinsic and extrinsic evidence seem to confirm their position. The seventh canto of the *Inferno* opens with these words,

“Pape Satan, Pape Satan, aleppe;”

and among the attempts which commentators have made to explain the line, we find a confirmation of the view that our poet studied at Paris. Benvenuto Cellini tells us that the expression, “Paix, paix, Satan! allez, paix!” was quite common in the courts of justice of the French capital, and it was while Dante and his friend Giotto were residing in the city that the former heard and adapted the words. Boccaccio, in one of his Latin poems, speaks of Dante as having visited

“Parisios dudum, extremosque Britannos.”

But to Giovanni di Sarravalla, Prince Bishop of Fermo, do we owe the most conclusive evidence on this point. In one of the notes to his Latin translation of the *Commedia* he says: “Dantes in juventute sese dedit omnibus artibus liberalibus, studens eas Paduæ et Bononiæ, demum Oxoniis et Parisiis, ubi fecit multos actus mirabiles, in quantum quod ut aliquibus dicebatur Magnus Theo-

logus, ab aliquibus Magnus Philosophus, et ab aliquibus Magnus Poeta." In another passage, he writes: "Dantes dilexit Theologiam sacram in qua diu studuit in Oxoniis, in regno Angliæ." In the face of these proofs, the impartial mind cannot fail to conclude that at least the halls of the University of Paris resounded with the voice of the modern Homer.

Thus the life of the youth went on, each day bringing its new store of knowledge, and each day just as surely increasing his hopeless love. The spirit that had been moved so intensely on that bright May morning was asleep, but not dead. It needed only a glance from the eyes of Beatrice to send his blood coursing back upon his heart, and to make him stand enraptured, as if favored with a vision from heaven. He rose above all that was "of the earth, earthy;" his heart warmed in that happy light, and he felt nothing but charity towards all men. In one of his sonnets he declares,

"On him who's worthy, meekly she bestows  
Her salutations with a look benign,  
So that his heart with goodness overflows,  
She surely comes from heaven, a thing divine,  
And for our good, on earth has her abode,  
So blest is he who near her may remain."

But this overmastering love was to lose its dominant influence for awhile. The poet lived in stirring times. From his early days he had seen around him "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war." The spirit of youth and the promptings of party feeling urged him to the field. It is not surprising, then, that we find him fighting, in 1289, at the battle of Campaldino, in which the Ghibelline forces were routed, and their leaders compelled to fly. But fate evidently had not destined him to be a soldier. From his own lips we have the naïve declaration, that at first he experienced great fear, and afterwards great joy at the issue of the contest. The opening of the twenty-second canto of the *Inferno* is evidently a description of this battle:

"It hath been heretofore my chance to see  
Horseman with martial order shifting camp:  
Light-armed squadrons and fleet foragers  
Scouring thy plains, Arezzo!"

In the autumn of the following year he took part in the siege of Caprona, and with the surrender of the castle his soldier-life ceased for a time. When he again took up the sword, it was against his own native city, in a last desperate attempt to regain a home amid the friends of his youth.

When the struggle was over, Dante returned to Florence, where



the troops were greeted with the enthusiasm inspired by a brilliant victory. But there was no victory for our young warrior, only the remembrance of a crushing defeat. Before he had enrolled himself under the banner of the Guelphs, Beatrice had become the wife of Simeoni dei Bardi. After all his tender devotion, she had crushed whatever hopes he might have entertained, by placing between the ardent lover and herself a barrier which the hand of death alone could remove. Nor can we blame her in aught that she did. If Dante's heart had been enthralled, it was not her fault; she had never, in the slightest degree, encouraged his suit. Although he must have sought eagerly for some faint signal of hope, for some tiny white flag to show that the citadel had surrendered, yet he has never declared that she manifested for him any preference, howsoever slight. In the *Paradise*, she tells us the part she played in his life:

"I showed  
My youthful eyes, and led him by their light  
In upright walking."

But if the news of her marriage had been a cruel blow, there was a still crueller one in store for him. Hardly had the wedding flowers begun to wither than they were replaced by the immortelles of the grave. On the 9th of June, 1290, Beatrice passed away. She had reached "the threshold of her second age," and "changed the mortal for the immortal." And although we know what bitter anguish must have rent his soul, there was no sign of unmanly sorrow, no giving way to the despair of grief. He felt that the "youngest of the angels" had gone to join her sisters, and that, after his life should be over, he might see her again in heaven. The high purpose, the lofty aim that glowed in his breaking heart, has been registered in these beautiful lines: "I beheld a marvellous vision which has caused me to cease from writing in praise of my blessed Beatrice, until I can celebrate her more worthily, which that I may do, I devote my whole soul to study, as *she* knoweth well; insomuch, that if it please the Great Disposer of all things  
" to prolong my life for a few years upon this earth, I hope hereafter to sing of my Beatrice what never yet was said or sung of woman."

It is probable that, at this period, Dante, inspired with the hope of making her name famous, and prompted by the whisperings of love and grief, began the sublime poem on which his reputation rests. His mind would naturally seek out some effective means of accomplishing the one wish of his heart, and of raising Beatrice high above those fair women who have won the devotion of the world's great poets. Poetry must have seemed to him the fittest instrument for attaining his end. No other career offered such

advantages. As a soldier, he knew that little fame was to be gained by the petty wars of the Florentine factions. As a philosopher, he felt that, in the dazzling splendor which the genius of St. Thomas and Duns Scotus had shed upon the age, all lesser luminaries would appear dim and pale. To the Muses, then, he turned for assistance in his self-imposed task. That he has succeeded beyond his fondest wish, that he has sung of Beatrice as no other woman has ever been celebrated, the verdict of five centuries will prove. Other poets have made their lady-loves sharers in the brilliancy that glows round their own names. Petrarch had his Laura, Sydney his Stella, Spenser his Rosalind, Waller his Sacharissa; and many a beautiful Castara or Chloe, but for the sprightly verse of a Lovelace or a Carew, would have

“ In the forgotten crowd  
Of common beauties lived unknown.”

But to Beatrice has fallen the high honor of having inspired a magnificent poem, and of figuring throughout it as the one pure soul, whose influence directed the footsteps of the poet in the path of right.

It is at this period that some writers claim that Dante joined the order of the Franciscans. Although but a few years had elapsed since their foundation, these devoted followers of Christ had already gained universal esteem by the purity and sanctity of their lives. Thomas of Acquin, St. Bernard, Sylvester, and Bonaventure had shed the glory of wisdom and piety around the rough habit of the humble monks, and made the name of the Mendicant orders known throughout all Christendom. The Popes had shown them unusual marks of favor. Innocent III., and Honorius, his successor, had showered privileges upon them. It is not to be wondered at, then, if Dante, still smarting under the pain of his great sorrow, and wishing to escape from the world which had given him nothing but Dead Sea fruit, should have enrolled himself among the followers of St. Francis. Indeed, he himself seems to acknowledge that he became a religious. In Canto XVI. of the *Inferno*, when describing the journey through the seventh circle, he says:

“ I had a cord that braced my girdle round,  
Wherewith I erst had thought fast bound to take  
The painted leopard.”

But he did not long enjoy the peace and quiet which he had sought. His active, earnest spirit urged him to take part in the nervous and throbbing life that was around him. He entered the world again, and plunged with his usual energy into the politics of

the day. Happy would it have been for him if he had remained in the company of his holy brothers.

We now come to a part of Dante's life which it is difficult to explain. Beatrice had passed away forever. The love which her beauty had awakened in his soul, had inspired every line of that tender revelation of self—the *Vita Nuova*. He had given to the world the touching history of his love; he had told all men how the "youngest of the angels" had completely subdued his heart, and how her glorious eyes had been the guiding-star of his life. But scarcely a year had passed away when we find him married. In 1291 Gemma dei Donati became his wife. What motives induced him to take this step we do not know. Whether, yielding to the solicitations of his family and friends, he sought to smooth his path to political distinction in the future, by an alliance with one of the most powerful houses of Florence; or whether, as a writer in the *London Quarterly* suggests, he sought to find balm for his wounded spirit in the companionship of one who had shown him sweet sympathy in the hour of his trial, remains alike unknown. That the marriage proved unhappy Dante himself has confessed. He found that the place which Beatrice had held in his heart could not be filled by any other woman, and he must have shown this feeling in his conduct towards his wife. That she was the Xantippe some writers represent her to be has not been proven. In after days, when her husband was in exile, and her children reduced to want, she showed herself a true and loving mother. But if she displayed any bitterness towards the poet the fault lay with him. Although we can scarcely admit that his life was "conspicuously licentious," as Boccaccio observes, still it seems not to have been the purest. His devotion to Beatrice, his strong and far-seeing intellect, his warm and earnest religious spirit, were not powerful enough to keep him in the right path. He himself pleads guilty to the charge. With what deep sorrow and shame does he hear the reproaches of Beatrice, when, in the presence of the Heavenly Host, she tells him:

"His steps were turned into deceitful ways,  
Following false images of good, that makes  
No promise perfect;"

and with what profound humiliation does he answer:

"Thy fair looks withdrawn,  
Things present with deceitful pleasures turned  
My steps aside."

But, notwithstanding the unhappiness of their lives, they remained together for twelve years, until Dante's banishment in 1302. In the



meantime she had borne him six children, five sons and one daughter. When the dreadful blow fell, and her husband was sent forth a homeless wanderer, Gemma stayed in Florence. The parting between Dante and his wife was final; the next time they were to meet he would be lying cold and silent in his lonely grave at Ravenna.

The four years from 1291 to 1295, which preceded his entrance into public life, were given up almost entirely to the study of philosophy. Perhaps he found in the lofty thought and penetrating genius of the Angelic Doctor a refuge from the petty trials and annoyances that awaited him at home. It was during this period that he laid up the immense store of metaphysical knowledge that shines forth so brilliantly in the *Paradiso*, and that clears up with apparent ease the knottiest questions of the schools. Hitherto he had been debarred from holding any office by the law of Florence, which required that the candidates should have reached the age of thirty years. But when once the long-desired time had arrived his advancement was sure and rapid. His talents seemed destined to receive from the Florentines the appreciation which they so well deserved. We find him taking part in the deliberations of the Council of One Hundred, and going on embassies to the various princes that held sway in Italy at the time.

To our mind these years appear the happiest of his life. As yet his loving heart had not become hardened, nor his gentle nature embittered by ingratitude and wrong. He had not yet lost that taste for the companionship of kindred spirits that delight in the association of congenial minds, which makes the world so pleasant. Although his home life was not happy, he found peace and enjoyment in the company of his intimate friends. With the cultured Guido Cavalcante he could discuss some subtle distinction of Duns Scotus; or, what perhaps was more delightful still, could ascend with him the heights of Parnassus, and inhale the pure atmosphere of the Muses' shrine. With the witty and light-hearted Giotto he could dwell upon the beauties of that art to which they were both devoted, or could listen to the great painter's merry tales while sitting for that famous portrait which has had so strange a history. If, like Socrates, he had to take refuge in flight from the sharp tongue of the angry Gemma, the jests of Giotto and Forese Donati, at the expense of each other's ugliness, would soon bring back the smiles to his face. These four gifted men, with Cino da Pistora and Lapo degli Uberti, remind us of another famous assemblage of modern times, when Reynolds, Goldsmith, Burke, Garrick, and Beauclerc sat round the hospitable board of Mrs. Thrale, listening to the weighty periods and sonorous phrases of Doctor Johnson, while the indefatigable Boswell noted down the utterances of his

patron for his future work. Dante's delight in these meetings is expressed in the following sonnet, which he addressed to Guido Cavalcante, and which Shelley has translated. It is almost needless to say that the "Bice" referred to in the poem is none other than Beatrice:

" Guido, I wish that Lapo, you and I,  
 Led by some strong enchantment might ascend  
 A magic ship, whose charmed sails should fly  
 With winds at will, where'er our thoughts might wend;  
 And that no change or any evil chance  
 Should mar our joyous voyage; but it might be  
 That even satiety should still enhance  
 Between our hearts their strict community:  
 And that the beauteous wizard there should place  
 Vanna and Bice, and your gentle love,  
 Companions of our wanderings, and would grace  
 With passionate talk, wherever we might rove,  
 Our time! and each were as content and free  
 As I believe that you and I should be."

But these happy days were not to last. For a few years more was he to enjoy the pleasures of a home. The sword of Damocles was hanging over his head. That dreadful blow was about to fall—the blow that severed all the ties which bound him to the scenes of his early love, and sent him forth into the world "without a place to lay his head." But in order to understand the causes which led to his banishment, it becomes necessary to unravel, as far as possible, the network of political complications which at the time was spread over Florence.

For many years the unhappy city had been the theatre of the famous quarrel between the Ghibellines and Guelphs, a quarrel which has furnished to the world perhaps the strongest example of the extremes to which men will go when urged on by party feeling, and of the constancy of hatred with which they will pursue to the bitter end an apparently trifling dispute. Its origin has been the subject of much contention. The true cause, however, seems to have been the disagreement which arose as to the rightful successor of Henry II., Emperor of Germany, a disagreement in which the followers of Guelfone, Duke of Bavaria, supported the claims of Lothario, Duke of Saxony; while the rights of young Frederick, of the royal house of Hohenstaufen, were upheld by the family whose hereditary seat was the castle of Warblinger. Springing from the differences of a few nobles, the quarrel soon spread over all Italy, and Florence appears to have been the scene of the bitterest partisanship and the most determined hate. Gradually widening their influence, the two parties became at length the representatives of the two great classes in Italian politics; those whose

sympathies were with the Popes joined the ranks of the Guelphs, while the Ghibellines numbered among their adherents those who upheld the interests of the emperors. During the years that preceded the opening of the fourteenth century, fortune seemed to favor the Guelphs. When, in 1265, Manfredi, grandson to the Queen Costanza, was defeated by Charles of Anjou, there began for the Ghibellines a series of reverses which soon took the power from their hands and drove them from their native soil. In vain did the brave young Conradino draw his sword in their defence. The tide of misfortune swept them along, and every attempt which they made to regain their former prestige appeared only to render their situation more deplorable. After the overthrow which they sustained at Campaldino, it looked as if they had given up all hope of getting back the supremacy. The government was in the hands of the Guelphs, and all things were favorable for a lasting peace.

But for the unhappy Florence there was no cessation of tumult and fratricidal quarrels. Private disputes and family enmities kept the inhabitants in a continual state of alarm, and frustrated every measure conducive to the welfare of the state. The nobles, under the leadership of Corso Donati,

“He whose guilt is most,”

and the middle class, headed by the Cerchi, only sought for an occasion to gratify their pent-up hatred by an appeal to the sword. They had not long to wait. In 1295 an encounter between two members of the rival factions, fierce and savage recriminations, an attempt by some well-disposed citizens to quell the disturbance, and the streets of Florence are filled with armed men, and her palaces re-echo with the shouts of the combatants. As if to render the struggle still fiercer, a nobleman, Giandella Bella by name, abandoning the cause of the Donati, puts himself at the head of the Cerchi party and strives with all his energies to effect the ruin of his former leader. But after the conflict has raged for some time, Della Bella goes into voluntary banishment rather than bring upon his country all the horrors of civil war. For the space of five years peace reigned supreme. A happy future seemed in store for the city by the Arno. The rancor and bitterness of the past, if they had not disappeared from the hearts, at least did not manifest themselves in the actions of the rival factions. But in the early part of the year 1303 the town of Pistoia is stirred to its depths by a cruel deed. Two young men of the Cancellieri family, named respectively Geri and Lore, happen to meet, enter into conversation, and before their friends can interfere are involved in a quarrel. Hot words follow, then Lore wounds his kinsman. In fierce anger



they part and prepare to settle the dispute by the sword. In the meantime Lore's passion cools down, and with genuine sorrow he reflects on the cruel insult he has offered to Geri. Full of generous impulses he goes to Gentnecis, the father of his opponent, and asks forgiveness for the wrong he has done. The enraged parent, furious at the affront which his child has received, is not to be softened by gentle speeches; with a terribly significant look he replies that "wounds inflicted by iron are to be healed by iron and not by words." The young Lore is seized and carried into the palace, and in a few moments the hand that struck the blow lies bleeding at his feet. He hurries back to his friends and shows them his mutilated arm. They snatch up their arms and sally forth, and when night comes down upon the narrow streets of the town the peaceful sounds of evening are drowned by the cries of the wounded, and the darkness lit up by the flashing of swords in the light of the dim-burning lamps. Before long the feud spread abroad. The descendants of Branea, the first wife of Cancellieri, become known as the Branchi, while their adversaries take the title of Neri. Every day the quarrel grows fiercer and fiercer; it assumes larger proportions, and threatens to destroy completely the prosperity of the town. Desirous of putting an end to so disastrous a contest, the Floréntines summon the leaders of the factions to their city; but instead of this measure restoring peace and tranquillity, it only serves to bring on another war. The violent party spirit of the Donati has only been slumbering. No sooner does the slightest pretence, the faintest shadow of an excuse, offer itself for attacking their enemies than they hasten to take advantage of it. Without stopping to consider the consequences of the rash move they are about to make, they declare themselves in favor of the Neri, and prepare to defend their cause by political intrigues or by force of arms. There is no alternative left for the Cerchi but to arrange themselves on the side of the Branchi. Thus the feud goes on, with its heartless treachery, its vindictive spite, its pitiless desire for revenge, its total sacrifice of everything near and dear to the demon of party hate, until it seems as if the hapless city by the Arno is doomed to everlasting strife. With no hand powerful enough to crush the quarrel in its birth, it grows and flourishes to an alarming extent; it arrays the nobles against the middle classes, and finally widens its lines until again Guelph and Ghibellines stand face to face in a deadly struggle. The former side with the Neri, the latter with the Branchi. After a fruitless attempt to gain the upper hand, both parties appeal to the Pope. The Ghibellines swallow their anger at being forced to acknowledge the supremacy of the Pontiff. The Guelphs hope for a decision in their favor. To restore peace to the distracted city, Boniface VIII. sends a bishop. All in vain;

the Augean stables, he exclaims, cannot be cleaned. A cardinal, Acquasparta by name, undertakes the herculean task. He, too, gives it up in despair. He is only human, and nothing human can quell that storm of blind selfishness and passionate hate. He returns to Rome, "after adding," says Lowell, "the new element of excommunication to the causes of confusion." Then the Florentines, hoping no longer for aid from without, look for some strong arm at home to strike down the beast that is gnawing at their vitals. That strong arm was raised and the beast driven from the land. But many a day of bitter grief and impotent wrath was to be the fate of him who dared to perform the deed.

Dante, at this time, was one of the Priori. With his usual clear perception he saw that the crisis had arrived, and that something would have to be done if Florence was to be saved. A secret consultation is held, and before the astonished leaders of the two parties have time to protest they are hurried off into banishment. That Dante acted in this matter from the purest motives is proved by the sternness with which he set aside the ties of kindred and of affection. Among the exiles whom his unbending justice confined in the Castello della Pieve was Corso Donati, a kinsman of his wife; while his cherished friend, the companion of his happiest hours, Guido Cavalcanti, was hurried off to Sarrazzano with the other chiefs of the Cerchi faction.

These strong measures brought a storm of wrath upon our poet's head. He had punished both parties, and both parties united in their hatred of him. Corso Donati, the iron-willed, unscrupulous leader, was not one to forget an injury done him. From this time Dante dates the beginning of that series of misfortunes and sorrows which fortune seemed to have delighted in heaping upon him. From this time an implacable Nemesis pursued him through life, hardening his tender heart, poisoning all his joys, and ever holding the cup of grief to his lips. But fortunate has it been for the world that he was doomed to wander an *exul immeritus* through his native land. Perhaps, if fate had been kinder to him, and showered upon him wealth and political distinctions, he would have settled down as a successful merchant, and we would have one song of the ages less. Carlyle tells us "what might have been:" "Florence would have had another prosperous Lord Mayor, and the ten dumb centuries continued voiceless, and the ten other listening centuries (for there will be ten of them more) had no *Divina Commedia* to hear."

When once the civil strife was over, Dante retired from office. His colleagues then permitted Guido Cavalcante and some others of the Bianchi to return, on the ground of ill health. The Neri, not long afterwards, appeared in the city, and accused Dante of

having shown undue partiality to their opponents, although he was out of office at the time. In the meanwhile he had gone on an embassy to Rome. During his absence the Neri held a conference and decided to call in Charles of Valois, brother of Philip the Fair, to settle the affairs of the republic.

The French prince accepted the invitation. Hurrying into Italy, he reached Florence on the 31st of October, 1301, and took possession of the city in the interests of the Neri. The discomfited Bianchi were expelled from office and sent into exile. Dante, although still at Rome, did not escape. His enemies had him in their grasp, and they determined to crush forever the one who had so recently almost destroyed their power. Like many another illustrious man he was granted a mock trial. The farce of Florentine justice was carried out for his benefit. On January 27th, 1302, he was tried by the Priori, under Cante de Gubbio, on two charges, the first being corrupt dealing during his tenure of office; the second, opposition to Charles and the Guelph faction. We need not tell the result. Pronounced guilty of both charges, he was fined 5000 florins; and if this was not paid within two months it was decreed that his personal property was to be destroyed, and his lands confiscated. To this was added the sentence of banishment for the space of two years, and of exclusion during life from all public office. These punishments were surely severe enough, but his enemies did not think that their measure of vengeance was yet full. On March 10th, of the same year, a decree was passed in which it was declared that Dante and his companions should be burned alive if found within the limits of the republic. A noble reward this for the blinded city to confer upon one who, above all her other sons, has made her name famous.

Driven from his home, a wanderer and an exile, Dante now began that life of misery, prolonged for nineteen years; that life filled with impotent wrath and baffled revenge, with cruel wounds to his haughty spirit from the princes who gave him bread, and with a passionate yearning for that happy day which was to gladden his eyes with a vision of

“The light, whose goodly shine  
Makes the Creator visible to all  
Created, that in seeing him alone  
Have peace.”

“From this time,” says Lowell, “the life of Dante becomes semi-mythical, and for nearly every date we are reduced to the ‘as they say’ of Herodotus. He became now necessarily identified with his fellow exiles (fragments of all parties united by common wrongs in a practical if not theoretical Ghibellinism), and shared in their



attempts to reinstate themselves by force of arms." But obscure as are the traditions of his wanderings, we can trace him here and there by means of his own works. Upon hearing of the overthrow of his friends at Florence he hurried from Rome and joined them at Sienna. Here, in the castle of the Ubertini, a regular party was formed with Count Alessandro di Romana at its head. That Dante hoped, by means of this organization, to regain his old position in Florence and take vengeance upon those who had banished him, we gather from the fact that he became one of the Council of Twelve, and took an active interest in its proceedings. In the meantime Benedict IX., who at the time occupied the Pontifical throne, had endeavored to settle the contest in a peaceful manner. The Neri, however, rejected all overtures. They held the power for which they had sought so long, and they meant to keep it. The exiles then decided to attempt by force of arms what they could not obtain by moderate measures. Florence was attacked with nine thousand infantry and six hundred horse, but the Neri were too powerful, and the assailants were driven off.

Dante now saw that his fate was inevitable. Restless and unhappy he wandered from town to town, from hamlet to hamlet, now brooding over his wrongs, now thinking out the details of the great poem, "which," as he says with genuine pathos, "has made me lean for many years." With his haggard face and drooping figure he seemed a spectre hurrying through the land, and it is said that when the women of Verona saw him striding along the streets, with his eyes fixed, perhaps, on a vision of Beatrice, they exclaimed, "Eccovi l' uom ch'è stato all' Inferno,"—"See, there is the man who was in Hell!" Arezzo, Casentino, Montefeltro, Forlì, and Bologna, all claim the honor of the great poet's residence. The author of *Among my Books*, tells us that, "in certain districts of Northern Italy there is scarcely a village that has not its traditions of him; its *sedia*, *rocca*, *spelonca*, or *torre di Dante*."

Another writer relates that Dante, while wandering through a little hamlet one day, heard the strong and unmelodious voice of the rustic Vulcan chanting forth some garbled version of his poem; and that the angry author, hurrying into the smithy, laid his staff over the shoulders of the unfortunate singer as a punishment for such irreverence.

But there are few anecdotes of his weary exile calculated to raise a smile. They are all tinged with the sadness of his life; they all tell the same story. "I have gone about like a mendicant showing, against my will, the wounds with which fortune has smitten me." The same dreadful fate seemed to pursue him everywhere. Hardly had he settled down in Bologna and devoted himself to his favorite studies, when, at the request of his old enemies, he was

expelled from the city. In 1307 he took refuge with the family of the Malaspine, at Lunigiana. Returning thence to Casentino, he seems to have forgotten the pure teachings of his ideal love, and to have "fallen from his high estate." He became acquainted with a lady named Gentucca,—a "slight girl," Beatrice calls her,—and appears to have lived with her for some time. Of his life during this period it is better to remain silent. Although Dante, himself, tells us that he became attached to her only on account of similarity of tastes, and although Lowell exhorts us to "dismiss at once and forever all the idle tales of Dante's amours, of La Montanina, Gentucca, Lisetta, and the rest, to that outer darkness of impure thoughts, *la' onde stoltezza dispartille*," we cannot forget the stern testimony which the poet has borne against himself. In that tender rebuke which Beatrice administers to him in the terrestrial Paradise, she tells him that he must "feel the edge of other swords;" she recalls how "he left me and gave himself to others," and finally reminds him that the sight of Hell's torture were alone powerful enough to raise him from the depths into which he had sunk:

"Such depth he fell, that all device was short  
Of his preserving, save that he should view  
The children of perdition."

With such evidence against him, it is no easy thing to "dismiss into the outer darkness of impure thoughts" the suspicion of his fall.

Thus the exile wandered from city to city, "driven by that hot blast, the breath of grievous poverty," and learning, day by day, the bitter lesson of dependence. At this time we first hear of the *Commedia*. To Boccaccio we are indebted for the information that Gemma, while looking over Dante's papers after his banishment, chanced upon the first seven cantos of the *Inferno*, and sent them to Duio di Frescobaldi, a man of no small critical taste. He immediately perceived their value and forwarded them to the Marquis Moroello Malaspine. This nobleman persuaded Dante to "complete the poem. Be this as it may, we are certain that the *Inferno* was finished about 1309, for Hilarion, the abbot of the monastery of Santa Croce, writing in that year to Uguccone della Fagginola, tells how Dante presented him with a copy of the poem, accompanying the gift with these words: "Voici, mon frère, une partie le mon ouvrage que, peut-être, tu n'as jamais vue." In this same letter the restless spirit and passionate yearnings of the exile are touchingly portrayed by the gentle-hearted monk. He finds Dante wandering through the cloisters, as if seeking for some precious gem hidden within the holy walls; and when the friar

asks him the object of his search, he answers, "La paix." In search of this peace he traversed many a weary league, and even left the shores of his beloved Italy. This period is assigned as the one during which he studied at Paris, but the commentators by no means agree on the point. Boccaccio maintains that the poet, despairing of ever returning to Florence, left Italy in 1308 and repaired to the French capital, where he continued his philosophical researches under the famous Sigier of Brabant. In this view he is supported by Benvenuto da Imola and Villani. On the other hand, the Bishop of Fermo, in his preface to the translation of the *Commedia*, which has already been quoted, holds that Dante resided in Paris during the years that elapsed between 1291 and 1295. He asserts further that the great Italian became a bachelor of the university, but was obliged to return to Florence by want of money. To the Bishop's authority on this point is added that of Tiraboschi and Ozanam. When such eminent doctors so decidedly disagree, we cannot be expected to settle the question. The majority of the critics, however, seem to be in favor of the first opinion.

Hitherto the exile of the poet had been a series of overwhelming misfortunes, without one ray of joy to light up the gloomy path. But, in the midst of his disputations and earnest discussions, a new hope springs up in his breast. For a time "la donna gentil," philosophy, must be second in his thoughts. In 1308, Henry of Luxembourg succeeds to the throne of the murdered Albert, and in October, 1310, receives the Iron Crown of Lombardy at Milan. When this news reaches Dante his exile seems at an end. The fierce hatred of his enemies, the deep love of his native land, the intense desire to take vengeance on those who have wronged him, the tender longing for the scenes of his youth, now rise into new life and vigor; and Dante's ardent nature lives in the hope that Henry will quickly put an end to his banishment. His soul bursts out in a passionate letter to the emperor. He calls upon him to crush the "hydra and the myrrha;" and he gives vent to the hot anger of seven years of exile in one fierce arraignment of the city of his birth. But disappointment again becomes his portion. Henry's career, that began with such bright promises of great deeds in the future, ends in ignominy and defeat.

After wasting much precious time, through a desire to receive the crown in the Holy City, he at length attacks the Florentines, but is compelled to retreat, with great loss; and inhaling, in the meantime, the treacherous breath of the Maremma, he dies August 24th, 1310. Of this inglorious expedition Dante writes, many years after, with a bitterness scarcely lessened by the lapse of time. In the *Purgatorio* Beatrice thus speaks for the poet:



“ In that proud stall . . . shall rest the soul  
Of the great Harry, he who, by the world  
Augustus hailed, to Italy must come  
Before her day be ripe. But ye are sick,  
And in your techy wantonness as blind  
As is the bantling, that of hunger dies  
And drives away the nurse.”

The emperor's coming had brought with it no change in Dante's life; he was still an exile, and the “hydra” was still untouched. Whatever hopes he had entertained of returning to Florence were crushed forever by the failure of the attempt to drive the Neri from power. In 1311 an amnesty had been granted to some of the unfortunates who were the companions of Dante's exile, and who had been banished by the decree of January, 1302; but the most innocent of all this number, the one who had acted with the most disinterested motives, was not allowed to return. Sick with this new disappointment he again takes up his heavy burden and resumes the mournful journey that is so soon to end in the lonely grave at Ravenna.

From the time of Henry's death until the autumn of the year 1314, Dante remained at Pisa and Lucca, but was finally expelled from the latter place at the request of his old enemies. What city received him after his departure from Lucca is not very clear. Some of his biographers send him to Guido da Polenta, at Ravenna; others say that he immediately took refuge with Can Grande della Scala at Verona. The truth of this matter is not very easily gotten at; but the most probable conjecture is that, after spending two years at Gubbio and the monastery of Fonte Avellano, he began in 1318 his residence with Can Grande, whom, by the way, Voltaire seems to have looked upon as holding the same rank as did the “Kubla Khan,” that lived in “Xanader.”

In the meantime a ray of pity seemed to have reached the hard hearts of his enemies. In 1316 Florence opened her gates to the exile. But with a refinement of cruelty which forms a fitting climax to such a long catalogue of wrongs, she imposed conditions that she knew would break the haughty spirit of her son. For the privilege of coming home, for permission to play the part of the “Prodigal Son,” he is to pay the fine imposed at the commencement of his banishment, appear in the dress of the penitent, and, with a lighted taper in his hand, go in procession to the Church of San Giovanni. Pride, so powerful an element in his finely-strung organism, revolts at such a proposal. He feels that acceptance of these terms will make him become, in the eyes of the world, not a deeply injured man, but a criminal only too willing to undergo the penalty of his crime. He writes his answer to the

Florentines "in a letter," says Lowell, "still hot after these five centuries with indignant scorn:"

"Is this, then, the glorious return of Dante Alighieri to his country after nearly three lustres of suffering and exile? Did an innocence, patent to all, merit this?—this, the perpetual sweat and toil of study? . . . Can I not everywhere behold the mirrors of the sun and stars? speculate on sweetest truths under any sky, without first giving myself up inglorious, nay, ignominious, to the populace of Florence? Nor shall I want for bread."

The Florentines, incensed still more by this fierce rejection of what they considered generous proposals, never again offered to admit the exile. Thus was the breach widened between the blinded city and her noblest son. But although she treated him with harshness and cruel severity when alive, she begged for his dead body when it lay in a stranger's grave, and envied her sister city the possession of the ashes of Italy's greatest poet.

That Dante's residence with Can Grande was a pleasant one, we may with safety assert. Some of the commentators throw out vague hints about the uncongenial atmosphere in which the exile found himself, and declare that his proud and sensitive character was not understood by the frivolous companions of the prince. To establish their position, however, they advance no certain proofs. In support of the contrary opinion we have the high praise which Dante invariably gives to his patron in the *Commedia*, and the grateful terms in which he speaks of his treatment in the palace of the young Ghibelline leader. In Canto XVII. of the *Paradiso* Cacciagneda thus speaks of Can Grande:

"Sparks of virtue shall shoot forth in him,  
In equal scorn of labors and of gold,  
His bounty shall be spread abroad so widely  
As not to let the tongues e'en of his foes  
Be idle in its praise."

Nor was the delicate consideration which he experienced at the hands of Can Grande his only source of pleasure. One of his sons came to visit him, bringing cherished memories from the home from which his father had been driven so many years before. Here, too, came his friend Giotto, in 1317. What a balm for the wounded spirit of the exile must have been the companionship of one who had been the sharer in so many joys. We can imagine them talking of other days and relating their struggles and successes, while the painter traces out on the walls of the Scrovigni Chapel the quaint allegorical fancies of the poet.

In 1320 Dante left Verona, and transferred his fallen household gods to the palace of Guido da Polenta, at Ravenna. This no-

bleman was the nephew of Francesca da Rimini, whose sad story, under Dante's tender touch, has become a cameo in the literature of the world. He remained here until 1321, when he was sent by his master on an embassy to Venice, for the purpose of negotiating a treaty of peace. But as he was about to plead his patron's cause in an elegant Latin oration, he was interrupted, and told to proceed in the vulgar tongue. From what we have already learned of our poet's temperament, we may easily conclude that, after this slight, his mission came to an unsuccessful issue. He returned to Ravenna and attempted to resume his studies; but his long exile was at an end. As he entered his patron's palace, his haggard face seemed to say:

"An old man broken with the storms of state  
Is come to lay his bones among you;  
Give him a little earth for charity."

The dreadful marsh-fever had seized upon him, as he was journeying home, and this, together with the chafing of his wounded pride at the failure of his embassy, soon loosened the lofty spirit from its mortal home. The great poet died September 14th, 1321. Guido da Polenta raised a monument over his remains, on which was inscribed the following epitaph, written by Dante on his death-bed:

"Jura monarchiæ superos Phlegethonta lacusque  
Lustrando cecini volverunt Fata quousque;  
Sed quia pars cessit melioribus hospita castris  
Auctoremque suum petiit felicior astris  
Hic claudor Dantes patriis extorris ab ovis  
Suam genuit parvi Florentia mater amoris."

Thus after nineteen years of disappointment and heartache, the greatest of Italian bards found that peace which the experience of his own ruined life told him was not to be obtained in this world. A sad lot had, indeed, been his. After a youth happy in its pure love and in the stir of an active, earnest life, he had to learn the bitter truth, so touchingly uttered by Francesca:

" "No greater grief than to remember days  
Of joy, when misery is at hand."

Gifted with a soul so tender and so high strung that its devotion to Beatrice became part of its very life, he saw the object of that devotion the wife of another, and then the spouse of the grim bridegroom, Death; with a heart only too true to the city of his birth, and with a spirit that loved to move in the nervous, stirring political world of the day, he found himself, in the strength of his intellectual powers, driven from his home and forced to wander through



the land, an exile and an outcast. Nor was this the deepest wound that fortune dealt him. He had to eat the bread of poverty, and suffer in silence the humiliations and rebuffs that have ever been the portion of the dependent. He had to feel

“How salt the savor is of others’ bread,  
How hard the passage to descend and climb  
By others’ stairs.”

A sorrowful picture, indeed! Few like it does history throw on the canvas of the past. All the world has looked with admiration on the scene enacted centuries ago in the Athenian dungeon, when Socrates, discoursing calmly on lofty themes, holds the hemlock to his lips, while the fickle crowd that condemned him wrangles and surges beneath; men have gazed with pity on the blind old Milton, unhonored by his country, deserted by his friends, and condemned in his declining days

“To sit idle by the household hearth,  
A burd’nous drone, to visitants a gaze.”

But Dante’s face is a nobler, sadder sight, looking out from the mist of the ages; haggard with hope deferred, seamed with the lines of misery and care, yet glowing with the light that neither grief nor wrong can ever dim. Carlyle has preserved it for posterity: “Lonely there, painted as on vacancy, with the simple laurel-wreath wound round it, the deathless sorrow and pain, the known victory which is also deathless,—I think it is the mournfullest face ever painted from reality, an altogether heart-affecting face.”

The hatred with which Dante’s enemies regarded him must have been intense, if we may judge from the length of time which elapsed before their prejudices could be overcome by the great merits of the poet. For twenty-nine years they remained blind to the genius of the man whom they had exiled.

At length, however, the recognition came. In 1350 the republic of Florence placed ten golden florins in the hands of Boccaccio, to be given by him to Dante’s daughter Beatrice, then a nun in the convent of Santa Chiara. In 1396 the city voted Dante a monument, “and begged in vain,” as a writer on the poet remarks, “for the metaphorical ashes of the man whom she had threatened to make literal cinders of if she could catch him alive.” Similar attempts were made in 1496 and 1519, but the citizens of Ravenna would not give him up. It was his destiny never to come back, in life or death, to the home of his early days; and fate seems to have crowned her constant persecution of the exile, by refusing his last request that “his bones might repose in the soft bosom of that

land which had nursed and borne him to the maturity of his age." A cenotaph was finally built at Santa Croce, five centuries after he had breathed his last in the palace of the Polentas. In 1373 a chair of the *Divina Commedia* was established at Florence, with Boccaccio as its first professor. Benvenuto da Imola held this high office at Bologna, while the most illustrious men of the times were chosen to lecture on the work at Pisa, Venice, Placenza, Milan, and the other cities of Italy. Manuscript copies multiplied with wonderful celerity; and translations into other languages showed that

"This high song divine,  
To which both heaven and earth their hands have set,"

belonged not to Florence alone, but to the whole world.

Hitherto we have devoted ourselves to the narration of Dante's life, filled with such strange vicissitudes, and with so many "moving accidents by flood and field;" we shall now endeavor to point out a few of those qualities which have made the great Italian stand alone among the poets.

"The history of modern intellect," writes F. Schlegel, "presents scarcely anything else than a constant struggle between the old and the foreign, and the new, the peculiar and the national, which latter must be the vital spirit of all living, effective, national literature and poetry." Of this new spirit Dante was the first opponent. To him modern literature owes its present strength and power. Under the fierce light of his genius, "the old and the foreign," which had such a long lease of existence in the songs of the Provençal troubadours, withered away and disappeared.

The age had been bewitched by the magic flower of Oberon, and was wasting its love on another blossom; but Dante touched the eyes of the infatuated people, and exposed the ass's head in all its ugliness. Before his coming, poetical feeling had entirely vanished. Instead of seeking new paths of thought, the imagination of the poet was content to run in the grooves that had been worn by a multitude of predecessors. To every ambitious versifier there was open an immense storehouse from which to draw his materials, "without going to the trouble of having to fashion them with his own hands. Did he wish to sing of the warlike deeds of the Northmen, the *Edda* would furnish him with all the characters—the rough old sea-king, the golden-haired, lily-faced daughter, the bold lover and his daring followers. If his poems were to have a martial ring, the battle hymns of the old Burgundian jens, and the songs of Charlemagne and of the field of Roncesvalles were ready for his use. The coming of Arthur, and

. . . . "the puissance of his Table Round,"

the glorious deeds of Lancelot and Sir Bedivere, the beauty of the false Guinevere, the mystic legend of the Holy Grail had but to be moulded in some new form, to produce a work that would acquire a fame denied to some more original composition. The troubadours all sang of tourneys and courts of love, of *cavalier sirvente* and beautiful damosel, until one is tempted to cry out with Chaucer's merry host, "No more of this, for Goddes dignitié." But this was changed by the influence of one great mind. The spirit that moved the poets who preceded Dante was the spirit of the past. The essence of their poetry was not subjective. With Dante, however, everything was real. During his long term of banishment his soul had felt the horrors of the damned, the revolt of wounded pride, the fierce glow of anger, the impotent desire for revenge. His imagination had been heated in the crucible of adversity, from which his ideas arose in rapid and uninterrupted flight. He entered a new sphere; a sphere higher and nobler than that in which his predecessors had moved. Gentleness, according to Schlegel, had been the distinguishing characteristic of the Mueniegesang and Le Gay Savoir poetry; Dante was nothing if not intense. Intensity shines forth in the cruel torments of the lost souls; it is felt in the overpowering sadness that reigns throughout Purgatory; it trembles in the brilliant light and splendor, the rolling music, and the white-robed forms of the Paradise. The burning tombs, the cruel swords of the demons, the angry winds tossing about the wretched souls in ceaseless unrest, are all as real to us, as if we had passed through the horrible scenes, and viewed them with our own eyes. At that saddest of stories ever told by the poet's pen, the tale of Francesca and her lover, Dante faints with pity; we, too, can see the unhappy pair hurried onward by the furious blasts, and can feel the same deep and tender compassion. The joy of that meeting with Beatrice amid the beauty of the terrestrial Paradise glows in our hearts with the same fervor that burned in Dante's breast, when he beheld again the face of his beloved. Even the scenery partakes of this intensity. Ruskin declares that "its most striking characteristic is intense definition."

"Dante gives us," says Macaulay, "the shape, the color, the sound, the sense, the taste; he counts the numbers, he measures the size. The ruins of the precipice which led from the sixth to the seventh circle of hell, were like those of the rock which fell into the Adige, on the south of Trent. The cataract of Phlegethon was like that of Aqua Cheta at the monastery of St. Benedict. The place where the heretics were confined in burning tombs resembles the vast cemetery of Arles." But it is not alone as the founder of modern literature that Dante holds such a high place among the world's great poets. He has another charm to be numbered



amid "that learned band," whom he meets in Limbo. He is *par excellence* the poet of Christianity. It has been well said of him that he caught and crystallized the Christian spirit. Man is the subject of his song, *subjectum est homo*. Man, not as he lived in the poems of Homer and the dramas of Sophocles, a strong-limbed, brave-hearted youth, hated by Juno and loved by Minerva, surmounting the difficulties and throwing aside the obstacles which one deity places in his path by the heaven-sent aid of another, falling amid the glitter of golden armor and the thunder of war-chariots, or being changed into a centaur by the hand of an envious Jove; then after the lower vices of his nature have been shrouded in the mist of centuries, placed amid the gods who are worshipped on the altar. This was not the inspiration of the *Commedia*. Dante caught the higher, grander spirit of the new religion. With him man was a creature whose greatest possession was freedom of the will; who relied on no assisting god or goddess in his progress through life, but who saw the two paths stretching before him: the one fragrant with budding flowers and musical with laughing streams, ending in the darkness of hell, the other dreary and thorn-covered, leading to the untold happiness of heaven. The home of Dante was not a being whose destiny was spun out by the three grim sisters who held the thread of his existence; he carries his fate in his hands, and climbs up and onwards, not to a place among the divinities carousing on the heights of Olympus, but to a throne amid the brightness of God's light, and just as "sad Electra's poet" embodied the hopes and fears, the passions and longings of that people who worshipped the carnal sins concentered in one beautiful woman, and gave shape and form to the whisperings of the woods, and

"The dreary melody of bedded reeds"

in the person of Pan, so Dante's poem is the crystallization of all that the fourteenth century thought, believed, and feared. The spirit of that age, according to Schlegel, was "an unwavering devotion to the doctrines of the true faith." It was this devotion, untouched as yet by the blight of rationalism, that inspired the *Divina Commedia*. Lowell has compared the poem to a lofty Gothic cathedral, "realized out of the faith and by the contributions of an entire people, whose beliefs and superstitions, whose imagination and fancy, find expression in its statues and carvings, its calm saints and martyrs, now at rest forever in the seclusion of their canopied niches, and in its wanton grotesques thrusting themselves forth from every pinnacle and gargoyle." Some have wondered at these "grotesques," and have exclaimed against the presence of their grinning faces amid such holy company. That

so many Pagan characters should figure in the work does, indeed, appear strange. All the machinery of Hades is transported to the Inferno. Charon ferries the lost souls across the Styx; the Centaurs keep guard over the sinners in the seventh circle; the Gorgon's head towers over the battlements of the city of Dis; Cato, the suicide, is the presiding spirit in Purgatory, and the guide of Dante and Virgil in their ascent of the mountain. To explain away this discrepancy would seem at first no easy task. But a consideration of the times in which the poem was written will soon make everything clear.

In Dante's age the struggle between the Christian and Pagan elements had just come to an end. The empire had fallen nine centuries before, but its teachings and principles had taken a strong hold on the minds of men. These principles had been circled with a halo of glory by ages of military triumph and undisputed sway; they had been hidden amid the seductive beauties of a literature which to-day is the wonder and admiration of the world. It is not strange, then, that the broken fragments of the temples of Venus should yet be seen among the lofty columns of the new faith, or that the Italian people should retain the memories of the Pagan idea. These memories Dante found in the popular mind, and finding them, he placed them in his poems, just as the sculptor of his day carved on the pedestal of a statue of St. Peter the grinning head of a satyr or a faun.

Although it is to the *Divina Commedia* that Dante owes the fame which he has acquired, his other works are by no means to be despised. Had he never written the celebrated poem he would still hold a high place in the literary records of the time. His treatise *De Vulgari Eloquentia* is, perhaps, the feeblest effort of his strong and active intellect. His Latin style is said to have been harsh and unmusical; it is only in the so-called vulgar tongue that he displays his command over words and his power of concise expression. The Canzone are exquisitely sweet and harmonious, but too abstract for the modern reader. He displays in them a tendency to personification, which serves only to mystify the student, the more so when the poems are translated into another tongue. In the *Convito*, or *Banquet*, we find greater evidence of the presence of a master mind than in any of the preceding works. It marks the beginning of elegant Italian prose. Under Dante's magic touch the rude dialects of Sicily, Apulia, Romagna, and Venice were transformed into a rich and plastic form of speech.

"It is the singular fate of that language," says Hallam, "to have spared itself all intermediate stages of refinement, and, starting last in the race, to have arrived almost instantaneously at the goal." In this new and particolored dress Dante clothed the explanation

of the Canzone. "The viands of this *Banquet*," he writes in the introduction, "will be set out in fourteen different manners, that is, will consist of fourteen Canzone, the materials of which are love and virtue." But, whether interrupted by the press of official business, or by the sentence of exile which came so suddenly, he did not complete the work, only three of the fourteen poems being emanded. Irrelevant as it may seem, we cannot refrain from quoting here a passage from this book, in which he appears to have foreseen the many disastrous attempts which would be made to translate the *Commedia*. "Every one should know," he tells us, "that nothing harmonized by musical enchantment can be transmitted from one language into another without breaking all its sweetness and harmony." How swiftly and imperceptibly the delicate aroma of his genius has vanished beneath the rude hand of some modern translators the piles of forgotten volumes will amply testify. To Cary and Longfellow we owe, indeed, a meed of thanks. They have performed their task well. They have studied their master's face, and have given to the English-speaking world a most faithful portrait. But the play of the features, the warm rush of blood, the flashing of the dark eye they could not transfer to canvas. Other translators have not been so successful. We can imagine the "fiero Ghibellino's" anger at finding those intensely mournful lines written over the gates of hell losing all their strength by such a rendition as this:

"Thro' me the newly-damned forever fleet  
In ceaseless shoal to pain's eternal seat;  
Thro' me they march and join the tortured crew;"

or the famous warning to the lost souls:

"Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate;"

clothed in this new dress:

"Ye heirs of hell,  
Here bid at once your lingering hope farewell,  
And mourn the moment of repentance past,"

We fear that the poet's anger would vent itself on the unhappy translator in the same manner that it did on the rural blacksmith who was singing a rude version of the great poem.

If there ever was a doubt of Dante's intensely Ghibelline spirit, a perusal of his treatise, *De Monarchia*, would soon set all uncertainty at rest. Descended from a family whose every member was an ardent Guelph, he early cut adrift from the traditions of his ancestors and became a devoted supporter of the emperors.

So fervent a believer was he in the divine right of these rulers,



that he devoted the whole work to prove that Rome had from its very foundation been intended by Providence as the mistress of the universe. He declares that its progress from a small colony on the banks of the Tiber to the lofty position it held in the time of Cæsar had been marked by miracles. From every possible source he draws arguments in support of this view. The Redemption itself, according to his theory, among the other great truths which it revealed to men, gave proof that the seven-hilled city was destined by heaven to rule the world. Pilate, to whose commands the Saviour submitted, was a Roman citizen, the representative of Roman authority, and in this act of submission on the part of Jesus Dante saw the tacit acknowledgment of the universal jurisdiction of Rome. The ideal monarch of this ideal kingdom, the sovereign who was to direct the fortunes of this new Utopia, was Henry of Luxembourg, the same prince whose unhappy expedition certainly gave no evidence of an ability to manage the affairs of the whole world. An outline of the political doctrine contained in the *De Monarchia* may be found in the following passage, quoted from the *Foreign Quarterly*:

"Unity is taught by the manifest design of God in the external world, and by the necessity of an aim. Now, unity seeks for something by which it may be represented, and this is found in unity of government. There must, then, of necessity be some centre to which the general aspiration of mankind ascends, thence to flow down again in the form of law, a power strong in unity, and in the supporting advice of the higher intellects naturally destined to rule, providing with calm wisdom for all the different functions which are to be fulfilled—the distinct employments—itsself performing the part of pilot, of supreme chief, in order to bring to the highest perfection what Dante calls 'the universal religion of human nature;' that is, empire—imperium."

To the Popes he gives the spiritual, to the emperors the temporal supremacy. All the strife and discord that have desolated Italy he ascribes to the union of the crozier and the sword. In Canto XXI. of the *Purgatorio* he exclaims:

"The sword  
Is grafted on the crook, and, so conjoined,  
Each must perforce decline to worse, unawed  
By fear of other."

Perhaps it might be well to notice here the attacks which have been made on Dante's orthodoxy, attacks based upon his harsh treatment of the Pontiffs in the course of his poem. We are reminded by Protestant writers that Nicholas V. is expiating in the eighth circle of the *Inferno* the awful crime of simony; that Celestine V.,

"He who, to base fear  
Yielding, abjured his high estate,"

wanders among those despised spirits

“Who live withouten infamy or fame;”

and that the tortures of the “livid stone” and the slow-consuming fire are waiting for Boniface VIII.,

. . . “The chief of the new Pharisees, . . .  
Who his great charge nor sacred ministry  
In himself revered.”

What right, they triumphantly ask, have we to claim the great Italian as a true son of that Church whose visible head he so fiercely arraigns? If these hasty critics would only remember that in the age in which Dante lived, and from which he drew the materials of the *Commedia*, it was as fashionable to cry out against the abuses of ecclesiastical power as it is to rail against official corruption in the present times, they would not urge this point with so much earnestness. To the spirit of the day was also added the rancor and bitterness of a political quarrel, influence powerful enough, as we have seen, to sever the closest ties of family friendship. Boniface had called in Charles of Valois. Charles of Valois had driven Dante from Florence, and closed against him every avenue to civil distinction. It should be no matter of surprise, then, that the remembrance of a fancied wrong, and the acrimony of party strife, have colored every action of the Pontiffs in the darkest tints. And in the face of all the contumely and reproach which Dante has heaped on the head of the Popes, it must not be forgotten that it was in their capacity as temporal rulers that he held them up to the world's scorn. As the shepherds of Christ's fold upon earth, their actions and utterances were as sacred to him as if the Saviour himself were seated on the papal throne. When the poet meets the shade of Adrian V. in Purgatory, he falls upon his knees; the Pontiff asks:

“‘What cause  
Hath bowed thee thus?’ ‘Compunction,’ I rejoined,  
‘And inward awe of your high majesty.’”

When the soldiers of Philip the Fair had seized the person of the aged Boniface and subjected him to every indignity that a cruel mind could invent, Dante cried out in horror against so terrible a profanation. When our Protestant friends succeed in proving that the noble Italian's song makes discord with the solemn music of the Church, we shall be ready to acknowledge with the greatest alacrity that the book of Genesis is nothing but a record of protoplasm, and that the Scriptures cannot stand before the theories of a Darwin or a Huxley.

But to return to our consideration of the other works. The *Vita Nuova* is the “open sesame” by which we penetrate into the

most secret recesses of Dante's heart; it is the window of his soul, through which we look in upon his love for Beatrice. Ozanam has styled it "la préface de la Divine Comédie." In it he shows to the world the tender flower of his passion; he traces its growth from the day on which it sprang into life beneath the light of Beatrice's young eyes, through the warm breezes and chilling frosts of succeeding years, until, at her death, it is taken out of the earth and nourished only by the sunshine and dew from heaven. It is filled with beautiful sonnets, vibrating now with an intense joy when she smiles upon him, trembling again with a mournful sorrow at some slight rebuff. It is the saddest of all love stories; the saddest, because the most natural. The heart of the author speaks in every line; it makes us feel the thrill of joy which swept through the poet when the fairy vision of the child first greeted his eyes, and it communicates to our bosoms the bitter pangs which rent his own, when, on that bright June day, all hope of happiness fled away with the soul of Beatrice, and the future seemed

"All dark and barren as a rainy sea."

Although the *Divina Commedia* has already claimed our attention, it was the subject of a rather general examination as to the spirit that prevails throughout the poem, and the influences that affected its composition; but we have yet to consider some of the attacks which have been made on the reputation of the poet, and to answer a few of the questions that occur to every reader of the "high song divine." There is scarcely any one who does not ask, after a journey through the horrors of the *Inferno*, and the mournful scenes of the *Purgatorio*, how such a poem, filled with the very essence of tragedy, can be called a comedy. Dante himself will answer these interrogatories. In his dedication of the *Commedia* to Can Grande della Scalla he writes: "I have called my work 'Comedy,' because it is written in an humble manner, and because in it I have made use of the vulgar tongue by means of which the women of the lower classes communicate their thoughts." The title of "Divine" was first added in 1516 by some enthusiastic admirer. The fact that the poem ends happily has also been adduced by some commentators as a reason for the seemingly inappropriate title. This evidently does not please the taste of the "dilettante, delicate-handed" Leigh Hunt, who, while criticising the opinion, takes occasion to fire off the following harmless piece of bigotry: "As well might they have said that a morning's work at the Inquisition ended happily, because, while people were being racked in the dungeons, the officers were making merry in the drawing-rooms." In the dedication already quoted Dante an-



nounces the opening of his famous work in these suggestive words: "Incipit Comœdia Dantis Alighieri, Florentini natione, non moribus."

That the cultured and scholarly poet should have chosen the vulgar patois of the multitude, instead of the classical Latin, has also been to many a matter of surprise. It would seem, they say, the most natural thing in the world for a man of his genius and attainments to have selected that language which would be understood by the great and powerful, and which already had produced such bright stars in the firmament of literature. Good old Friar Hilarion, whose letter to Uguccone della Fagginola has already been referred to, had his doubts about the propriety of such a choice; and when he met Dante in the corridor of his monastery, he expressed his surprise that such lofty thoughts should be clothed in so plebeian a costume. The poet replies that at first he intended to employ the Latin tongue, and had even gone so far as to commence the *Commedia* with these lines:

"Ultima regna canam fluido contermina mundo,  
Spiritus quae lata patent; quae praemia solvunt  
Pro meritis cuicumque suis."

"But," he continues, "when I considered the condition of the present age, and perceived that the songs of the famous poets were almost entirely forgotten, and that the learned men, alas! had abandoned the liberal arts to plebeian hands, it was then that I laid aside the humble lyre, and took up another attuned to the modern ear." It is fortunate for us that Dante set his music to the people's lyre; for, had he made use of the Latin, we fear the world would have missed a sweet and thrilling melody. The delicate outlines of his thought would have been lost beneath the flowing folds of the Roman toga; the strength and sustained power of his conceptions would have been weakened in the effort to animate and inform a dead language. We doubt if the praise which Riverol has given with so much justice to the Italian poem could be applied to the Latin: "Son vers se tient debout par la seule force du substantif 'et du verbe, sans le concours d'une seule épithète." Although at first attracted by the lost glories of the ancient tongue, Dante, with the instinct of the poet, soon threw aside its lifeless forms, and clothed his sublime ideas in the rich and bright-colored garb of the Italian.

The subject of the *Commedia*, as already has been said, is man. "The literal subject of the whole work," Dante himself writes to Can Grande, "is the state of the soul after death, simply considered; but if the work be taken allegorically, the subject is man, inasmuch as by merit or demerit, through freedom of the will, he renders

himself liable to the reward or punishment of justice." In this journey through the regions of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, Dante is led by two guides, Virgil and Beatrice. The Mantuan personifies Philosophy, or, as some have thought, Human Reason; under his guidance Dante passes through the horrible torture of the damned, and climbs the mountain on which the souls of repentant sinners are being purified. But when once dawn reveals the heights of the terrestrial Paradise, Virgil surrenders his charge with these words:

"Expect no more  
Sanction of warning voice or sign from me."

To contemplate the glories of heaven something higher than philosophy is needed; the queen of the sciences alone is a fitting guide to such great things. Beatrice, in whom theology is represented, conducts him through the nine heavens and the empyrean, until at length his eyes are blessed with a vision of the Trinity.

That such a subject requires a genius of the highest order, no one will deny. All the riches of Aristotle and St. Thomas, all the wealth of imagination which is part of the true poet, are needed to decorate such an elevated theme. In the hands of a man of average talent, it would have no more claim on the attention of posterity than the "*Roman de la Rose*," or the lays of the Minnesingers. But to Dante had been given a soul in which the seeds scattered by the Angelic Doctor sprang up and flourished in luxuriant growth. Year after year, amid the misfortunes which followed him through life, he had prepared himself for his great task by a deep and penetrating study of the scholastic system. And although an ardent supporter of the philosophy of the schools, as canto after canto of his poem will testify, he displays a tendency to the Platonic theory, which has such a charm for contemplative and introspective minds. His nature was one "in which a clear practical understanding was continually streamed over by the northern lights of mysticism, through which the familiar stars shine with a softened and more spiritual lustre." But his mysticism was not that of the dreaming Greek. He knew full well the point where the motherly hand of the Church warns back the adventurous traveller into unknown lands. He shrank from that doctrine which makes the soul contemplate an ideal world from which it has been driven, and in which, according to Schlegel, "a belief in astrology and an inclination to magic arts were too often blended." In the *Inferno*, those who practice these arts are condemned to the torments

"Of the last cloister in the dismal pounds  
Of Malebolge."

But Dante's soul could find peace and solace in that Christian mysticism, that uplifting of self in the contemplation of the Supreme God, that purification from all things earthly, which has found its tender expression in the words in which the poet celebrates the splendors of the saints :

“ Then ‘ glory to the Father and the Son,  
And to the Holy Spirit,’ rang aloud  
Throughout all Paradise ; that with the song  
My spirit reeled, so passing sweet the strain.  
And what I saw was equal ecstasy ;  
One universal smile it seemed of all things ;  
Joy past compare ; gladness unutterable ;  
Imperishable life of peace and love ;  
Exhaustless riches and unmeasured bliss.”

Perhaps the cruellest blow to a sensitive and highly gifted man is the failure to be understood by those who are to judge him in after times. It is the keenest torture to feel that his profoundest thoughts will be but partially comprehended, and that a meaning will be drawn therefrom directly contrary to the one which he intended to convey. Above all other poets, Dante has cause to complain of such treatment. By some the *Commedia* has been looked upon as a gigantic satire on his country and his faith. To others it has appeared in the light of a fierce tirade against all who had done the poet the slightest injury. Because he punishes Guelph and Ghibelline alike, and puts Boniface, his deadly enemy, in the fiery snow, and Geri of Bello, his kinsman, amid the horrors of the lazaret-house, Leigh Hunt has thought proper to inveigh against him thus : “ Dante, with an impartiality which has been admired by those who can approve the assumption of a theological tyranny at the expense of common decency, has placed friends and foes in hell.” Such criticism, it seems to us, only serves to show that the critic's ear can appreciate the light and catching airs of our modern poets, while it remains forever deaf to the deep and sacred music of the human heart. It places the critic at once among that class of men, who, as Lowell observes, have not meaning enough in themselves to penetrate the meaning of him whom they condemn. In the stern justice of a lofty mind, their weak gaze can see nothing but the promptings of revenge. Because Guido da Polenta gave the exile a home and a grave, they would have the poet put the sinning Francesca at least in Purgatory ; because Cavalcante Cavalcanti was the father of Guido,—“ he whom I call the first of my friends,”—they think that Dante should have transferred him from the burning tombs of the heretics to some happier abode. Had he done this, had he snatched the unfaithful wife from the fury of the winds, and released his friend's father from the torture



of the dreadful tombs, not only would the world have lost two perfect pictures of unhappy love and parental devotion, but the poem would have become in reality the very thing these critics seem so anxious to make it,—a petty, spiteful work, in which are revenged the injuries that the author received during life. The charm would have been broken, the illusion dissipated. That intense reality, which makes us rejoice and weep with the poet, which measures for us the height of the spectre Nimrod by the length of three Germans, and the ascent of the mountain in Purgatory by the distance “twixt Lerice and Turbia,” would have disappeared, leaving behind a dry enumeration of facts. It is no wonder, then, that Carlyle exclaims, “Infinite pity, yet also infinite rigor of law; it is so nature is made; it is so Dante discerns that she was made. What a paltry notion is that of his Divine Comedy’s being a poor, splenetic, terrestrial libel; putting those into hell whom he could not be revenged upon on earth! I suppose if even pity, tender as a mother’s, was in the heart of any man, it was in Dante’s. But a man who does not know rigor cannot pity either. His very pity will be cowardly, egotistic, sentimentality or little better.” Those who read the great bard aright will find that in the drama of the ages his part is not that of a Thersites; they will feel that it has been the high office of Italy’s famous poet to show to all men

“Love, throned o’er vanquished Love and Hate,  
Joy, gem-distilled thro’ rocks of Grief,  
And Justice, conquering Time and Fate.”

It is not alone on the score of his mysticism and the stern rigor of his judgments that Dante’s reputation has been attacked. Those who, following in the footsteps of Voltaire, fail to see anything divine in the poem except the title, have aimed a blow at that which is the acknowledged sign of a mighty genius. His originality has been seriously questioned. To prove their point some of these men have gone to such pains that one would imagine they considered the existence of the Church staked on the fame of Dante, and her divine origin imperilled by the slightest defect in his claim to a high place among the poets. The principal source from which they say he borrowed the idea of the *Commedia* is *The Vision of the Monk Albericus*, discovered at the beginning of this century. This Albericus, while yet a child, fell into a profound trance, which lasted for the space of nine days. During his unconsciousness he dreamed that a dove lifted him up by the hair to the presence of St. Peter, under whose guidance he journeyed through Purgatory and Paradise. No sooner did he awake from his lethargy,—during which, by the way, he had been cured of a deadly disease,—than he entered the Benedictine order, in which

he soon became remarkable for the sanctity of his life. Desirous of preserving the record of so strange and mysterious an occurrence, his brother monks took care that it should be committed to writing. To Albericus himself the task was intrusted, and the result of his labors was the "vision" from which Dante is accused of having taken his plan. Nor is it to the holy friar alone that these overzealous men would give the distinction of having inspired the *Commedia*. They seek to foist this honor upon Brunetto Latini, Dante's preceptor, and point with significance to the design which this author follows in his *Tesoretto*. He finds himself lost amid the depths of an immense forest, but is conducted through its mazes by the poet Ovid, who instructs him during the journey in the secrets of nature and the principles of philosophy. They remind us, also, of an account which Sismondi gives, in his *Littérature du Midi*, of a representation of the torments of hell, given on a bridge over the Arno, May 4th, 1304; he tells us how, while the immense throng were gazing with horror on the live victims undergoing the tortures of the boiling tar, fire, serpents, and ice, which, they remark, are the principal instruments of punishment in the Inferno, the bridge gave way, and the crowd was precipitated into the stream. Another commentator makes mention of a masque entitled *The Damned Souls*, which was performed in the streets of Florence during Dante's residence there. But despite all these efforts to obscure the lustre of his fame, he stands to-day in the eyes of the world as one who raised the majestic structure of the *Divina Commedia* by the strength of his own intellect. It seems to us that the first charge furnishes about as just grounds for the suspicion of plagiarism as would the fact that a poet of our own day had weaved the Arthurian legends, already treated by Tennyson and Arnold, into a new wreath of song. In the fourteenth century these "visions" were as common as newspapers are in the nineteenth. After the lapse of so many years a large number still survive; we have *St. Patrick's Purgatory*, *The Dream of Hell*, *Voye on le Songe d'Enfer*, and many others of the same character. D'Israeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, mentions another of these "visions, written by a monk, in which bishops and lords are huddled indiscriminately into hell amid the shouts of "Potentes potenter tormento patiuntur." They were employed universally during the Middle Ages to convey the grand truths of religion and philosophy to the minds of the people. In them was concentered the abstract knowledge of the leaders of thought for the benefit of those who could not grasp, by the force of their own intellects alone, the more subtle teachings of the schools. With what slight foundation, then, these critics have sought to attack Dante's originality, on the score of these visions, may appear from our remarks. That

he read the works of the pious Benedictine we are ready to grant, but that the dreams of a child should furnish the framework for such a sublime edifice as the *Commedia*, we cannot for a moment admit. The claims of Brunetto's admirers will, perhaps, be satisfied by the acknowledgment that Dante probably took the idea of his opening canto from the *Tesoretto* of his master. The representations of the tortures of hell he never beheld; he had been banished from Florence two years before. It was not from these sources, then, that he drew the conception of his noble song. For him there was no need of having recourse to the visions of holy friars, or to the imitations of the sufferings of the damned. His nineteen years of exile, and poverty, and wrong, had, indeed, been a very hell to him. During all that weary time his heart was laying up for itself a store of anguish, deep and broad enough to furnish materials for the wildest flights of imagination. "I found the original of my hell," he himself tells us, "in the world which we inhabit."

But if these critics were bent upon establishing some vision as the inspiration of Dante's poem, why did they not bring forward the apparition which greeted his youthful sight at the May-day festival of Faleo di Portinari? Not in the musty pages of the good friar's manuscript, but in the bright eyes of Beatrice did the young enthusiast find the spirit of the *Commedia*. We have said that Dante is the poet of Christianity, we are now going to give a title which at first sight seems a direct contradiction of our former statement. Dante is the poet of love, but in a far higher sense than the words might appear to convey. His lyre does not resound with the touching sentimental songs which sprang into favor at the beginning of the century, and in which the handsome young hero sets at naught every principle of religion and morality, and severs the dearest ties of family affection, to the intense delight of an appreciative world. The great Italian never clothed in rich and sensuous verse the visions of dead gold hair and snake-like eyes, or gave voice to the blind and passionate worship of "earth, the mother;" he never stood forth as the apostle of that love which offers to the dim silence of the woods, the murmuring of the trees, and the play of the sunlight on the springing grass, that reverence which belongs not to nature but to its God. The *Divina Commedia* rests upon another love,—that love which, first given to the world in the *Phædrus* of Plato, became a pure and elevating influence when once informed with the Christian spirit. This love was the clear and steady flame which all that was beautiful enkindled in the heart, the desire for the true, which held the whole being in subjection, and which became stronger by the contemplation of the Supreme Good. As the beautiful, in the eyes of the followers of this system,



was nothing else than "the splendor of the true," vice, with all its deformity, could never enter the soul in which the bright fire of this passion was burning. A beautiful face was beautiful only inasmuch as it raised the thoughts to the divine exemplar of all beauty, the Creator himself. It was this spirit that inspired the knight of old to draw his sword in defence of the widow and the orphan, to raise up the wronged and strike down the oppressor, to devote head, and heart, and arm, to the cause of right; and to do all this that he might be lifted nearer the level of the pure woman who held the sovereignty of his heart. Not that he hoped ever to claim her as his bride. He was content if her eyes beamed approval of his deeds, and if her voice was raised in prayer for his salvation. "Un regard, un sourire," says Ozanam, "payaient tout le prix de ses longs services." But, unfortunately for the world, and the reputation of chivalry, this chaste devotion degenerated into that system of mistress and *cavalier sirvente* which is celebrated in the licentious songs of the Provençal bards, and which has been so coarsely yet inimitably caricatured by Cervantes, in the homage paid by Don Quixote to his Dulcinea del Toboso.

It was, then, this noble and elevated love which gave the impulse to Dante's mind, and inspired the poem which has made him famous. But that he always looked upon Beatrice as a vague ideal, as an angel to be worshipped at a distance, we by no means intend to convey. From the day upon which she first came upon his sight until she lay cold and silent in the arms of death, Dante's love for Beatrice was a vigorous yet melancholy passion, becoming stronger with each glimpse of her splendid beauty. Her personal charms he celebrates in many a youthful sonnet; and Mrs. Jameson tells us with what minuteness he describes her "capegli crespie biondi," and her perfect face tinted "con un color angelica di perla." He gives, moreover, a decided sign of the earthly character of his love, when he thinks that all men see in the young Florentine girl the exquisite loveliness that was so manifest to his eyes. In the *Vita Nuova*, describing the effect which she produced upon all who chanced to meet her, he writes: "As she passed by, many said, 'That is not a woman, but one of the most beautiful angels of heaven.' And others said, 'This is a marvel! Blessed be the Lord who can work so admirably.'" But when once the sweet face and supple form are hidden in the shadow of the tomb, his love becomes idealized. He forgets the charms of the body and thinks only of the perfections of the soul. His fond thoughts no longer dwell upon her as a fair woman to be wooed and won, but as a spirit "whose virtue, humility and truth moved the Eternal Father to call her to himself, seeing that this miserable life was not worthy of anything so noble, so excellent." From this time she is the light of his intellect,

the inspiration of all his work; she appears to him in dreams and visions, perhaps with the same splendor that surrounds her amid the celestial choirs of the terrestrial Paradise. Every incident of his constant love, every circumstance that marked his intercourse with the idol of his heart, comes back with a mysterious signification to his mind. The fire of suffering has chastened his passion, and he sees the daughter of Portinari encircled with a strange and spiritual glow. To his vision "washed clear with tears," the numbers three and nine seem connected in some hidden manner with his devotion to Beatrice. A child of nine years, his young soul had been stirred to its depths by the first vision that greeted his eyes of the saintly girl; at eighteen, a glance at her face had fanned the flame of his devotion into new brilliancy; on the ninth day of the ninth month, as Longfellow notices, "computing by the Syrian method," his life had been darkened by the hand of death. To these strange coincidences he ascribed some mysterious meaning; and this strange fancy appears to have haunted him while engaged in composing the *Commedia*. A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* has observed the following instances in which these numbers have been prominently used in the course of the poem. It is divided into three great compartments, Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, each consisting of thrice eleven cantos, if we regard the opening canto as an introduction. In the Inferno three principal classes of sins, Incontinence, Malice, and Bestiality, are punished; the Purgatorio has three divisions, the regions outside the gates, the seven circles of the mountains, and the terrestrial Paradise; in the Paradiso we have the same number of parts in the description of the nine heavens and the empyrean. What hidden influence Dante thought was ever hanging over this number, we are at a loss to imagine. We know that at his birth he was dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and that the consideration of this grand mystery enters largely into his work. It may have been that, by the aid of the vision, "which," according to Lowell, "detects the meaning under the mask, and beneath the casual and the transitory, the eternal keeping its sleepless watch," he found some mystic link between his own wrecked life and the Triune God.

Thus far we have attempted to give an insight into the *arcana* of Dante's heart, and to trace the workings of that spirit which finds its perfect utterance in the *Divina Commedia*; but the most difficult task remains to be performed. We have still to allot him a place among the poets who will live forever in the minds of men. And just as the little urchin, when confessing his misdeeds to the maternal ear, always puts off to the last the faults that are hardest to tell, we shall end this essay by an attempt at the solution of this much-vexed question. With that modesty which is so apparent

throughout the whole of the great poem, Dante puts himself last in the group of the famous bards of ancient times,

“And I was sixth amid so learned a band.”

But, although we may admire such delicacy in one who must have known the strength of his own genius, justice compels us to give him a higher position, when once we have applied some test to his powers of poetry. This test Emerson has ready for us. “It is the best sign,” he tells us, “of a great nature, that it opens out a foreground, and like the breath of morning landscapes, invites us onward.” Examined by this standard, Dante’s claim to a place amid the first rank of the “bards triumphant” becomes indisputable. “The breath of morning landscapes,” it is true, does not exhale from the poem; but there is felt throughout it that which is grander and more affecting,—the solemn spirit of the night, with its silent darkness merging into the noisy splendor of the dawn. There is the foreground, too, stretching on and on with broad sweep, until it rises into the mountains whose summits are lost amid the clouds. The journey of a soul from hell to heaven: the horrors of the damned, the oppressive sadness of the repentant sinners on the hill of Purgatory, the glories of the celestial home, trembling with the brightness of the Trinity—what a sphere for the mind to revel in! Viewed in this light Dante becomes greater than Homer or Shakespeare. Greater than Homer, because the Italian’s clear vision was not dimmed by the heavy mists of Paganism, nor attracted from its course by the false glitter of a human system of gods. Greater than Shakespeare, because Dante’s enraptured gaze dwelt, not on the secrets of nature and the workings of men’s hearts, but went up and onward to the contemplation of God. It may be urged that the Greek’s lot was cast in times of mental and moral darkness, while the Italian lived in an age inspired with an intense yearning for the highest truths of religion; or that, while Dante was trained in those sciences which purify and exalt the soul, the mind of England’s greatest poet was left open to whatever influence might chance to affect it. That this is a just and well-grounded objection we do not pretend to deny; but it brings into the comparison the circumstances of time and education, while we restricted it to the foreground which their poems open to our view. Looking at the question in this light, we must still maintain, that, in a greater degree than the *Iliad* or *Hamlet*, the *Divina Commedia* satisfies the yearnings of the soul for higher things; that it touches something deeper than does the wrath of Achilles or the sorrows of Lear; and that it may be said with more justice of Dante than of Homer or Shakespeare,—“those who love his poetry and strive to enter its high places, can still know that they breathe a pure and bracing air, and can still feel vibrating through a clear, calm sky the strong pulse of the eagle’s wing as he soars with steady eyes against the sun.”



## BOOK NOTICES.

FATE OF REPUBLICS. Boston: Estes & Lauriat, 1880. 12mo. Pp. 297.

This book may be supposed by some to be a campaign document in book form to help the election of Mr. Garfield. And perhaps it is. But it is something more, as the careful reader will discover.

Who the author is does not appear, for he has not given his name; and the only good trait we can discern in his character is this, that he seems ashamed of his own work and will not own it. A cursory glance at his pages might induce the belief that he is one who lives by the pulpit; for he can rant and cant with the most oily and the fiercest among them; but he is no Christian, and in his present disguise sees no longer any reason to hide his true sentiments. That he is an infidel may be gathered from many places of his book. In the first place his account of Abraham's migration westward is in direct contradiction to the Bible. Abraham left his people because called by God to come out of his house and kindred and country, and out of the darkness of idolatry, and not out of any chimerical attempt to seek "in the wilds of Palestine a home where he could enjoy the rights of political and religious freedom" (p. 1). In the next place, he will not condescend to quote Scripture; but with cold haughtiness refers to it as "the language of the times" (p. 7). The interposition of God in human affairs is for him no religious doctrine, but a matter of doubt (p. 9). He will neither deny nor affirm that the anthropoid or man-monkey of modern scientists may have flourished in America before the existence of the Adamic man (p. 118). Indeed, unless restrained by revelation and the teaching of the Church, one would be tempted to believe that all of them have not perished in "the geological drift period." Again (pp. 90-93), he describes the horrors of the French Revolution of ninety years ago. And in all that description no word to condemn, not even to mention, the proscription of Christianity, the utter denial of God and His Christ by those abominable enemies of God and man! Surely, this is enough to betray the pen of an infidel.

The author is evidently a member of the new Know-Nothing society called "American Alliance" or "American Union," a secret body formed for the proscription of our Catholic citizens, which has its chief seats in New Jersey and Ohio, though its ramifications extend through every State. Our present ruler in Washington, Mr. Hayes, is said to have joined the society while Governor of Ohio. Its fold is ample, embracing Jew and Gentile, the pious Methodist and the blaspheming infidel. All are welcome if they only profess the gospel of hate. Indeed, it is stated on good authority, that the leading spirits of the secret organization are foul-mouthed infidels of the most anti-Christian stamp. It is therefore likely enough that our author is prominent amongst them.

His ostensible purpose in this book is to show what has led to the prosperity of all the republics that have existed in the world, and to trace the causes that have led to their downfall. He speaks first of the old republics, Israel, Carthage, the Greek republics, and Rome; next of the commonwealths, mediæval or modern, that are now extinct; the third section is devoted to those republics that still remain, and the fourth exclusively to the United States. His account of past times and other countries shows no great acquaintance with either history or politics. His fancy borrows too often its coloring from ignorance and

bigotry. Where did he learn that the Jews had common schools and an "instinctive love of political and religious independence?" (p. 1). The Jews were very prone to idolatry (is this what is meant by religious independence?); but this was no national instinct, as is clear from their steadfast adherence to Monotheism after the captivity of Babylon. Who told him that Samuel was a "noble republican patriot?" (p. 10). We remember reading something of the kind in the reveries of Dean Stanley and other rationalists, but not in the Bible. From what source was he led "safely to presume that the founders of Carthage were a race of freedom-loving refugees, who had suffered religious and political persecution in ancient Tyre?" (p. 28). History, legend, and song all tell a very different tale. In what history is it recorded that Greece fell a prey after the Macedonians, Persians, and Romans, "to the Goths and Vandals, then to the Popes, then to the Moslems," etc.? (p. 15). A stupid note on page 290 shows that he imagines the Roman republic to have been preceded by the Roman Empire! He knows as little of our own as of foreign history, for he talks (p. 204) of Melendez putting to death all the Protestants "within the walls of North Carolina!" And this is the man who writes historical warnings for the instruction of the American people!

But the great point of his book is its fourth section, in which he points out the perils of the American republic. Many of these are enumerated, but the chief one is Popery. He sees dreadful things in store for the country from the growth of the Catholic religion, and it is charming to see how unctuously this infidel can write on such a subject. Preaching under this mask of Protestant zeal and piety, he must, we are sure, fill the minds of all devout old women of both sexes with alternate rapture and horror. He quotes freely for his purpose, amongst other great names, those of Otto von Bismarck, Louis Kossuth, Edmond About, James Anthony Froude, Ulysses S. Grant, Secretary Thompson, Dexter Hawkins, and the notorious clerical mountebank, Joseph Cook. The quotations are singularly appropriate. Louis Kossuth is invoked (p. 243) to testify that *idiot* is a Greek word, meaning one who minds solely his own and not the public business. Gen. U. S. Grant is called to let us know that the next conflict on our soil will not be between North and South, but between Protestantism and superstition. We doubt if he could define the two terms, which were put into his mouth by one of his literary aide-de-camps. But supposing the quotations to be all correct, and we have no doubt they are so, what do they prove? In some cases they are evidences merely of shallow-minded bigotry, in others of moral dishonesty on the part of their authors. In place of quoting twenty such testimonies he might have quoted two hundred or two thousand of the same kind and with the same result; for there is no lack of knavish scribblers to take advantage of the market afforded them by the folly of anti-Catholic prejudice, and turn to good account the excessive credulity of those who are ever railing at the credulity of Catholics. Your no-Popery *gobemouche* always imagines himself most critical and independent, when he is swallowing most greedily and most blindly the *canards* of such veracious chroniclers as Maria Monk and Secretary Thompson.

But our anonymous infidel is not content to copy from our professed enemies. He pretends to quote from Catholic sources to show the wickedness of our creed and the sinister designs we entertain against the welfare of the republic. To prove the hateful nature of Jesuit morality he cites Sanchez, Escobar, and Filiutius; yet we are sure he never heard of these men before, never saw their works, and could not read or translate a line in them, were they now shown him. He cites Dr. Brownson,

Father Hecker, Archbishop Purcell, Archbishop Spalding, Bishop Spalding of Peoria, Pope Gregory XVI., and finally does for himself what Dogberry sought at the hands of others, by referring us to the Bull "*Unum Sanctum* of Pius IX." If any Protestant antiquary succeed in discovering this interesting document, it is to be hoped he will not withhold his discovery from the world. The author's style of quoting from our bishops and other writers is not a happy one. He gives only their names and their words; no book or reference from which to test the truth of his quotation, nothing but his own assertion, which is a very shaky source of credibility; no context, whereby we could explain their true meaning. This style of quotation is distasteful to honest men; but it is very convenient for our author and his evangelical compeers, who occasionally do not stick at garbling, and, what is worse, forging. It is only the other day that a Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Lutheran Observer* (September 24th, 1880) gives a long list of utterances by the "Papal Bishops" of Charleston, Cincinnati, and New York, Bishop O'Connor and "Priest Hecker," some of which are clearly distorted and garbled, the rest are manifest forgeries. Again within the last few weeks, as we learn from the Baltimore *Mirror*, the same thing has been done by a Methodist paper of that city. Archbishop Gibbons, in addressing his flock after his return from Rome, spoke substantially of the Pope as one to whom 200,000,000 souls throughout the world were bound by cordial ties of affection. The phrase was correctly given by all the daily secular papers, edited by profane worldlings and served by unconverted reporters, whose grovelling unregenerate souls could not lift them beyond the level of taking down *verbatim*, with parrot-like stupidity, what they were sent to report, and what they hear with their ears. The "religious" paper aims higher. Consequently the bishop's phrase was borrowed from the secular papers, but improved and amended thus: "The Pope, who HOLDS IN HIS HANDS THE DESTINIES OF 200,000,000 souls." This sectarian sheet is edited by half a dozen or more Methodist ministers! And these are the men who whine or rave, as suits them, about Jesuit morality, and doing evil that good may come of it!

The same must be said of the oracles uttered by the author's anonymous friends, who are introduced respectively as "a leading politician," "a close student," "a distinguished writer and lecturer," "one of the wisest bishops of the Methodist Church," etc. (pp. 204, 210, 212). They stand or fall on his authority, which is not the best; and that he cannot or will not give names, casts suspicion and doubt over them all. Nor should he tax the credulity of his readers too far, by telling them that Jesuits have their "unguarded moments" (p. 283) in which they make dreadful disclosures to the Protestant world! The character of the Jesuit has been inalterably fixed by bigotry's traditional standard; and we cannot allow him to change it whenever it suits him.

In politics, as may be supposed, he is a fierce partisan. He waves the "bloody shirt," and considers the civil war a failure. He is a thorough *negrophile*, glorifies the Freedmen's Bureau, and mourns over its discontinuance as the greatest mistake made by any free government since the days of Abraham (p. 166). Perhaps he regrets, also, the discontinuance of the other gigantic swindle that grew out of it, the Freedmen's Bank, whose funds, the toilsome earnings of the "man and brother," might yet, if there was any honesty left in Washington, be recovered from the pockets of Christian statesmen and Methodist seminaries. He groans over "the dense illiteracy of the South" (p. 166), where he represents "the white masses" as no less ignorant than the blacks; and refuses to be comforted when he remembers that the ballot is intrusted



to such people. Let him consult the statistics of the State in which his book is printed, and he will see that by the census of 1870, while South Carolina has one in every eleven who cannot read or write, Massachusetts has one in every ten. And let him remember that in South Carolina the whole population is included, men, women, and children, while in Massachusetts the reference is only to male adults and the voting qualification. Out of a population of 312,770 male adults of 21 years and upwards in the latter State, 31,746 are excluded from the ballot because they cannot read or write. Let him remember that it was not the Southern people who forced the ballot into the hands of the ignorant black masses; and if in the interests of decency and propriety they should attempt to put the least limitation to such unworthy suffrage, he would be the first to raise the cry of outrage and persecution.

Our anonymous writer details with some candor, and even some degree of exaggeration, the perils, social and political, that environ the republic, in addition to the monster evil of Popery. He is very candid in laying bare the wounds and sores of the country. "Capital in the United States is already largely unchristian and selfish. Property, to the disadvantage of the many, is rapidly concentrating in the hands of the few. . . . The rich are growing richer, the poor poorer. Capital and labor are bitterly pitted against each other in every State in the Union. The rapidity with which a very wealthy man, even in America, can add almost without limitation to his wealth, and the ease with which he can impoverish those who attempt competition, are a peril of no small magnitude. All history shows that wealth grows more and more ambitious and greedy, poverty more and more restless and angry, with no possible cure for either except revolution" (pp. 214-15). And what is worse, "ambitious and rotten, thrice rotten politicians are found in waiting to fan into flames the bad passions of both the laboring and idle masses" (p. 219). He tells us that we have Socialism and Communism to contend with, and even Nihilism, which, "more or less pronounced, has been heard from platforms in nearly every State, East and West" (p. 227). And further, that crime is on the increase, and has actually doubled within the space of six years. For 16,000 convicts in 1872 there were 32,000 in 1878. This increase is more conspicuous in big cities, like New York, where criminal commitments in seventeen years (1860-1877) increased 300 per cent., being six times the rate of increase in population, and where "the most deplorable feature is that those who are high in office and who manage city affairs are the worst of criminals" (p. 228). The visible decrease of the American element in many communities is explained by a delicate hint of the shocking crime that has become so familiar to American mothers (p. 223).

The author's view of the political evils under which the country groans is not flattering, and were it unexaggerated might well presage a gloomy future. "Theoretically, it is a democratic representative republic; practically, it is under one of the very worst types of oligarchy ever known in history" (p. 238). "Parties now exist principally to gain and hold this wealth of spoils. Party legislation is directed, not to secure the highest interests of the nation, but to obtain the completest party triumph. The trickster in politics, if successful, is applauded and crowned" (pp. 239-40). When it is remembered that the party which has governed and legislated for the last twenty years (during which crimes, social and political, have had this fearful increase) is the author's own party, one might be surprised at this indirect bill of indictment against those of his own household. But he is still more explicit in his condemnation. "The Republican party has been abusive and corrupt,

and ought to be punished, perhaps overthrown. The State of Pennsylvania, year after year, has been carried for the Republican party by the fraudulent returns of the city of Philadelphia. Some of the Eastern and Western States have records equally disgraceful. . . . There is no question but it was through fraud that Governor Hayes was placed in the Presidential chair. There is no denying the fact that . . . the actual vote cast was overruled by a partisan Republican commission" (p. 246). Such humiliating confessions would argue great honesty and candor on the part of the penitent, if there were no reason to suspect him of interested motives.

We pass by the other perils that overhang the country, such as the coming "inevitable" (p. 193) annexation of Canada, Cuba, and Mexico, contemplated by "Popery," in order to bring about the ruin of Protestantism which the author coolly identifies with the republic. Our anonymous infidel, we allow, is full of venom and malice, but it would be doing him injustice to suppose him silly enough to believe his own words, and the few who will swallow this monstrous statement on his authority are so very few that they need not be taken into consideration.

What was the author's object in writing this book? It would be natural to suppose, and he probably intends the superficial reader so to suppose, that he wrote: first, to warn his fellow-citizens by the help of history that the evils prevailing amongst us will wreck our republic as they wrecked the republics of old; second, to suggest some timely remedy. Did he really intend the first point? No; for he tells us that "as a rule, Americans never read history, and never learn anything from it" (p. 179). For whom, then, does this new Cassandra sing? But though they do not heed the lessons of the past, they may, at least, adopt his remedy. Has he a remedy to offer? It would seem so at first sight. And he ushers it to our hearing with great pomp and pretence, first by rhetorical artifice telling us what it is not. Our safety from all these evils, he says,

"Does not consist in the triumph of the Republican nor in the defeat of the Democratic party. It is not Rutherford B. Hayes retained in the presidential chair nor General Grant restored to it, nor ex-Governor Tilden out of it, nor any named or unnamed Republican candidate elected to it that can save the republic. The only thing that can save the United States from the fatality of historic republics is Biblical Christianity among the masses of the people. Let every man love God with all his heart and his neighbor as himself, and then our national woes will end, and our republic will be as enduring as the granite foundations of our continent. But without Bible knowledge and practice among the people,—the people who cast the ballot, and the people who make and execute the laws,—our country soon will not be fit to live in, nor our boasted liberties worth preserving. . . . When the great intelligent head and the great patriotic heart of Native-born Americans shall honor and cleave to Bible faith and practice, then nothing can harm us," etc. (p. 250).

Here we have the remedy. Did the author mean to propose it as such? By no means; for immediately he subjoins: "But the mass of our people will not honor Bible law and practice. Men will remain unrighteous." Now, it is plain that books are not written to give warnings from history that nobody reads, and to propose remedies which the writers themselves pronounce impossible. What, then, was the author's real intention? It is not stated expressly anywhere; but it is hinted and insinuated more than a score of times in his pages. From the very first pages of his book he begins to denounce the doctrine of State Rights, for which he entertains a strong fanatical hatred—State Rights which rightly understood are the very palladium of American liberty. He thinks no government secure that is not consolidated and centralized. And to bolster up this opinion he perverts history in a shameful way. Had

consolidation continued in the Hebrew commonwealth, he says (pp. 7, 8), transferring the cant of our own to past ages, had it not become infected with the theory of State Rights, had "love of the Union" not given way to State love, there would have been no secession, no disunion. So, too, with the Grecian commonwealth. It broke down through "a blundering States' Rights policy," and from "want of a centralized form of government" (p. 23). Carthage, he admits, "fell not through a conflict of State Rights;" but she perished (here the writer first shows his hand) because "there was no man daring enough to usurp control of the government and unite the people" (p. 34). After attributing the downfall of Rome to causes which the American reader may readily see nearer home, viz., laxity in morals, skepticism in religion, hordes of superficial and depraved lawyers, corrupt judges on the bench, extinction of the ancient reverence for the Constitution, and the possibility of violating it with impunity (pp. 42, 43, 49), he gives us the panegyric of Cæsar and Augustus, who took into their hands the supreme power "to restore prosperity to the suffering commonwealth." He would have his American readers apply the lesson that "usurpation in such an hour is not a crime; it is, upon the ground of a greater good to a greater number, positively demanded of one who has ability or power to bring order out of confusion" (p. 54). And he tacitly exhorts those to submit quietly to their coming Cæsar, by the reflection, that "a given form of government, which should be fought for under one class of circumstances, should not, under a different class, be defended by the drawing of a single sword" (pp. 55, 56).

The German Hanseatic commonwealth declined and perished, because "the government lacked constitutional centralization. The federal Union was to them a mere matter of convenience. There was no legal bond that held them together or that could punish secession or regard it as treason" (p. 77). According to the author's theory, the republic of Holland ought to have been immortal. It was founded on Bible Christianity, "on Protestantism, which is the friend of civil liberty" (p. 202), and which "had taken strong hold upon the hearts of the people" of Holland (p. 83). But our anonymous unbeliever cares no more for Protestantism than he does for God, who does not exist, but is only a name sometimes given to "the invisible forces of nature," as he lets slip in an unguarded moment (p. 251). But though believing in neither, he can use both names for stage effect. The only lesson he draws from the fate of the Dutch republic is that, "in the hands of a degenerate, selfish and brutal (!) people, a pure democracy is nothing but a mad delusion," and that it was *Romanism*, "ever a disturbing factor in national politics," that "sought and accomplished the *secession* of the *Southern* provinces" (p. 89). See how slyly and maliciously he couples these hateful names, to deceive his ignorant readers.

The author has good hopes of the immortality of Andorra and San Marino; but he forgets to add that they know nothing of his so-called "Bible Christianity," and are downright haters of his theory of the "one-man power." Speaking of Switzerland, he tells us that she is nearly ruined by her States' Rights constitution. But now she is all right, since she became a united confederacy (this is the mild name he gives it), and "the love for cantons has given place to love for Switzerland" (p. 101), converted (we suppose) to patriotism by a wholesome fear of a central despotic government. He consoles himself with the thought, that there are no Jesuits and "not one Irish Roman Catholic voter within her territory." He contrasts the enlightened policy of the Swiss with our stupid traditions. "They do not ever afterwards deprive themselves of



the presidential services of able and worthy men" because these have once or twice occupied the executive chair. For France, with her centralized government, administered by his brother infidels, Gambetta, Ferry & Co., of course, he has nothing but praise. In Liberia, the only constitutional feature that gives him delight is that "the President may be re-elected without limit" (p. 115). In fact, President Roberts has served five terms, four of them consecutively. Why will we not learn wisdom from our dusky brethren? Mexico, and the South American republics, are weighed by him in one balance and judged accordingly. If they incline to State rights, and discountenance the re-election of presidents, if they are governed on Catholic principles, they are worthless. But if they are ruled by Freemasons and infidels, who harry the citizens and rob the Church; above all, if they have strong centralized governments and Presidents "eligible for re-election" (p. 122), all is well with them. He notes with evident satisfaction that "the republic (of Venezuela) has witnessed its greatest prosperity at those times when the President has exercised almost despotic, at least dictatorial authority" (p. 133). He regrets that "some man is not found mighty enough to step forward and wipe out existing State governments and organize a strong central power which would be able to administer the affairs of the entire continent. South America needs not state or sectional rights, but national unity and might" (p. 150). What is desirable for her is "a united, consolidated, and grand republic, from Panama to Cape Horn" (p. 151). If this will not suit, let all States be absorbed into one empire, the Brazilian (*Ibid.*). Despotism alone, it seems, whether republican or imperial, can make them a great country.

That the book was written, not to draw moral lessons from the fate of deceased republics, nor to urge Bible Christianity as the remedy of our national woes, but to teach that our only salvation lies in the one-man power of a dictator, appears still more plainly from its fourth and last part. He tells us at the very beginning that, whether the present form of our government is to continue "is a serious question in the minds of some of the most thoughtful and patriotic citizens of the republic" (p. 159). There is no treason in this, says our author: For,

"As patriotic hearts as beat in America are apprehensive that the time is coming when a dictatorship, or an imperial government, shall be welcomed as a choice between evils; in that day the expressed preference for a limited monarchy would not be treasonable, but would be in the highest sense patriotic" (p. 160).

He argues, that the republican form of government ought not to be retained, because it is our present form; since "a type of government which is best for one generation may not, even in that same country, be best for another and different generation" (p. 160). Government is meant to secure the greatest good to the greatest number. "Hence, the *will* of a monarch or dictator is more likely to secure the greatest good to the greatest number, than a monarchy or dictatorship is better, for that age at least, than an aristocracy or a democracy" (p. 161). "What was best yesterday may not be best to-day; what is best to-day may not be best to-morrow." Here, he concludes, within the next twenty-five centuries (why not say at once in 1884?) our federal compact may be less desirable than French centralization, British monarchy, or even Russian and Turkish absolutism (p. 162). On a subsequent page (175) our infidel, laughing in his sleeves at his evangelical dupes, puts on a pious air, and groans piteously over the degeneracy of the day. "The people have become proud, irreligious (capital this from an atheist!) and corrupt." They no longer resemble "our fathers in the Mayflower," who began their compact with the words, "In the name

of God, Amen." We have no further claim on divine protection. "Indeed, were God strict to mark our iniquities, our doom would be already sealed." But He is merciful, and out of His great mercy will send us a monarch, though we deserve no such blessing. On the day, "when a monarchy will result in the greatest good to the greatest number," then "God will no longer interpose to save the republic, but will order its overthrow, and in mercy will permit a monarchy to be established by those who have skill and daring sufficient to undertake and accomplish it."

The mere mention of a "third term" some time ago excited the displeasure of the most intelligent in both parties, those of them at least who cling to the traditions of the republic as the fairest exponents of its Constitution. Our author laughs at these men as behind the age, and exultingly sees the day at hand, "when men will not talk of a 'third term' nor of a tenth term, but will submit to any arm for any term which can give security to person and property. There can be no dictatorship in this country until the majority of our leading citizens demand it. Then there can be, and there will be, and ought to be" (p. 229).

The "coming man," in our author's theory, is to install himself by violence in his usurped seat, and is to be a military chieftain. The "mass of our native-born and order-abiding citizens" will urgently demand and repeat their demand "for some one to seize the reins of government" (p. 248); while "every freedom-loving and patriotic Protestant the country over" will join in the demand "for some one man who will dare defy the Pope and assume a military sway over the United States of America" (p. 213).

The author has sufficiently disclosed his purposes, or rather those of the party who hired his pen. For no doubt can exist that there is in the country a party, more or less numerous, that longs for despotism under the name of a strong government. They are not all knaves, perhaps, but have their dupes, and are trying to increase the number by such books as the present. It is a matter of congratulation, that they have chosen such a silly tool as our anonymous author to work out their ends. Nor is it likely that he or they will succeed in persuading the American people to commit self-destruction in order to escape political evils.

"What? leap into the pit our life to save?"

Even the old ram of the fable knew that this was silly advice.

We have, perhaps, given too much space to this contemptible, irreligious book; but the subject is important, and the book, in spite of its blunders, artfully written. It has succeeded in thoroughly deceiving the sectarian press, who recommend it as written "in a Christian spirit!"

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MEMORIES OF MY EXILE. By *Louis Kossuth*. Translated from the original Hungarian by *Ferenz Jausz*. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1880. 8vo., pp. 446.

Any one who recollects the addresses delivered by the Hungarian exile in this country, and the wild but evanescent enthusiasm which he excited, will be sadly disappointed if he expects to find in this work any of the eloquence that he then possessed. The title does not profess to give much, but few readers will expect to find that nearly five hundred pages are here given to the somewhat unimportant part played by Kossuth in the events preceding and during the war of France and Sardinia against Austria. At this late day, when so much has been written on the political and diplomatical intrigues of that time, as well as of the more patent

events in camp and cabinet, Kossuth has been able to frame his account so as to place himself and the cause which he represented in its most favorable light. Napoleon III., Cavour, Victor Emanuel, Mazzini, have all passed away, and cannot controvert any statements of the Magyar leader.

In the account here presented by Kossuth, Napoleon III. appears false and treacherous to all men. False to the Italian revolutionists, he was driven to action by the attempt of Orsini on his life, and by the series of cutthroats whom (Cavour declared) Mazzini, Kossuth's friend, kept sending to France to accomplish the task in which Orsini failed. Prince Napoleon, a revolutionist of the most pronounced type, a hater of the Papacy and religion, was, according to Kossuth, the chief confidential adviser and instrument of Napoleon III. The Emperor did not trust his cabinet; he projected a war against Austria with Sardinia, and through Prince Napoleon signed a secret treaty to make war on Austria without the knowledge of his ministers, who were laboring to secure peace. He had, at Plombières, in July, 1858, agreed that a kingdom of twelve million inhabitants was to be formed in Northern Italy for the House of Savoy, that the temporal power of the Holy See was to be preserved, but on very narrow limits, and that Savoy was to be ceded to France. The secret treaty went further. Not only were Lombardy and Venice to be given to Sardinia, but also the duchies of Modena and Parma, and from the States of the Church Romagna and the Papal Legations, while the Pope's temporal power was to be confined to the city and province of Rome. Kossuth has doubts on the part relating to the States of the Church, and attempts to argue from acts and language of Napoleon III.; but of all men he is the last in regard to whom we can argue, that because he said and did this and that, therefore he could not have agreed to do something else.

As soon as it became known that war was likely to ensue, Kossuth, who had been dreaming of Hungarian independence, and plotting with Mazzini and his clan, began to entertain hopes that the moment had come when Hungary might wrest her independence from Austria. Friend as he was of Mazzini, he now, through Prince Napoleon, sought an interview with the Emperor, and on the hypothesis that the allies could not drive Austria out of Italy except by exciting a revolution in Hungary that would paralyze her power to meet the allies in Italy, Kossuth asked to be authorized to form a Hungarian army in Italy, which a French corps was to escort to its own country. In this he overrated the strength of Austria and underrated the power of the allies, if he believed that Napoleon really intended to drive the Hapsburgs entirely out of the peninsula. It is pretty clear, however, that the French Emperor really had no such intention, and that as the price of Savoy and Nice he wished Austria to cede Lombardy, which Sardinia might have secured without a war and without loss of territory, inasmuch as it had been seriously discussed in the imperial council at Vienna whether such a cession should not be made in order to secure the rest of the Austrian power.

Napoleon III., after his long preparation for a war that was to give him the prestige of military glory and secure his throne, had no intention of risking too much by a long war, or giving time for other powers to intervene. Now a Hungarian movement would not only be unnecessary, but it would entail a campaign that would evidently be seriously protracted. He could, therefore, have had no serious intention of doing anything for Hungary; but the mere step of allowing Kossuth and the Hungarian refugees to form an army corps with their own uniforms and



colors was a menace to the Emperor of Austria, who would constantly be compelled to prepare for civil war at home. There is nothing strange that one of Napoleon's crafty mind should apparently yield to the force of Kossuth's arguments and encourage him to proceed, merely with a view to divert the attention of the Austrians.

In all this Prince Napoleon is portrayed as a man sincerely a revolutionist, devoted to Italian unity, rejecting the very idea of being made king of Central Italy, and a true friend to Hungary, while the Emperor bears the character of being false and treacherous to all; professing sympathy with the Italian unity movements, the Hungarians, the Pope, and the duchies, while in reality he sought only his own ends, to insure his own popularity in France by a defeat of her old enemy, Austria; by a seeming aid to Italy; by a pretended protection of the Pope; by securing additional provinces and victories on the field of battle. All this would tell on Frenchmen, and on Frenchmen of differing religious and political views.

Napoleon is gone. His son is gone. Prince Napoleon is now the imperial pretender to the presidency or throne of France, and this work of the senile Hungarian looks like a clumsy attempt to rally around the present heads of the Bonapartes all the revolutionary element in Europe. The present moment is one when the supreme power in France is in the grasp of the man who has the boldness to seize it with a firm hold. The present government in France, with the example of Bismarck's fearful blunder before them, have plunged into the same course merely to gratify a few bigoted infidels to whom the name Jesuit is a bugbear.

When the Empire of Germany was established, and the great effort of anything like a statesmanly mind should have been to combine, mould, blend, unite all men and all minds into one nation, Bismarck, like a fool, threw into the mixture an element that at once produced a precipitate that defies all his chemistry to dissolve, and which is so intensely bitter that it will take years to remove it. Just so the French Republic, which ought to have conciliated every good element, attacks the Jesuits, whose importance in the French clergy and collegiate institutions is immensely overrated, but attacks them so as to array on their side the great body of the French hierarchy and priests, the Catholic laity—even the lukewarm and the magistracy. Having stupidly copied Bismarck's programme, they halt now at the sight of the widespread dissatisfaction which they have produced. Grévy and De Freycinet wish to draw back, or at least do no more, but the bigots and fanatics push them forward, Gambetta in the van.

France will soon tire of this system of sham presidents, who never can hold their seats during the short time for which they are elected. Frenchmen must despise these men who leap into the saddle, but are compelled to dismount before the end of the race—Thiers, McMahon, Grévy. Men like boldness and strength, and naturally despise rulers who lack both or either.

This book of Kossuth's, though not primarily issued in France, looks to us, we must avow, as though intended to serve as material for increasing the strength of Prince Napoleon in France, showing him a true friend of the revolution, as a man who was the wisest and safest counselor of Napoleon III., answerable for none of his misdeeds, the real author of his best movements.

To carry out his part of the programme concerted between him and Napoleon III., Kossuth revived the Hungarian organization, and an active correspondence between the exiles and with leading men in Hungary followed. There were plans and projects.

Besides the military preparations there was, however, a curious episode. Napoleon III. wished to be sure of English neutrality in the war with Austria, at least for the brief time he needed to carry out his plans. Lord Derby was prime minister.

"I shall not feel satisfied as long as England's policy remains in the hands of the present government," said Napoleon III. to Kossuth.

The Hungarian tells us that he replied: "Your majesty's distrust is well founded. The problem, therefore, would be to overthrow the ministry of Lord Derby, and to do so just on the question of its foreign policy. The place of the Tories should be taken by the Whigs on such an understanding as would entirely secure the neutrality of England. As your majesty wishes only this much from England, permit me to declare that I will take upon myself the task of carrying this into effect."

We may well conceive that Napoleon should have replied: "What do you mean? Do you really think that you can do this?"

Kossuth replies: "Yes, sire, I believe I can. Pray do not regard my words as mere extravagant boasting. I am only a poor exile whose sphere of action is very limited, and certainly do not dream of being able to direct England's policy, but I know the position of the parties; I am on a friendly footing with the personages who can bring this about, and I hope I shall be able to persuade them to do it."

It is rather humiliating to the English people, who think they manage their own affairs, to read Kossuth as he complacently tells us how he went to England, and by delivering speeches (which he gives us at length) in London, Manchester, Bradford, and Glasgow effected his purpose.

"With the speech at Glasgow," he says, "my round of public meetings was brought to a termination. I had reason to be satisfied with the result. The English people had come to the conclusion that in spite of the Queen's proclamation of neutrality, the impartial neutrality of England could not be considered safe in the hands of a Tory cabinet."

If all this is so, if a foreign adventurer at the instigation of a neighboring power can thus easily displace an English ministry, would it not be well for the English people to adopt a system like ours, with a prime minister and cabinet permanent for a term of years? It might entail, as it does with us, occasional collisions with the law-making bodies, where the executive defies the legislative by vetoing an act, or where the legislative defies the executive by passing the act over the veto. But even this would be a minor evil. Irish obstructionists, by playing on popular English chords, may yet, in concert with foreign powers, seat and unseat cabinets.

Kossuth then hastened to Italy, but events had marched more rapidly than his plans. Teleki and Klapka were forming the Hungarian force at Genoa. The commencement did not augur success. "We commenced our organization with 120 men," says Kossuth. It was proposed to make them a Hungarian legion in the Sardinian army, but this Kossuth and his friends resented. They demanded a Hungarian army, with its national standard and character. This was at last conceded, and to recruit it prisoners taken from the Austrians who belonged to that nationality were to be assigned to them. When Kossuth arrived this army consisted of one thousand men in two battalions, and was stationed at Acqui.

Then came addresses to the people of Hungary; negotiations in Serbia for the passage of troops on their way to Hungary; but before the army reached even four thousand men on paper, the decisive battles of the war had been fought. Magenta and Solferino showed that Austria

could be driven out of Italy by the French and Italians, and that Kossuth's fancied necessity of Hungarian aid in Italy and a diversion in Hungary was simply a delusion.

Napoleon III. was evidently surprised at the speedy result, and feared to go too far. He began to feel a fear of Prussia, which he had not the wisdom to feel in later years. He dispatched Prince Napoleon to the Austrian headquarters with the points for peace preliminaries. Things moved rapidly. Austria ceded Lombardy; an Italian confederation was agreed upon. France was to receive Savoy and Nice, but Hungary received no notice whatever. The prisoners who had enrolled under the Hungarian standard in Italy were indeed saved by a clause establishing a complete and plenary amnesty by both parties for all persons within their territory compromised by late events.

Kossuth's hopes were all dashed. Hungary has since submitted to the Hapsburg rule, and the empire assumes a more motley character by the annexation of Bosnia.

Cavour, with all his shrewd planning, was overreached. He had ceded two provinces, and wasted blood and treasure to secure what might have been obtained without French aid and without the cost of a dollar or a drop of blood. The proposed Italian confederation under the presidency of the Pope was but a dream. There was no power to enforce it, and Napoleon probably never expected to see it carried out. He left it as a seed of mischief.

How Cavour regarded it, Kossuth tells us: " 'This peace shall not come to pass!' he cried, striking his breast; 'this treaty shall not be executed. I will take Solaro della Margarite by one hand and Mazzini by the other. If necessary I will become a conspirator, a revolutionist! but this treaty shall not be executed. No! a thousand times no! Never, never!'"

And we all know it never was. The treaty showed Napoleon to the Catholic minds and hearts of France as upholding the temporal power of the Pope, and even placing his Holiness in a noble and fatherly position in the peninsula. In reality he knew that Sardinia would carry out the project he himself favored, of confining the Pope to the city and district of Rome.

Much as from time to time he seemed to oppose the progress of Victor Emanuel, it is clear that this result had been his project from the outset.

Victor Emanuel respected his ideas on that point as long as he had power to enforce them. When his star waned the so-called King of Italy deprived the Pope even of the Eternal City, to live and die a restless, unhappy man, feeling that his greatness was deprived of its lustre by the shadow of the Vatican.

Pietri came to Kossuth with a letter from the Emperor: "Tell M. Kossuth that I am extremely sorry that the liberation of his country must now be left alone. I cannot do otherwise; it is an impossibility. But I beg him not to lose heart, but to trust to me and the future. Meanwhile he may be assured of my friendly feelings towards him, and I beg of him to dispose of me with regard to his own person and children."

"Senator, pray tell your master that his majesty the Emperor of the French is not rich enough to offer alms to Louis Kossuth, and Louis Kossuth is not mean enough to accept them," was, he tells us, his mock heroic reply.

Kossuth's career ended; and now, twenty years after the events, comes this volume, with no motive that we can perceive except to serve the cause of Prince Napoleon.



EDUCATION: INTELLECTUAL, MORAL, AND PHYSICAL. By *Herbert Spencer*. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Herbert Spencer's book on education has been long before the public. This new and cheap edition shows that it is gaining popularity. When the book first appeared, the theories and views advocated in it were considered too radical. They were a protest against the existing modes of education. But since then the general views of education have become materially changed. The advancement of the physical sciences and the consequent large share of attention they claim, have led men to regard education on a physical science basis as of more importance than education on a literary or classical basis. The useful, so called, is considered of more importance than the ornamental; a smattering in science finds more favor than a smattering in classics. Hence we find that the new efforts to establish universities, such as Cornell and the Johns Hopkins, are all reduced to the planning of a system of special schools for specialist teaching—a system, by the way, that ignores the very idea of a university, ancient or modern. Mr. Spencer's book is calculated to foster these ideas. So far as the book is a protest against the frivolous and the superficial in education, it is good. So far, also, as it lays stress upon proper physical development in boys and girls it is worthy of a reading. The author has the rare faculty of suggestiveness, even where one must differ with him entirely. For example, speaking of classical education, the author says: "If we inquire what is the real motive for giving boys a classical education, we find it to be simply conformity to public opinion. Men dress their children's minds as they do their bodies, in the prevailing fashion" (p. 23). Now, this is partially true. Where a classical education is so superficial that it results only in a conceit for the classics without sufficient knowledge to relish them, it is simply a fashion, and, in a sense, a waste of time. For when the mental discipline has not been strong enough to enable the intellect to grasp the subject thoroughly, it is only nominal, and the same drill on a more useful subject might practically be equally beneficial. But then, there is much truth in the expression of the German poet, that he who only knows one language does not know his own. Studying the structure of the languages gives insight to the force and beauty and genius of the language one speaks. Then again, language is the key to unlock the storehouses of information among all nations. But so utterly valueless are Mr. Spencer's views upon the classics, that they have been expunged in the last French edition of this work, at the instigation of the government commissioners on the books for school-libraries, as being calculated to give a disgust to the ancient languages of Greece and Rome.

There is much rambling talk on instructing children in the laws of sociology and biology, and the sciences which are yet in embryo, and have very few laws to teach. Then girls are to be taught the duties of maternity, and what not; all of which is laid down with the dogmatism of one who lacks the educator's experience.

We like the author's protest against the pernicious habit of teaching elementary branches by abstract definitions. Whilst it is true that the developed reason sees the abstract in the concrete, it is also true that the child's mind apprehends the concrete before it distinguishes the abstract. According to the old Aristotelian maxim adopted by the Scholastics, "There is nothing in the intellect that is not first in the senses;" therefore, the child should begin with the concrete, and thence ascend to the abstract. "It has been well said," says Mr. Spencer, "concerning the custom of prefacing the art of speaking any tongue by a drilling in the parts of speech and their functions, that it is about as reasonable

as prefacing the art of walking by a course of lessons on the bones, muscles, and nerves of the legs; and much the same thing may be said of the proposal to preface the art of representing objects by a nomenclature and definitions of the lines which they yield on analysis. These technicalities are alike repulsive and needless. They render the study distasteful at the very outset; and all with the view of teaching that which, in the course of practice, will be learned unconsciously" (p. 144). And as a further illustration of this point we may remark that just now educators are growing alive to the fact that English grammar, for instance, as taught to beginners, is a complete waste of time, inasmuch as it misses its real end, which is to teach a practical knowledge of the English language. Drillings in the proper forms of expression will be more beneficial to the young mind than drillings in abstract definitions and obscure rules. It is time that all teachers realize this fact. But Mr. Spencer says truly: "The true education is practicable only to the true philosopher" (p. 116).

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A HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY IN EPITOME. By *Albert Schwegler*. Translated from the first edition of the original German, by *Julius H. Seelye*. Revised from the ninth German edition, with an Appendix, by *Benjamin E. Smith*. New York: Appleton & Company. 1880.

We certainly cannot recommend this volume as a "suitable textbook on this branch of study;" for it is written from the standpoint of Germans Transcendentalism. But we feel very deeply the want of a similar work by a Catholic author, which, with equal vigor, clearness, and conciseness, shall "exhibit the content, the succession, and the inner connection of the different philosophical systems." So far as form and method are concerned, Schwegler's manual is a gem. His aim is to present each philosopher, not as an isolated individual, but as the representative of the civilization of the age and nation which produced him. "The historical and collective life of the race," he says, "is bound together by the idea of a spiritual and intellectual progress, and manifests a regular order of advancing, though not always continuous, stages of development." The idea of "one rational and internally articulated system, one order of development, grounded in the constant endeavor of the human mind to raise itself to a higher point of consciousness and knowledge," is his unity in variety. The Christian philosophical historian, admitting this law of progress, goes one step forward, and recognizes its infinite, intelligent cause. We are glad to note that the author, whilst extolling the "great law" of progress "and development," still contends for human freedom. It is certainly an inconsistency in a Pantheist; but one which we willingly condone.

His review of the ancient Greek and Roman systems is clear and concise. The only criticism we have to offer, is that he is too prone to make the Greeks speak and think like modern Germans. It is doubtful whether the ancients puzzled themselves so much over the *Ego* and the *non-Ego* as the author intimates.

The great defect of this history is its exclusion of that philosophy, which we, as Catholics, have most in esteem, the philosophy of the fathers and the schoolmen. "This is not so much a philosophy" says Schwegler, "as a philosophizing or reflecting within the already prescribed limits of positive religion. It is, therefore, essentially theology, and belongs to the science of the history of Christian doctrine." Thus, on what may be called technical grounds, some of the most interesting chapters in the history of human thought are eliminated. That so able a thinker as Schwegler proves himself to be, should have fallen into this grave error, can only be ascribed to an utter unacquaintance with the

masters of scholasticism. He was doubtless prejudiced against them from his youth. He was taught to regard them as upholders of "irrational dogmas," and he never expended time upon them. As a proof of this, take his comparison of St. Thomas and Duns Scotus. He informs us that they were "the founders of two schools, into which, after them, the whole scholastic theology divides itself,—the former exalting the understanding (*intellectus*), and the latter the will (*voluntas*), as the highest principle, both being driven into essentially different directions by the opposition of the theoretical and practical. Even with this began the downfall of scholasticism; its highest point was also the turning point to its self-destruction. The rationality of the dogma, the oneness of faith and knowledge, had been constantly their fundamental premise; but this premise fell away, and the whole basis of their metaphysics was given up in principle, the moment Duns Scotus placed the problem of theology in the practical." Meaning no disrespect to our distinguished author, we must pronounce this to be arrant nonsense.

Is it true that the schoolmen confined their philosophizing "within the limits of positive religion?" Nothing can be more false. Whilst, as *theologians*, they demonstrated the "rationality of dogma," as *philosophers* they ranged far and wide beyond the "limits of positive religion." No one ever insisted more earnestly than St. Thomas upon the necessity of distinguishing carefully between *faith* and *reason*, between *science* and *revelation*. The schoolmen never adduced the authority of Scripture or the fathers to prove a philosophical thesis; hence their doctrine regarding the attributes of God, the spirituality of the soul and the freedom of the will could stand on its own merits, even though the Bible were rejected. The celebrated watchword, *Credo ut intelligam* was not construed as signifying that in philosophy faith is the basis or premise of knowledge. This is literally true in such matters as the Trinity or the Incarnation. Our only reason for believing these high truths is the fact of their being revealed. But in matters previous to the reason St. Anselm's maxim means that were it not for faith we should, probably, not have attained to perfect knowledge. The existence of God, for example, is a truth within reach of the unassisted reason; but, nevertheless, faith points out a surer and simpler path to knowledge of it. Hence the Christian is not debarred from philosophy because he clings to his "positive religion." What he *believes* as a Christian he can *prove* by theological and oftentimes by philosophical arguments. Thus the mathematician can solve the same problem by different methods; and he does not forfeit his claim to the appellation of arithmetician because he has previously ascertained the solution by a process in algebra.

One fact cannot be denied, viz., that whereas our modern "philosophy" has destroyed everything and built nothing, scholasticism on the contrary—as Schwegler justly exclaims—"brought out systems of doctrine like the Gothic cathedrals in their architecture." And we may add that philosophy, as well as architecture, will make no solid progress until it shall first sit at the feet of the medieval masters. Scholasticism obeyed the law of progress because it accepted and perfected the achievements of its predecessors. "Modern philosophy," on the contrary, began and has ended in universal doubt. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*.

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THE TRUE FAITH OF OUR FOREFATHERS. By a Professor of Theology in Woodstock College, S. J., Maryland. New York American News Company, 1880, 12mo., pp. 575.

Little did Rev. Dr. Stearns dream of the rod that was in pickle for him, when he came out with his boasted reply to the "Faith of our



Fathers" by Archbishop Gibbons. The author of the present treatise, one of the Jesuit professors at Woodstock, has done his work thoroughly and admirably, not only refuting everything advanced by Dr. Stearns in the shape of argument, but laying bare his many misrepresentations of Catholic doctrine and history, his garbling of quotations, his vending of spurious for genuine passages of the Fathers—in a word, the very faults of which this unscrupulous controversialist had accused the Archbishop. Without saying what is unnecessary, considering its distinguished source, that the book is splendidly faultless and excellent in its statements of Catholic doctrine, we may add that its learning, profound as the scholar will find, has been so happily adapted as to delight and instruct, without burthening, the ordinary intelligent reader. But what constitutes the chief charm of the book, to say nothing of its pleasing style, is the spirit of meekness and charity that pervades its every page from beginning to end. What makes this the more remarkable, is the provocation given by Dr. Stearns with his inuendoes, silly and offensive jokes, outrageous insulting language, etc. We called it a rod, but never before was chastising rod laid on more mildly and more effectually at the same time.

The book is a valuable complement to the Archbishop's "Faith of Our Fathers;" and inquiring Protestants will derive much benefit from reading both. To be impartial let them read Dr. Stearns's book between the two. They will soon discover that it is *between* them in another sense, viz., as bruised, flattened metal is between the hammer and the anvil.

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THE CHURCH AND THE MORAL WORLD: Considerations on the Holiness of the Church. By Rev. Augustine J. Thebaud, S. J. New York, 1880.

We have been favored with a sight of the proof-sheets of this new and important work by the distinguished Jesuit whose previous writings have earned for him a high reputation in the Old World as well as in the New. It is astonishing to see how the indefatigable author, pressed by so many other occupations and duties, can find time to write so much and so well. All of his books reveal profound thought, vast erudition, and laborious study; not one of them betrays haste or hurry, though these are sometimes forced on authors by their publishers.

Two of the brightest marks of the True Church, that distinguish her pre-eminently from all sects pretending to the Christian name, are her Catholicity (or universality of time and place), and her Holiness. The former forces admiration and reverence even upon her enemies; the latter draws them submissive, loving, eager children to her mother's bosom. Thus does she, at due distance, resemble her heavenly prototype, God himself, who, as the author remarks is not only *Maximus*, but chiefly *Optimus*. His majesty inspires awe; His goodness wins irresistibly the hearts of His creatures. Having treated of the Catholicity of the Church fully in another book, F. Thebaud devotes the present volume to her Holiness. He divides it into two parts, the first of which explains the intrinsic sources whence necessarily flow the gifts of sanctity inherent in the Church. The second part shows in detail how the Church diffused her holiness amongst men, sanctifying Greek, Roman, Barbarian, and the new peoples of Europe, from her origin down to our own day.

God grant that the author may realize the object of his writing, which is to confound the false philosophy of the age, to instruct and guide honest inquirers, and to teach Catholics a proper appreciation of what they daily utter at their prayers: "Credo unam SANCTAM ecclesiam Catholicam." "I believe one HOLY Catholic Church."













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